

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BEAUTIFUL LETTERS

Vol. XV.] DECEMBER, 1835. [No. 84

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Index to the last Volume was inserted in the July Number. This Number contains the Index to the present Volume.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Article on Poetry has been forwarded as directed.
Our Friend in Argyleshire will see that he has not been forgotten.
We have taken the liberty to make a few alterations.
A number of Articles are under consideration; and answers will be speedily returned to all inquiries.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that a constituency of the country could be persuaded of the fitness of such an election of pledges from candidates; and to stretch the supposition still further, let us imagine a parliament consisting of honest, sensible, and respectable men, assembled under such a system; where is the use or advantage of meeting at all? A general post letter, directed to the speaker, would answer the purpose equally well—and a trace of hard working clerks, whom Mr. Hume could supply, would register the pledges, and get through the business of the session in a trice.
It has been urged, that a great deal too much squeamishness has been shown by certain candidates to this election of pledges, inasmuch as they have heretofore been accustomed to pledge themselves without any reservation or dislike. "What?" asks that learned Doctor of the city.

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THE PLEDGE-CANT.

WE did not give ourselves much credit for vaticinative sagacity, when we foresaw that the settlement of the reform question would leave a residue of disturbed matter which it would be rather philosophically curious to analyze, than generally interesting to contemplate. We were prepared to expect, when the Nile of agitation had subsided, a vast variety of half-formed beings; political tadpoles without heads, and other anomalous monsters which, at the same time they are floundering upon the shore, should be congratulating themselves and others upon the great change that had just taken place by virtue of their exertions.

From that patriotic band, in whom the love of country would appear not only to have superseded, but extinguished every other species of love—the Pledge-Cant has sprung. Those persons, who hate the ministers and the government for the time being more than any thing or any body in the world, *except each other*,—have deemed it, in their wisdom, indispensable to the success of ulterior designs to endeavour to bind down the candidate, by pledges, to the adoption and support of certain measures resolved upon by themselves;—and they argue that, unless he do so pledge himself, he cannot be said to be—or be, in fact, a representative of his constituents.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that a constituency of the country could be persuaded of the fitness of such an exaction of pledges from candidates; and to stretch the supposition still further, let us imagine a parliament consisting of honest, sensible, and respectable men, assembled under such a system; where is the use or advantage of meeting at all? A general post letter, directed to the speaker, would answer the purpose equally well—and a brace of hard working clerks, whom Mr. Hume could supply, would register the pledges, and get through the business of the session in a trice.

It has been urged, that a great deal too much squeamishness has been shewn by certain candidates to this exaction of pledges, inasmuch, as they have heretofore been accustomed to pledge themselves without any hesitation or dislike. “What?” asks that learned Cicero of the city,

Mr. Charles Pearson, "what is the candidate's declaration of principles but a pledge?" Well, why not be satisfied with such declaration? But no; he and his coadjutors know well enough that they want something more; that, patriots as they profess to be, theirs is the very tyranny they complain of; and that, however pleasing to them it might be, to behold a parliament of slaves representing a free nation, there is sense enough, even amongst the majority of their own party, (if party it can be called, which is neither the madness of many nor the gain of a few) to see through their flimsy folly, and to scout their insolent attempt at domination.

Let us behold more clearly the light in which these gentry view the connexion between a member and his constituents. "What!" again asks Mr. Pearson, "What would they think of a servant who, when seeking a place, and upon being told that he must clean the knives, wait at table, and attend the door, should turn round upon his intended master, and say, 'Excuse me, sir, the duties you point out to me are, no doubt, abstractedly right, and I dare say, I shall perform them to your satisfaction, but I cannot pledge myself to do so; the Reform Bill is passed now, and, as with other servants, my days of promising are over.'" A fit exemplification of the honourable compact sought to be established.

This mischievous cant would have been, indeed, lamentable in its effects, if the good sense of the country had not at once rejected it. It was impossible that any constituency, or a majority of them, could meet together for any such purpose, or agree to any string of pledges under the idea that any independent man could be found to agree to them. Were the poor creatures who waited upon Sir John Hobhouse the other day, with their cut and dry pledges—were they the representatives of the electors of Westminster—or gratuitously officious and self-elected oracles, whom the electors themselves will in due time repudiate? It will be somewhat ludicrous to behold some chattering mountebank, whose insolvency of brains is counterbalanced by a vast capital of impudence, briskly catechizing a candidate, in the fond belief that a series of pledges, emanating from his sole and particular impertinence, will be cheerfully adopted; modestly assuming to himself, at the same time, the right of dictating to the rest of the constituency, what are, and what are not the particular measures to be supported on the one hand, or rejected on the other.

The truth is, we are so pestered by quacks of all descriptions at the present time—by political economists—by Benthamite utilitarians—by circumstantial Owenites—and by disbanded unionists—that it is a hard matter even for a plain and inoffensive man like ourselves to steer clear of their obstructions. We have hitherto yawned, sighed and held our peace, but we shall no longer be kept from whispering

"That secret to each fool—that he's an ass."

and we shall do so as often and as emphatically as the opportunity shall be presented to us. Is it to be endured, that a set of ultra-radicals, not one of whom is commonly respectable in point of ability, shall be for ever imputing the worst and basest motives to others; that they shall seize upon every conceivable occasion of lauding themselves, and of abusing those without whom they had been at this hour without political existence at all—and that they should be playing into the hands of the Tories—some, we doubt not, with a knavish design, and others from uncon-

scious and impenetrable stupidity? So far from having carried reform, as they boast, their power, if they had had any, would have been directed to impede it. Did they not, during its progress, with a malignant readiness, invent and circulate the vilest suspicions of the sincerity of the ministry—are they not at this moment striving to defeat the vital spirit of the bill?

The advocates of the pledge system are, in fact, neither more nor less than a small knot of blockheads, eager to exhibit an "alacrity in sinking" the reputation and character of those who may be disposed to serve them in parliament, upon the absurd and mischievous plea of a distrust of all professions and of all experience.

They perhaps hold that when a man has once degraded himself by the acceptance of pledges, he cannot well debase himself much further, and that a *de facto* knave is a better instrument than an honest man open to suspicion. The fly on the wheel was a diffident blue-bottle when compared with the presumptuous and arrogant gnats who infest our political atmosphere. Every body must be aware that the amateur politician on a small scale, just beginning to swim, usually affects the puddle—equally shallow and dirty—and there strikes out and breasts the wave with all the internal consciousness of a leviathan. Dryden has said—

"Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd."

but the Humane Society may make itself perfectly easy on our tyro's account. He is in no danger of drowning.

We speak, be it observed, of this party as a body. That there may be a few honest, but misguided men, amongst them, we believe; that there are many who have adopted their vocation as one of the many results of variety, we know; and for the rest, as they are so apt at discovering unworthy motives in others, they will not be offended or surprised if we presume to think them utterly destitute both of common honesty and common sense.

It is indeed a miserable party, which, out of so "remarkable a body of men," can furnish no more powerful writer than a Junius Redivivus,* and can contrive no more plausible expedient for popular effect than the invention of the pledge-cant.

* Junius Redivivus, we perceive, by a letter in the Examiner, is wrath with us because we thought it not a little presumptuous in him to take a name to which he himself did not even advance a title. He, however, explains his reason for such assumption, by stating that he has adopted that signature in order that it may serve as a guarantee of his political integrity. Fudge! "I will introduce myself in another man's name that my identity may be clearly established. I will call myself the Colossus of Rhodes that the world may be assured that I mean really to step across this puddle!"

When a rushlight at a general illumination sports Sol Redivivus, and seems disposed to burn very brilliantly and with much steadiness, we smile at the diminutive dip; but whether it carry on its inflammable functions with discretion, or blaze away in total disregard of its small, and therefore precious, tallow, can be, we think, of no importance to any one but the old woman who may have set it up in its high place, like a "particular star," at the garret window.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,

NOTHING could have pleased me so well as the unexpected admission of my letter to you into the last number of *The Monthly*. I do not mean to disclaim the displeasure to which you goodnaturedly attribute my having surrendered you over to the secular arm. Had private feeling been admissible on such a question, I should by choice have addressed you in print, in the form sanctioned by your handsome reception of my manuscript communications. I am not hard-hearted, and felt something like a qualm of conscience at your allusion to the friendly nature of my former remonstrances. But the public cause, as the Examiner well knows, cannot be duly aided by half expression; nor will the *Radical Parson* affect a squeamish fear of giving offence, when convinced that public truth requires direct and uncompromising advocacy.

You certainly were not in the least bound to devote any portion of the time you thought could be better bestowed upon combatting objections of mine. I thought it worth while to try my powers of persuasion on the Examiner, *injicere scrupulum tanto homini*, and without the slightest intention of appearing in print; but though I received some compliments in return, which, coming from such a quarter, almost made me vain, my only object in writing to you utterly failed. I found it impossible to make the least impression on your convictions. Your, as it seemed to me, *extravagant and indiscriminating* bitterness against the body of the clergy, increased, as the crisis of their trial at the national tribunal, drew on; *crecebat indulgens sibi dirus hydrops*; till, at last finding that to bandy about compliments with you was to beat the air; yet burning with desire, if possible, to blunt the edge of your persecuting sword, I attacked you in this publication.

Thus much of preamble was necessary here to prevent an impression on the public to my disparagement. The regret you expressed in your paper of November 4th, that I had thus in displeasure made you over to the secular arm, might have been else misconstrued, as coming from the parson-hunting Examiner, into an implied charge of *essential and inherent clerical passion and vindictiveness*. I know very well you did not mean this; but I must not let an opportunity slip of setting myself fair with the public. I have got a giant to deal with, and though confident in the justice of my cause, and therefore, and only therefore, not afraid of him, I know too well my adversary's power to dare idly fling away any chance of fair advantage.

And now to work. In the very onset of your notice of my *fierce* attack, you mis-state the scope of it. I must stop here to protest against the unfairness of the title of your article. "*The High Priests and Ourselves*." Is it utterly impossible for you to treat the clergy question with decent seriousness? Have the goodness to cast your eye over my

* We have great pleasure in inserting a second letter from our friend the "*Radical Parson*." We, like all true reformers, are as anxious to see a reform equally as sweeping in the church as in the state. When the question is brought forward, we shall have *our say*: in the mean time our "*Radical Parson*."—ED.

letter again, and you will not find a word to justify your saddling me with the defence of *high-priestliness*.

The propensity to sneer at every body and every thing, in any way connected with the clergy, has led you astray in *limine*. The title "*The Parochial Clergy and ourselves*," though a *correct* and *candid* designation of the argument, would not embody a sneer at the radical parson; therefore it suited not the sarcastic journalist. Now, sir, do me the obvious justice of attributing the indiscretion of shooting that sneer at you, which you say flew past, but which I see *grazed you at least* to the practice I have indulged in for several years, of devoting close attention to your writing. If *you* do not indulge in sneers and sarcasms; if *you* do not give side cuffs, and kicks o' the shins, as well as hard straight forward punches in the face and pit o' the stomach: if it be not your practice to trip up as well as knock down; to take every possible advantage over your antagonist, short of kicking him in the face when he is sprawling, and has cried *peccavi*: if this be not your mode of contending, then I confess myself to labour under the disability of an understanding too imbecile, or too perverted to catch the spirit of your political writings. But I know I am not thus mistaken. In frequent conversation with a knot of radical friends on the subject, I find we are agreed to a man, that along with all other qualifications for gladiatorial display in the political arena, the habit and the dextrous use of the galling and effective sneer, are eminently characteristic of the formidable Examiner. If I, therefore, try my hand at this weapon, it is my earnest and sincere purpose not to take any unhandsome advantage of my great master in the art! I had rather run him right through at once, if he would agree to throw aside cloak and dagger, and fight it out with the straight forward rapier. But this is not my master's practice. Were I to expose myself, he would be sure to make me smart for it. Therefore, my cloak and dagger I must retain, though it is far from my intention to make a cruel and wanton use of them.

As you have thus chosen, sir, to misrepresent the purport of my argument, I deem it essential to explain myself so much more fully, than fully enough on this point, that it shall not be in your power hereafter to twit me with having taken up the cudgels for the *high-priestly and pretending party*.

Be it known therefore to all who choose to concern themselves in the contest between the Examiner and the Radical Parson, that the latter has bound, hand and foot, all *courtly*, and *lordly*, and *pluralist* priests; all who are addicted to *soft clothing* and over nice feeding; who delight in king's houses, and the rustlings of lawn sleeves, and silken gowns and cassocks and conspicuous greetings from men and women of high degree, in the anti-chambers of royal drawing-rooms—that all such priests the Radical Parson has bound hand and foot, and delivered them over to their sworn foe, the Examiner, to be dealt with as severely as he may think becoming. Item, all those priests who delight in being denominated evangelical; who proclaim that the world is in no sort improved by an acquaintance of 1800 years with the principles of Christianity; who quote the *obviously figurative expressions* of Scripture, as *you do by the bye!* to the utter perversion of the plain, practical, and philosophical sense of its *obviously literal expressions*: who profess to despise the present scene as *utterly* unworthy even the passing regards of man, as he journeys to another; who, because they cannot derive

unalloyed and lasting enjoyment from the world, because rest and entire satisfaction are only to be found at home; disdain, that is, pretend to disdain the support and refreshment, and relaxation afforded on the road; who, after having with eyes screwed up, and mouths screwed down with sanctified and inflated, not serious and felling tone and gesture, edified the old ladies, and wearied to death all others, (though 'tis not the fashion to confess it) by the space of some two hours in church or chapel; after having denounced the world and its contents as nought, or worse than nought, dare to go home, and eat heartily of *beef or mutton*, and countenance their families in so doing, whilst any one miserable creature in their neighbourhood can hardly get a dry crust or potatoe: all such preachers and prayers, whether high church or sectarian, who, not content with *the absurdity, forced upon them by authority, and derived from old fashioned times*, of appellations once applied to men under the sensible influence of a genuine inspiration, will aggravate this absurdity by applying it to their own proper persons, and thus making it their own absurdity. All such *voluntary and gratuitous* hypocrites, I consign in the lump, to you, sir, to be treated, along with the before mentioned excessive worldlings in the manner they so richly deserve. Now then, I presume the field is clear for me, and I may say, without hindrance from misrepresentation, fight the battle, not of the high priests and saints, but of the main body of the parochial clergy out this realm of England.

It is, I cannot help thinking, of happy augury for my cause, that I should have been able, in the outset, to take the vigilant and wary Examiner at disadvantage; that Monsieur Jourdain should be constrained to own Nicole has hit him; that the quick eye, vigorous arm, and pliant wrist of the professed fencer should not have enabled him to foil even an unexpected attack from his pupil. I, as well as no doubt, all the habitual readers of the Examiner, have contracted a notion, that this accomplished disputant is *absolutely invulnerable*, when he is not opposed to truth. Hurrah! then shout I; truth must be on my side as I suspected *laborat noster cum ad verum ventum est*; the fight looks promising indeed, the radical parson has fairly reduced the odds which the lookers on must have deemed at first fearfully against him.

On guard again. But hold, Nicole, says Monsieur Jourdain, this won't do! any fool may make a good hit by chance, and you have had the honour and good luck to touch me. Don't presume though, to attempt this again. Stand off, and "*Let us fight our battle in our own way.*"

Now, is not this peevish and unworthy the Examiner's matured power and high character? I fain would it possible, abstain from undue pleasantries; but sir, I've caught the spirit from you, and I can't help myself. I must then quote from "*The Baby's Debut*" in the *Rejected Addresses*. I'm afraid it almost amounts to sneering; but you shall sneer at me in return if you please. It may be some consolation to your offended dignity, that however the moral may apply to your disadvantage, you have, at least, the importance of character on your side; you wear the breeches, I take the petticoats. You are *brother Jack*, I am content to play *sister Nancy*.

Nancy Loquitur

This made him cry with rage and spite:

Well, let him cry, it serves him right.

A pretty thing, forsooth!

If he's to melt all scalding hot,

Half my doll's nose, and I am not

To draw his peg top's tooth!

Only consider, sir, what it is you ask, in begging me to *let you fight your battle in your own way*? It is not a whit less unreasonable than, that Jack Lake should insist upon Nancy's standing aloof, while he ransacked her drawers for more materials of mischief, instead of flying at him tooth and nail, and by dint of plying these implements of defence, and squalling out pa! and ma! and aunt! endeavouring to deter him from his cruel and ungenerous persecution.

Have I not a right sir, to take humanity under my protection, as well as you have? Have I not a right, while I profess to care more about the improvement and elevation of the humbler classes to the utmost possible degree, than about the maintenance of any of the fictitious rights of those above them; am I not justified whilst these are my *most fondly cherished* sentiments, to extend my charitable feeling to all classes of my fellow-creatures and fellow-countrymen also? may I not be permitted to make old Chremes my model, and adopt, and act upon his memorable and heart-touching sentiment, "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto?*" And, if all this be lawful for me, and expedient moreover, nay incumbent on me as an anxious and sincere friend of the whole human race; can I listen to your peevish remonstrance, and stand out of the way, whilst you, as I believe, wantonly and *in effect, though not in intention*, cruelly ill treat a large class of men? Truth, my powerful though invisible ally, whispers "No;" and amongst those even, whose admiration of you is all but boundless, I confidently expect sooner or later, to reap some harvest from the seed I may scatter. I look forward in due time to the gratification of adding one more to the many proofs constantly accumulating, that *magna est veritas et prævalibet*.

But, ere I pass on to other points, I must make one more lunge at your conscience.

In one of your papers a few weeks back, you fell sorely foul of the Times, for having taken no further notice of one of your attacks, than by calling the Examiner, "*a certain low radical journal*." You very pertinently observed, that herein consisted no argument; that coming from the Times newspaper, it was virtually as vulgar and inconclusive, as the common cad-and-porter-slang of the streets; that it amounted to "Vy ye low warment! d'ye think I'd step aside to notice sich as you? I wally ye no more nor the dirt under foot!"—This was, I perfectly recollect, the tenour of your indignant animadversion. But you then felt for your *own dear self*, and could see clearly enough, the essential unworthiness of mere abuse. Let me tell you, sir, that no such contemptuous passing remark of the Times, upon a journalist, who, though perhaps with justice, is still a provoking opponent, can be compared for deliberate, ill-natured, virulence, with the gross misrepresentation of the body of the clergy, to which my attack has excited you. I must here quote your own words. "We have made observations unfavourable to the clergy as a body, in this way: that, if a case of unsuitable rigour appears; the committal for felony of

a child aged six years for stealing a few apples, or some such matter; the magistrate is clerical. If a rash distinction is given for military execution, *ten to one* the magistrate is clerical. If a *scandalous clamour* is raised against an individual concerned for the improvement of his fellow-creatures, the foremost of the baying pack are clerical. If a *trade in calumny is driven*, the readers of the slanderous print, the patrons of evil speaking and slandering, are clerical."

Your constant readers are well aware, sir, that throughout your pages in general, the further wickedness you in this number charge the bishops with in parliament, is not unfrequently, directly or indirectly attributed to the *clergy as a body*, viz. that they are generally the patrons of *sentiments outraging humanity*, and *disgracing a civilized people*; and that they are *hostile to the comforts and pleasures of the poor*. And is the utterer of such calumnies against a very large body of men, who have wives and children to love them, and friends to feel for their reputation; is the utterer of such, to my certain knowledge gross calumnies, the man whose soul was all on fire because a provoked brother journalist alluded to his paper, as a *low radical journal*? Fie upon you, sir! these remarks are wrung from me by the impassioned consciousness of outraged truth and humanity. The very *few* individual sinners, in the sort you have alleged, I surrender to your savage vengeance. But I will, in spite of your demand to be let do what you like with your fancied prey, defend from your atrocious inhumanity, *the great body* of my worthy, though I think, unwise and mistaken brethren.

Ere one body of the clergy can be convicted of *practice* widely at variance with *professions*, they must, in common justice, be heard in statement of their professions. It *suits your purpose* to fix upon them the *professed imitation of the apostles*, and thus preclude all chance of their escape from your charges. But you shall not have your own way with them, I promise you, while I am suffered to speak in court, as well as yourself. We'll have no bullying, if you please, brother advocate. I have a right to defend as well as you to accuse. My clients shall have justice done them as well as yours.

In your paper of November the 4th, in reply to me, you write thus. "We beg to explain, that the very old book, to whose precepts *concerning them* we would fix the clergy, is the Bible. We say to them, if you believe in these rules of the founder of Christianity, what are we to think of your practice widely at variance with them? If you do not believe in these rules, what are we to think of your professions of faith? Have we not a right to require men to abide by their own laws, and laws, which they still promulgate and expound for the government of others?" What! does the enlightened Examiner *himself* apply the language of the New Testament, to any set of men, who have lived since apostolic and sensibly inspired ages? The words, *concerning them*, would seem to imply, that *you yourself*, consider the *High Church* tenet of apostolic ordination in perpetual descent, essential to the constitution of a Christian society. It would certainly answer your purpose admirably, could you establish what is here insinuated; that if a class of uninspired and ordinary men cannot now a days maintain the austerity and sanctity of the apostolic model, Christianity must itself be surrendered as an untenable system. It would not, I admit, be a complete defence for my clients, to prove, by reference to the scope and spirit of the Bible, that *the apostolic office and character* never were, never could

be, intended to be co-extensive in duration with the Christian religion. But if this be truth, and what a man of your acuteness and acquaintance with the Bible cannot deny, you are, Sir, I maintain bound to establish the fact of the *voluntary assumption* of the apostolic character by the modern clergy as a body, ere you make the grave and serious charge against them of a laxer morality than common, induced by habitual deviation of practice from professions.

The fact is, as I was obliged to take the liberty of telling you in my first letter, you are totally ignorant of the body of the parochial clergy. You are a man of the highest powers in many respects; but no man can know every thing by intuition; and though you can do more in your study than most men, you cannot by reading there the partial one-sided information of the press, which you are loud in accusing of misrepresentation, make yourself acquainted with the parochial clergy of the kingdom. I must beg leave to repeat, that I do know a great deal about them from actual observation, and from conversation with those amongst whom they live; and I must be allowed to assert that, from all that appears in your writing, you are totally in the dark, both as to the *moral character* of the parochial clergy, and as to their *voluntary and virtual* professions.

Have the goodness, Sir, to bear in mind, just now, that I am defending not the clergy of centuries past, nor the comparatively few obnoxious individuals before alluded to: I am the advocate of the moral character and rational, not sanctified professions of the great body of the English clergy of the present day.

A little reflection might enable you to perceive, Sir, that, as civilized society has been long, and still is constituted, it is utterly impossible to clear it from all that may strictly be termed humbug. When, then, you triumphantly ask my clients,—“What are we to think of your professions of faith?” I look you coolly in the face, and reply,—“Why, learned brother, think, that in common with all other *class professions*, they are considerably over-stated, tuned, as a musician would say above concert pitch: think, that in common with kings, lords, statesmen, lawyers, physicians,—nay, even with journalists,—aye, and Radical journalists, too, as well as Conservative journalists, think that in common with all these, and any other *classes*, indeed, the professions of the clergy are, and must be, beyond what their practice is or ever could be. Think this, as the professedly candid Examiner may well be required to think, and then you may, perhaps, approximated to a conviction of the gross injustice you do the parochial clergy, by quoting *against their moral character* the phraseology applied in antiquated church formularies, in silly and presumptuous imitation of the language of Scripture respecting apostles.

Now, from my personal acquaintance with the clergy, I can, without fear of contradiction from any one competent to speak to the point (as you from peculiar circumstances are not) affirm, that, making the allowances for them, to which all *professing classes* are entitled, they do not deserve censure on the score of *moral pretensions*. I think it *silly* in them to believe, as they generally do, in the *necessity* of bishops, either in or out of the House of Lords; or to believe that, if such views as yours were to gain the ascendant in the political horizon, mere belief in the Christian religion would languish and decline within this realm of England: I admit that, in my opinion, my clients are not wise for en-

tertaining these, and many other *class notions*. It was with reference to such notions, at present predominant amongst them, that I declared myself addicted to the society of sober and experienced laymen, in preference to the society of my class; but the question now before us does not regard the present state of philosophy and masculine opinion amongst the clergy. *The moral character* of my clients is to be defended. I have to make it appear to the jury that the clergy are not hypocritical, quarrelsome, hard-hearted, vindictive, lovers of pleasure themselves, haters of pleasure in others, back-biters, slanderers, a curse to the poor; in short, both negatively and positively distinguished from other classes by a laxer morality, for such is one of the comprehensive counts of the indictment! Now, I maintain, that already such good reason has been offered in support of my preliminary objection to the competency of the Examiner to lay the indictment; and, again, that in the absence of mere formal evidence for the accuser, the total inability to support his allegations by even the most meagre inductions of particulars is more than obvious; and yet, again, that his accusation is so entirely made up of the most ordinary generalities of vulgar abuse, that I am entitled to request the court to dismiss this case at once, with appropriate admonition to the accuser, for having wantonly, and, in flagrant breach of common humanity, lodged against a large body of fellow-countrymen a frivolous, vexatious, and, as far as appearances go, malicious complaint.

Taking for granted that the Court has acceded to my request, and that I have carried my clients triumphantly through; I would fain now, if my opponent be not provoked with me beyond all bounds, as indeed I could well excuse him for being *just at present*, invite him into a neighbouring tavern, and try to cool his heated imagination, and soften his prejudices, by a little friendly reasoning. Suppose us then seated, like the nocturnal symposiasts of Blackwood; the Examiner and his humble servant, with one or two of the *ultra radical friends* of the former, and as many *thorough radical* friends of the latter. Only, as I intend to treat, and have more to say at this sitting than time will suffer me to say, unless I have all the talk to myself; I must beg and entreat, nay, I must insist upon it, that I be allowed to begin, continue, and conclude this, as it would otherwise be, conversation.

Away then with bitter sneers, and galling allusions of all sorts; "*missi huc faciamus*." I'll do my endeavour henceforth to speak as like a gentleman as for me may be possible.

Now, my good sir, I used once, d'ye know, when my first youthful veneration for the clergy had subsided; and grievously dissatisfied with them as well as myself, because in old catechisms, and old fashioned books on theology, we were dubbed *spiritual pastors and masters*; *stewards of God's mysteries*; though I neither myself felt, nor believed my brethren to be a jot more spiritual than other educated men; and, as for mysteries, why, good lord! they were mysteries to us, as well as to humpkins around; when some years back my mind was in this state I felt inclined to be as fierce with the clergy as you are. I had, as the vulgar saying is, a good mind to "cut off my nose to be revenged of my face." I fumed and chafed at the injustice perpetrated by old established custom, on a blanc-bec of twenty-three, by ordaining him into *sanctified professions*, and the official advocacy of a member of metaphysical tenets, of which his immatured mind could not take cognizance, and of the real

state of the question, concerning which subtleties he must needs be profoundly ignorant. I was all for renouncing the profession at once, and in my virtuous indignation should have liked, had he not been a mild and well-meaning man, to cudgel the wig of the bishop who had consummated on me this process of moral emasculation. I got involved, as it was, by letting his lordship into a bit of my mind on the subject; though, as I did this courteously, and he was a human man; the chief mischief that occurred to me was through his gossiping upon the subject with other parties, through whom of course the ill odour of my contumacy spread rapidly and widely amongst my acquaintance and others. Thus, to a certain extent, I became all at once a naughty young man in the estimation of many who knew nothing of what was passing in my mind, but that I had dared to entertain a few such thoughts as they dared not entertain themselves.

I could not, sir, blame my acquaintance for this weakness. Habit, we know, is a second nature; nor could I presume to judge my fellow-creatures for censuring my exceptions to a code of metaphysical postulates, which the veneration of centuries had absolutely sanctified in their esteem.

Luckily for me, I fell in with a *rational* clergyman of matured experience, whose mind in early life had passed through the distressing ordeal, to which mine was now subjected. He naturally sympathized with me; and from the conversation with him, I was enabled to make up my mind to a few conclusions which I have never since seen occasion to unsettle. I took comfort through his arguments and advice, and as, with all its great blemishes of *high priestliness* and *excessive worldliness*, in some departments, the church of England society, lay and clerical, was by far the most suited of any to my taste; and as I must needs live in the world, and had no inclination to set up a shop of my own, I had positively nothing left for it, but to expatriate myself, or cut my throat, or remain, as I have done, a member of the church of England.

Succeeding years, sir, which have confirmed me in the desire for the most searching and thorough reform in the church of England, as well as in her state, have also confirmed me in the belief that no greater injury would be done to those whose cause I love, the great majority of my less elevated and needy brethern, than to divert any portion of the *reserved* property, which now maintains a *parochial* clergy, from such application, except it can be proved to be more than enough for the purpose. That it is not more than enough is my, at present, honest belief; and I am happy in being able to bring forward Mr. Hume, the member, in support of this opinion. On some occasion, two or three years, more or less, back (I made a note of the circumstance, but have it not by me), this gentleman expressed in the House of Commons his conviction, that the *aggregate church property*, that is, property in some portion at public disposal, but also in great portion not within absolute jurisdiction of the public; that the aggregate of this property was not more than enough to supply legitimate, *not corrupt*, clerical uses. I am quite open to conviction, to the contrary of this, my present belief; and I trust we shall soon have documents before us to settle this question. In the mean time I submit, that the advantage of opinion rests with me and those, who, being more conversant with details than you can be expected to be, hold very different sentiments from yours on the subject.

I must just observe here, in addition to what I have urged concerning

class professions, that the clergy do not profess to interpret the Scriptures *literally*, that is, *word by word, phrase by phrase*, as, to my astonishment, you have done. Whether their interpretation be the true one or not, nobody more entirely admits you and every literate man to question or deny than I do. The clergy *profess* to interpret, according to what they deem *the spirit* of the Scriptures, and though I am a black sheep amongst them, and though the very strong, yet very natural prejudices of their early dedication to the maintenance of certain prescribed opinions, they neither would nor could be expected to admit many of my interpretations; I know enough of their professed views in detail to affirm, that they and I are agreed in interpreting the following passage from St. Paul's epistle to the Philippians:—"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith *to be content*. I know both how *to be abased*, and I know how *to abound*: every where, and in all things, I am instructed both *to be full* and *to be hungry*, both *to abound* and *to suffer need*." Now, the clergy understand St. Paul here to intimate, that, though, when *circumstances* might bring distress and privation upon him in the Gospel cause, there was nothing he could not endure through *Christ who strengthened him* (as he says just after the above quotation), yet, when circumstances did not make such privations essential to the propagation of truth, he could, in moderation, enjoy the blessings of God's ordinary providence as well as any other man. Believe me, Sir, the sentiments of the body of the parochial clergy on this topic are, in churches and out of churches, preached and professed to be in unison with this interpretation of St. Paul.

I have yet much to say to you on all subjects connected with Church Reform. Some years of *free and anxious* thought upon the subject have made me, I believe, competent to offer a sound opinion. I shall avail myself of the continued permission of the Editor of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, to address myself to you. I shall take great care not to overstep the bounds of decorum and gentlemanly forbearance, for my own sake, for there is no man on earth who would make me smart for such ill-behaviour so well as you. With the utmost good humour, now that the brunt of the fight is over for the present, I beg to repeat, I cannot grant the request you make in the outset of your article of Nov. 4th.; though, without great circumspection, it may be dangerous; yet, if one can feel a thorough dependence on one's strength, it is not, I think, a bad way to commence a battle by taking *the bull by the horns*. I look upon you to be the Coryphæus of *Ultra Radicalism*, which I deem almost as pernicious as *Toryism*, and more so than *timid Whigism*. *Thorough Radicalism* is my profession; and so confident am I, that it is expedient to curb the leader of the too impetuous division of my own party, that in spite of his utmost remonstrance, I will not suffer him *to fight our battles in his own way*."

Believe me, Sir, your obedient servant,

A RADICAL PARSON.

P. S. On the subject of the competency or not competency of the clergy, under a reform system, to conduct the education of the poor, I have very, as I deem, conclusive arguments to urge in their favour. But this letter is already, perhaps, too long.

THE SORROWS OF A SAILOR BOY.

I AM still a boy, and yet have I for years withstood unheard of perils—witnessed unheard of adventures. If incidents make up a life, I have lived the time of Nestor; and yet, yet I am a boy.

I am a native of England. I was born in one of its sweetest vales; for some years did I enjoy all the freedom, the freshness of rustic life; but at length, my rural being drew to a close. I was condemned to the wide—the melancholy sea. The pathless ocean was to be my home—the porpoise and the sea-mew my drear companions. Words cannot express the tedium, the monotony of my ocean-life. Again and again have I suffered the horrors of the calenture; again have I fancied that the dappled deer leapt merrily past me, that the mavis sang in the green-wood, but the shrill laugh and joyous cry of berry-seeking children reached my heart, and then, stung to the soul.

“I curst the carfido and the inconstant wind
That made me for to go, and leave my home behind.”

However, let me begin with the beginning of my brief though disastrous history. I have said that I was country born. I might have worn away my life in the place of my birth, had it not been for the cupidity of one who ought to have been my natural protector. But, cease complaints—and, to my story. A gentleman, high at the navy board, visited in a disastrous hour, the scene of my nativity. He professed to be struck with my promising aspect—the straightness, strength, and sturdiness of my figure; he at once declared that I was born for the sea; and, in few words, made a bargain with one who ought to have blushed through his whole body at the bare thought of parting with me. But what will not accursed gold effect? I was doomed to winds and waves; and, that I might enter on my stormy existence, was placed under the direction of the ship carpenter.

Little do the smug and cosey citizens of the terrestrial part of this world dream of the miserable destiny of a poor boy sent to sea. In the midst of animation, he is a solitary outcast; a being glanced at and forgotten; men pass him by as though there was nothing in common 'twixt them and him: 'tis little matter what service he performs, what hard duties he uncomplainedly fulfils, his ears are never gladdened with the sound of thanks—his eyes meet not the commending glances of another. He is looked upon as a drudge, a slave; a poor necessary wretch, on whom kindness would be as misunderstood as uncalled for. I can with the sternest honesty declare, that through night and day, I have fulfilled my appointed duty—not that I wish to be vain of my parts—that though I have performed more than any one of the crew was capable of—that though my services have been of the most timely and valuable kind, I have never received, by word or deed, the slightest testimonial of applause. I must, in duty to myself, relate two or three circumstances illustrative of my own capacity and the general ingratitude of mankind.

The gentleman of the navy board who bound me to a sea-life, declared that he saw in me the materials of a skilful pilot: that in a very little time—so highly did he think of my abilities—I might be of the

greatest service to the whole fleet. What follows will best declare whether my patron made a wrong estimate of my capacity.

One night, the ship which I so materially served, was in the North Sea. The sun had set blood-red; black clouds drifted along the sky, and the wind began to moan, and then rose higher and higher, until we had a thorough stiff gale abaft. The night grew pitch dark: the topsails were close reefed, and all hands were kept on deck. By degrees, anxiety pervaded the whole of the crew; dissensions arose—the man at the helm bit his lip and hardly breathed, as he plied his task; the men in the chains heaved the lead, and at every cast there was less water. In another minute the ship would have been hard and fast, had I not, boy as I was, compelled the steersman to put up the helm and steer clear of the neighbouring sand. Landsmen will, of course, think that I received some grateful acknowledgment of my service: not a word, not a look: the danger over, the crew took no more notice of me than if they had never seen me. This is one of many instances of cold ingratitude.

Another time, I was the means of preserving an Indiaman, richly freighted. It was a fine star-light night in July, the fourteenth, for it was the natal day of the second mate, who was keeping his first watch; and who, in honour of his birth, had quaffed a black-jack full of stiff grog; neither had he stinted any of his watch; though, of course, I shared not in his liberality. The ship was one of the first in the service, laden with tea and spice. The night, as I have premised, was very fine; "light winds from the south west, (I quote from the log-book), under top-gallant sails." However, the grog liberally, though secretly served out by the second mate, had had more than a wished-for effect, for three parts of the watch were asleep; the mate was leaning against the capstern winking and fitfully droning "Meg of Wapping;" the helmsman's eyes now stared unconsciously at the compass, and now at the sails, and nothing could have saved the ship from the most terrible quicksand, had I not suddenly arrested the man at the wheel, who, the ship answering well to her helm, with a turn of the hand, saved the vessel from certain destruction. Of course, had any eulogy been passed upon me, it must have been at the expence of the watch of the second mate.

I swim well, and have more than once preserved human life. One time, the ship—I studiously conceal the names of the vessels—ran bump on the sand; she floundered like a stranded whale, and in a little time, made herself a comfortable bed; the wind came up—the sea, like mountains of rolling snow went over her—crash went masts and yards—the seamen swore and raved—the passengers screamed and cried; every wave tore away a part of the ship, whilst some of the crew lashed themselves to the floating masts and spars. In the dreadful havoc, a woman seized hold of me; she caught me with the straining, convulsive grasp of death. I swam, now above the waters, now under them—but still she grasped me. I preserved her—she was taken into the long-boat, and since that time, has been the happy mother of three young children. But did she think of me? No, not a thought did she waste on her preserver. It is thus that I have spent my boyhood, and these—these are my returns!

ERRATUM.—In the foregoing, the printer has been guilty of a curious blunder. In every instance, where the word occurs, for *boy*, please to read *BUOY*!

Goodwin Sands, Nov. 29, 1832.

METHODIST POETS;

JAMES EVERETT, JOHN HOLLAND, AND RICHARD FURNESS, REVIEWED.
BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN-LAW RHYMES.

Who does not know that the great founder of Methodism wrote verses, and that his brother was a poet of no ordinary powers? But when Charles Wesley died his mantle was laid on his grave, and, until very lately, none of his followers ventured to take it up. At length, however, the sect of Methodism has produced three candidates for poetical honours; they are, James Everett, of Manchester, Methodist parson; John Holland, late of Sheffield, once, I believe, a mechanic, and not now, I hope, ashamed of his origin; and Richard Furness, schoolmaster, of Dore, in Derbyshire. It is a capital sign of the times, that three authors writing from the bosom of a cold and worldly sect, have not forgotten, in their compositions, the plundered poor!

James Everett's "Edwin," has been some time before the public. It contains some sweet descriptions, and is unexceptionable in its moral tendencies; but it is not altogether to my taste. The promise, however, of better things, which it made to us, has been already more than fulfilled in his later productions; and if half what I hear of them is true, not only must "bards profane" lower their ears, but the "players on the harp of David" humble themselves before James, the inspired, of Manchester.

John Holland, in his "Tyne Banks," shews that he deeply feels for those "who, with stern efforts, drag the river for a livelihood," and "the sweltering sons of toil, whose very bones are pierced with fervent heat." These words "are things;" for John's heart has not been so thoroughly steeped in formalities as to be ashamed of its best feelings. Witness his description of a collier's wedding. Woman-hating John Wesley himself, if he were alive, could not read it, without feeling queer.

A wedding party! 'tis a sight to please

A pensive wanderer, like myself, and gain

My prayers and wishes, that kind heaven will bless

The pair unknown, with nuptial happiness.

A tall swart pitman is the bridegroom—he,

Dress'd in his quaint, gay, holiday, attire;

The damsel, stout and fresh in health—how she

Returns the mirth-look of her jocund squire!

But for one abominable flaw, the following extract from the same poem, would do no discredit to any living poet. I do not allude to the flaw, because I dislike "the unco' gude," but because I could like them to be "better still." Will John Holland tell us, what the prayers, and they who prayed, actually did for the Reform Bill? We know what they did for the Catholic Relief Bill. But during the late struggle, instead of fronting us openly, they skulked and fought us under cover. If not, where were they while the battle was raging? General-Fast-Percival and Co., know, right well, where the leaders of the Methodists would have been, and what they would have done, had we lost the battle. That they could have carried their flocks with them, is not quite so clear.

I tread the deck of the gay steamer—glad,
 Still to explore thy course, majestic Tyne;
 To see the hills in nature's glory clad,
 And mark how art and nature here combine.

All sights, all sounds, of ceaseless labour tell,
 On either shore, or from the barks afloat;
 This is no scene where idleness may dwell,
 No spot indulgent of poetic thought;
 Man seems not here allow'd to think or feel,
 Beyond the range of ropes, and coals, and steel.

And far and near, on either hand abound,
 Deep pits, and long-drawn subterranean aisles,
 Where, for their use, grim enginry hath crown'd
 Each hill or gentle slope; while nature smiles
 Not all unlovely, amidst coal and coke,
 That night and day belch forth their clouds of smoke.

And, lo, how smoothly down yon iron plane,
 Art's perfect road! the uppiled waggons run;
 Till gain'd the staith's pois'd platform, the long train
 Down to the ship below sink one by one,
 Where, at a touch, each yieldeth its black load,
 Then, instantly updrawn, retracks the metal road.

Where that bold bridge, with many an arching stride,
 Unites old Durham and Northumbria's lands,
 How do the vessels crowd the long quay side!
 How thick the grove of masts! how wide expands
 The bellying sail! how trim upon the tide,
 Float seaward, the rigg'd sloops! how swift the wherries glide!

And see that bark, without a sail or oar,
 How like a thing instinct with life she moves!
 Her iron heart, and pulse of steam, can more
 Than wind and wave propel—and who but loves
 To sail on this smooth river, when doth flow
 The full spring-tide, and sea-borne breezes blow?

What countless keels! and what a hardy race,
 Those gaunt and grimmy rovers! who, by threes,
 Tug at the ponderous oar; the steersman's place
 Another holds, and his light pole with ease
 Directs the collier vessel on her course,
 Unaided, or by sail, or steam, or horse.

From many a mast the streamer gaily floats,
 And right and left the red-cross flag appears;
 But yon broad banner on the hill denotes
 The mighty strife of patriot hopes and fears—
 That strife which, like a whirlwind furious grown,
 Month after month, hath through the nation blown.

"Reform" is on the banner; loudly swells
 The shout "Reform!" from thousands all around;
 "Reform" is in the music of yon bells,
 "Reform" is in yon cannon's thundering sound:
 Yea, women-politicians breast the storm,
 And children—children lisp "Reform, Reform!"

But thou, my country, know, that at this hour
 He is no patriot who prays not for thee ;
 Thy heart of wisdom, and thy hand of power,
 If heaven-inspired, shall keep thee nobly free ;
 Then, England, be it theirs, who seek thy weal,
 On all thine acts to stamp Religion's seal.

"Oh, bless my country, Heav'n ! and be the shield
 Of God's pure word, the safeguard, day by day,
 Of him who through all seasons tills the field ;
 Of him who dares all storms on ocean's way ;
 Of him who beats the anvil, plies the loom,
 Or wastes in studious toil health's precious bloom."

Time, thou sweep'st hence, with stern, unsparing hand,
 The hoary monuments of ages past ;
 Yet many a ruin on these banks doth stand,
 Hallow'd by genius, piety, or taste ;
 Heir-looms of history, way-marks left for man,
 To shew where long-past generations ran.

But greener grows the water—here and there
 The long-wing'd sea-bird o'er the river soars ;
 There is a springy freshness in the air,
 Such as oft fans with health propitious shores.
 On glides the bark—and lo ! on either hand,
 The suburbs, north and south, of Shields expand.

There crowd the craft the harbour's space along,
 Their streamers flying, and their sails display'd ;
 While on each quay behold the motley throng,
 The busy sons of industry and trade ;
 Merchants and seamen—links of that strong chain
 Which binds to British commerce land and main.

For hither come the ships from east and west,
 From southern regions and the rigorous north ;
 And hence, with England's holiest wishes blest ;
 To every quarter of the globe go forth.

Thus grew those famous cities, ocean-born,
 O'er whose fall'n grandeur ruins ploughshare goes ;
 Rhodes, Genoa, Tyre—and so, though now forlorn,
 Queen of the Adriatic ! Venice rose :
 And so those countless, nameless towns, by time,
 Like broken sea-shells, strewn through every clime.

But what is yon magnificent expanse ?
 The sea ! the sea ! the everlasting sea !
 'Tis the creation, by one moment's glance,
 Of a new world, in thought and memory ;
 For ne'er before did mine astonish'd eye
 Behold thee, Ocean ! now beheld so nigh.

I see, I feel thine amplitude sublime,
 Thy boundless undulations seem to me
 Great Nature's pulses, beating through all time,
 Even from the heart of dread eternity.

How smooth the water ! and how like the sky
 In the dim distance ! while yon vessels seem
 Like specks, now clear, now fading on the eye—
 Or like th' illusions of a quiet dream.

Lo, foam-wreath'd swells the beach, how gently lave!
 And while, far off, the storm's dark hues extend,
 Prismatic beauty tints the nearer wave,
 Where sun-beam colours exquisitely blend,
 As if the rainbows, when they fade in heav'n,
 Were to the sea in liquid lustre given.

But ah! not always tranquil is the deep,
 Nor soothing his soft voice, as at this hour:
 Let but the furious wind his surface sweep,
 Let but the tempest wake his mighty power,
 Then, where now breathes warm summer's gentlest breath,
 Terrors and dangers reign, and shipwreck calls on death.

The third methodist candidate for poetical honours, Richard Furness, makes his first appearance as Apollo, in the Rag-bag. I would give my ears to be the author of this poem, a proof that I value it highly; for what is an ass, or my Lord Londonderry himself, without his "job-bernoul-features?" Richard commences with a sort of Greekish description of an English sunset; he then introduces his hero, a rag-gatherer, on his return from a long day's perambulation, with his bag of all sorts. Suddenly his ass stands still, and horrid sounds issue from the "Rag-bag," in which the teapot attacks the tobacco-box, the lady's ruff assaults the poor man's coat collar, the parson's wig wages war on all the other contents of the bag, and the harrow tooth demolishes the parson's wig; while the peace is kept externally by bold Richard himself, who, like Lord Byron's Irishman in a row, seems to be any body's customer.

The commencement is fine. But what does Richard mean by "fountain nymphs?" I never met with any of them in the vale of Derwent. Perhaps the phrase is Latin for "otter."

"Now had rich Ceres led her laughing train
 Of sun-burnt reapers from her fields of grain;
 Day's golden wheels lag'd on the sultry hours;
 Labour had left his task, and bees their flowers;
 And rural damsels, with replenish'd pails,
 Their dappled herds to pasture in the vales;
 While fountain nymphs retired to chrystal caves,
 As day's bright orb hung o'er the western waves,
 Shed o'er the world a faint departing ray,
 And cast the mountain's shadow o'er my way:
 Then placid Evening, Night's fair sister queen,
 In silence held her solitary reign,
 Save o'er the fold, and deep embowering grove,
 Where birds, in dreams, renew'd their songs of love;
 Where sounds Æolian moan'd, through hollow rocks,
 Soft music, soothing to the resting flocks;
 Or, where the cataract answer'd from the hills
 The gentler murmurs of the valley rills;
 As rose the moon o'er orient realms afar,
 In star-crown'd glory, on her silver car,
 Threw from the mountain tops her modest light,
 And bath'd her beauties in the dews of night."

Not only is Richard a learned man—and who knows what his learning may have cost him, what aches of head and heart, what pinchings of back and belly?—but also he is made of the right stuff, and hath been baptized with fire.

"Then had I gather'd rags for miles around,
 From village, halls, and cots, where rags abound;
 Old wigs, flint bottles, horse-hair, scraps of brass,
 Hare-skins, dry bones, old iron, and broken glass;
 And toiling homeward, near dark Derwent's stream,
 My weary wandering by the moon's pale beam,
 Surprised, like Balaam, in the narrow pass,
 At once stood still my baggage and my ass;
 Nor would he journey on, nor move aside,
 Though my stiff weapon bruised his surly hide;
 When, in an instant, from my flaxen poke,
 Discordant voices in loud murmurs broke.

'Fly, slaves!' cried one, amid the battle's smoke,
 A Clasp, that once embraced Lord Lumber's cloak;
 'Look through the gallery in yon marble hall,
 There yet my fathers live along the wall;
 And, as estates descend from sire to son,
 Doubtless my father's wisdom is my own.

To whom replied, I judged, a coarse old Rag,
 The remnant of a labourer's dinner-bag:—
 'My soul indignant rises at your name,
 And controverts the greatness of your claim;
 While the brave whittle, dangling by your side,
 The gay appendage of your feudal pride,
 Rusts in the scabbard—See! the peasant blythe
 Sweeps down whole fields with his broad-sword, the scythe;
 Leads harvest captive to his stores for food,
 And, while he conquers famine, sheds no blood."

Then spoke a Flounce, torn from a lady's gown,
 Some prude's coquette's, or woman's of the town:—
 'Know, I had titles, beauty, rank, and fame,
 And riches shed a halo round my name;
 Respect my rank; avaunt! ye servile crew,
 More manners learn, and keep your distance—do.'
 But Dame Gray's pocket, rising in a huff,
 Discharg'd her box, and fell'd the Flounce with snuff;
 And while the vanquish'd lay among the slain,
 She thus address'd her in a serious strain:—
 'Madam, forbear! what, though of rank you boast?
 Though in your shadow little folks are lost?
 The distaff to your sceptre shall not bow;
 I'm in the rag-bag, madam, so are you.'

Two mailed foes now met in tilting shocks—
 A metal tea-pot, and tobacco-box:
 Snap went the box, and bit the tea-pot's spout;
 Hot hiss'd the pot, and spouted venom out;
 To smoke or steam, each rais'd its mouth or nose,
 Till words succeeded scientific blows;
 When thus the tea-pot:—'Filthy magazine!
 Close thy black vent, and hold thy poison in.
 With thee, the sot burns competence away,
 And sucks his ruin through a stick of clay.
 Ah, long posterity shall curse the hand
 That brought tobacco to this vicious land.'

On this the box, impatient for the fray,
 Threw up his lid, and stood in firm array;

Brandish'd the smoker's arms, strode o'er the field,
 And vow'd Tobacco ne'er to Tea should yield.
 ' Behold! the crockery's ranged upon the tray;
 See! tattling gossips burn th' expiring day;
 See! since the card and wheel were laid aside,
 Each pale-faced insect's wing'd with foreign pride:
 Now whisper'd secrets pass from ear to ear,
 Till the gay circle hears what all will hear;
 While fell detraction smooths her reckless tongue,
 On tiptoe, Envy steals into the throng,
 Whispers—' Don't mention, ma'am!' ' Indeed, not I!'
 So each declares—and ladies never lie.
 ' Miss Placid's handsome, did you say, Miss Clare?'
 ' Indeed she's handsome—but I wonder where!
 A more unmeaning face I never knew:—
 That gipsy!—fair!—*sans rouge*, her charming hue,
 Without a pass, would bear her safely through
 All swarthy Egypt; thence she might go on
 Through amorous Turkey, free from all *crim.-con.*
 And, ladies! not to mention all I hear,
 'Twixt you and me—but—so and so—I fear,
 That she's a—hem—with J—n; but I forbear.
 To dance she strove in vain; poor awkward lass!
 And as to drawing, music—teach an ass!
 With voice as fine, her solo to the harp:
 Confound her flats and naturals! she not sharp!
 ' What makes amends, her cash, you know, my dear!'
 ' Tush, ma'am! what's that, but forty pounds a-year?'
 ' No, twenty, dear! Did not her father fail?'
 Pshaw!—cash!—all fudge!—her uncle died in jail.'
 ' Hist, ladies, hist! Rap, rap, the door!—' Oh, dear!
 Walk in, Miss Placid—glad to see you here!
 Papa and Ma'a, I hope, are very well?
 Your uncle, worthy soul! and sister Bell.
 The sight of you my aching tooth hath eas'd;
 Lauk, dear! how all the company are pleas'd!
 Thus happy, tea-wives sport each fair one's name,
 Till each in turn is damn'd to honest fame.
 So, Madam Teapot! stop your spout divine;
 First see your own faults, ere you censure mine."

Here, as the warrior made a final pause,
 An old brass inkstand oped its ebon jaws;
 The classic fountain of a supervisor,
 Or drunken, perjur'd, journeyman excisor,
 Whose secret service stood the landlord's friend,
 And gauged his hogshead at the private end:
 " My friends, Spinoza, Hobbes, Voltaire, and Hume,
 Each in my fount dipt his triumphant plume,
 Explor'd all heights, all depths, all nature's laws,
 And prov'd existence prior to its cause;
 From nature, each deduced his moral plan,
 And widely shew'd the dignity of man."

" The dignity of man! who understands?"
 Replied, incens'd, a pair of parson's bands;
 " May thy black bowels shrivel up! When dead,
 Bell, book, and candle's curse fall on thy head.
 The dignity of man! behold! the child
 Runs from his youth exuberantly wild;

In manhood vain ; a second child in years ;
 His morning folly, and his evening tears.
 Would thy nice speculations reach some end,
 Back o'er the heathen world thy view extend :
 What see'st thou ? Senseless idols, wood and stone,
 And altars, blazing to the God unknown :
 What sees't thou now ? The Awful Glorious Name,
 Impress'd on all this universal frame."

" Brave reasoning this, 'mong squalid rags forsooth !"
 Exclaim'd a rusty, blunt, old harrow tooth,
 " While I, the plough, the mattock, spade, and scythe,
 Man, horse, and ox, sweat for his annual tithe ;
 And bulls of Basan fed by Anak tall,
 'Midst filth Augean stink in every stall.

* * * * *
 Truth, bare thine arm, employ thy scourge of cords,
 Expel the thieves ; the temple is the Lord's.

* * * * *
 Jesus we know, and Paul we know ; but who
 Are these ? Let Eli's sons come up and show ;
 Devouring wolves !" — But here the speaking tooth
 Was silenced by a stroke upon the mouth,
 A Peter-stroke."

Richard can do the tremendous. But I must omit his holy war,—his passing-bell for England's glory, rung by a tailor's thimble—his bard, (not inspired) and his lawyer, who put Beelzebub into chancery, tricked him out of his estate, and made him glad to hold under Big-Wig on lease, threatening, that at the end of the term, unless fled, he would oust tenant and reside. I must also avoid his " Physic Bottle," and proceed to the " Ten Pound Note," such things being rather scarce with me now-a-days.

Now rose the collar of a poor man's coat,
 And cork'd the bottle with a ten pound note :
 " That note," said he, " endor'd by men of rank,
 The faithless promise of a country bank,
 For that base bill my only cow I sold,
 Woe to the poor ! since rags will pass for gold.
 The times were hard, and bread was bad and dear,
 My farm six acres, eighteen pounds a year ;
 My children five, for labour yet too small,
 Of child-birth dead, my wife, my help, my all ;
 And winter time ! the snow was very deep,
 And lost or buried were my few poor sheep,
 My household doomed to cheerless food and fire,
 And not a farmer wished a hand to hire,
 Then came my landlord, for his rent was due ;
 The bank had fail'd, alas ! what could I do ?
 He sold my goods, and locking up the door,
 Shew'd us the poor-house on the neighbouring moor ;
 In angry accents, with unfeeling heart,
 Through falling snow, compell'd us to depart
 To that vile mansion, where I strive to hide
 The last remains of honest English pride.

* * * * *

Want stands as porter, and admits the poor
To useless labour

My children mourn.

And ask, wherefore the change? Then flow my tears—

Oh, ye who revel on the tide of time,
Sport with distress, think poverty a crime,
Whom fortune never crush'd beneath her wheel,
Ye marble-hearted wretches! learn to feel.
Say not, ye pamper'd sons of wealth and pride,
Contented be the poor till God provide;
God has provided for the labouring poor,
But tax-fed idlers rob them of their store.

Well done, Richard. Almost thou persuadest me to be a methodist. But thou shalt be Laureate, Bishop of Conference, and rhyme better still next time. Good luck to thee, and for thy sake, success to the town and trade of Dore.

The British nation, being not only a religious, but a thoughtful people, I have determined forthwith to write *Corn Law Hymns*; for before the end of ten years from the 19th day of November, 1832, even our methodist parsons will be fain to preach ADAM SMITH, in all their pulpits. Scotch Chalmers, the calvinist, has already preached him, but without understanding the text. Wheelwright James Wats! have we not cause to be thankful for at least two of the countrymen of Burns, the exciseman? One of them try a single thought, changed the face of the earth, and reversed the destiny of ages; the other begat the minds of such writers as Harriet Martineux. Richard Furness has much to unlearn, and more to know, before he can become what he will yet be; in the meantime, if he incline to prose, I suggest three subjects for his pen; "The History of a British Ship of War;" "Colonial Annals, or Sir Sancho Grub, in his Island;" and "Parlour Law, or Half a Page, from the History of the Great Unpaid, in ten thousand volumes, folio.

MY PRETTY KATE.

My pretty Kate I do not know

The reason why I love you so

Devotedly; but when a day

Without thy presence drags away,

I feel as though a year had flown,

And I the while been left alone.

Yet when a day I spend with thee,

It scarcely seems an hour to me;

Yet tho' no suicide am I,

Nor very anxious am to die;

My soul unmoved the hope surveys,

That Kate may shorten all my days.

CARROTS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

“A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd.”—KING JOHN.

WHATEVER the moralists may say, I cannot help coinciding in the belief of those who acknowledge the doctrine of *fatality*. There is, I am convinced, a certain portion of the human race who are foredoomed from their cradles to undergo misfortune, and none more surely than those on whom some indelible stamp has been affixed, by the caprice of nature, before their birth.

That learned and suffering person, Mr. Walter Shandy, when he heard of the unlucky misnomer by which his infant son had been baptized, exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart, “The Thracians wept whenever a child was born!” and conceived that he had great cause for lamentation and sorrow. Perhaps he had; but not in an equal degree with the parents of him who now records his distresses. I know not if their grief was proportionate to the magnitude of the misfortune, or whether they were skilful or sagacious enough to predict what would befall him—compassionate reader, judge for yourself. I was born with a RED HEAD! The very hour of my birth, like that of “the great magician, damn’d Glendower,” was portentous:

“The front of heaven was full of *fiery* shapes.”

How often, Lycurgus, have I sighed, as I remembered thy salutary edict, which condemned to death every infant whose personal appearance might cast a blemish on the unrivalled sons of Sparta! Would that the British lawgivers had taken thee for their model! But such was the infatuation of my parents, and particularly of my mother, that they seemed even to take a pride in witnessing the maturity of my shame; the consequence was, that I became a curly-headed, carrotty-pole, admired by every one for the luxuriant fury of my locks and the vivacity of my disposition, or for being, in other words, a little fiery-headed tyrant. As if to keep in perpetual remembrance the natural stigma under which I was destined to labour, I had been christened RUFUS; this, with the euphonous surname of GREEN, formed a climax in the annals of unfortunate nomenclatures.

By degrees, the amiable qualities of my disposition began to develop themselves, and the consequences of over indulgence became manifest. For some years I held uncontrolled sway in my father's house, where my will was law; but at length a brother was born, and from that moment, being voted a perfect nuisance, it was formally arranged that I should leave the paternal mansion, and be transferred to the care of the Rev. Mr. Flayskin, at whose academy knowledge was inculcated according to the doctrines of the Monarch of Israel.

At nine years of age, therefore, I made my first appearance at school, where my presence was hailed with a general expansion of countenance, which might safely be denominated “one universal grin,” as the reverend pedagogue led forward and uncovered the froward boy committed to his charge. He introduced me to my companions, and left me to my fate. In a few minutes I was surrounded by a host of idle urchins, all

anxious to elicit something from "the new boy." My replies were short and surly, and soon drew on me the attention of him who was considered in the school "the wag" *par excellence*. He was a short, sturdy fellow, with a round, bullet head, a pug nose, and small sparkling grey eyes, which twinkled with wit and impudence. "Oh, ho!" said he, "we've caught a fox, eh? Let's see if he'll show fight when he's hunted. If I don't burn my fingers I'll have a pull at his brush!" So saying, he caught hold of me by the hair, and giving a violent jerk, pulled me forward into the midst of the ring. I was not, as I have already observed, remarkable for patience: I clenched my fist, and struck him in the face; the blow was returned, and in an instant I found myself involved in a fierce battle, which was, however, speedily ended, by the interference of the usher, but not before I had received convincing proofs that my antagonist was a bruiser as well as a wit.

Independent of the cuffs I received in this conflict, I acquired from that moment the *sobriquet* of "the fox;" by which I was ever afterwards distinguished. For the first month, like the popular Duke of Hereford,

"I could not stir,

But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:

That boys would tell each other, 'That is he;'

Others would whisper, 'Where?—Which is the Fox?'"

and when the wonder lessened, it brought nothing that was consolatory, for whenever a theme for merriment was required, it was only necessary to mention my red head, and what with the gibes cast upon it, and the little equanimity with which I bore them, there was always fun enough at my expence. My name was made the perpetual subject of ridicule, and furnished forth a thousand good sayings, which were attributed to the wag above mentioned. I was taunted with the appellation of "the tinker," because wherever I went, I was said "to carry my furnace about with me." When the weather was cold, the boys would assemble round me, and affect to warm their hands at my perpetual fire; and when it was hot, they laid the change of temperature on my head. I was denominated "the male vestal," whose flame was never extinct—the beacon with an ever-burning light; and when I bathed in company with the other boys, they universally declared that my plunge, like another Phaëton, made the waters fire and smoke! Their modes of annoyance were not confined to mere verbal annotations, but were accompanied by practical efforts of illustration. I have been seized upon at night, in the large dormitory in which we slept, and dragged from my own bed, to act as the general warming-pan of the room, by having my arms and legs confined, and in that state thrust up and down between the sheets, till my skin was almost rubbed off, and all in defiance of my kicks, tears, threats, and protestations. At other times, if I attempted to stir from my bed-side, where, to avoid this treatment, I often passed half the night in my clothes, till my tormentors were asleep, I was saluted with a volley of shoes, boots, and other missiles, accompanied by loud exclamations of "Put out the lights," "Douse the glim," a nautical phrase, which had been recently imported by the wag, (who came from Portsmouth,) and was therefore in great vogue; and on more than one occasion, when my adversaries came to close quarters, I was

compelled to undergo the mystic ceremony of having my light obscured by "the extinguisher," as a peculiar mode of coronation was facetiously termed. In short, I enjoyed no peace, by night or day, my rest was invaded, the hours allotted to recreation were disturbed, and those of study were made the vehicle of covert, insult, and inuendo. No allusion was suffered to pass unapplied, and no opportunity neglected of discovering new terms of reproach as they were gleaned from the pages of our daily reading. The life of a schoolboy is, generally speaking, a life of hardship, at least, if there is any exception I was not destined to experience it, and during a probation of four or five years, I underwent all that the malice of my companions could inflict. At length the wheel began to turn, and as I gradually grew in years and strength, found that forbearance was practised towards me; more, however, from fear than affection. It is not to be wondered at, if I in my turn now exercised a species of tyranny when I had learnt what it was to suffer. The evil traits of my disposition, for such they were pleased to term them, became daily more manifest, and when I left school, whence I was expelled for an act of violence towards the master, whose taunts I had long treasured up till a day of vengeance should arrive. I left it with the reputation of being a violent, passionate, and revengeful creature, whom no kindness could reclaim, nor any correction improve.

My parents who saw me thus returned upon their hands, held a council of war as to my ultimate destination, and considering my appearance and my irascible nature, they directed that none of the grave professions were suitable for me, and that my only chance of success lay in following the career of arms. Accordingly I was sent to the military college at Sandhurst, there to improve those pugnacious propensities already developed in me, and duly qualify myself to "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." It was a miracle that I passed safely through the three years probation allotted me; once I was rusticated, and once nearly expelled for conduct, the origin of which I can trace to that which was "the head and front of my offending." I can compare my sensations to nothing so much as the idea we have of a shell, the fuse of which is burning;—we feel that it must explode, and painfully anticipate the result. Thus I always bore in my recollection the consciousness of the mine which was ever ready to be sprung. However, it was decreed that the camp, the genuine abode of all *Kuzzilbashas*, was at length to become mine, and the period of my boyhood past, I gladly assumed the uniform of the — regiment, to me the real *toga virilis*. I hoped now to escape from the ills which had hitherto beset my path, and relied upon the dignity of my new calling to prevent the possibility of annoyance. My figure was tall and well-enough proportioned; with others height would have been an advantage, with me it was the reverse, for it suggested the comparison of a light-house; my features were marked and complexion somewhat high, but altogether from my general appearance, I might have been pronounced either goodlooking than otherwise, had not, as a wit observed, the capital of the Corinthian column been formed rather of the carrot than the *acanthus*. It was not the "*crin fulve*" described by Ugo Foscolo, or any thing which could admit the shadow of a doubt. It was RED, undisguised and unqualified; that which a herald would term *gules* and a painter *flame*; my whiskers too were of the same ardent hue, and pro-

cured for me the happy *sobriquet* of Barbarossa, reviving the association of an atheistical emperor and a bloodthirsty corsair.

"All that disgraced my betters, met in me."

It was said of me, in allusion to my imperial namesake, that were I like him to merit the punishment with which the inquisition visit heresy, I might save some trouble and expense, for my *san-benito* was already prepared. It was fated also that I should be deceived in supposing that, as a military man, I was safe from these petty vexations. The day on which I joined my regiment appeared but the precursor of a new series of mortifications; the first attack to which I was exposed proceeded from a centry of the artillery who was posted on a situation whither my curiosity had attracted me. "You must not pass here sir," exclaimed the man, with an accent as I thought on the *pronoun*. "Why not?" I replied, "I wanted to see this battery." It isn't a battery, sir, its a powder magazine!" The fellow grinned as he spoke. I retreated in ire, unwilling to expose my mortification, or give a chance of amusement at my expense so soon. At mess that evening I was introduced to the greater part of the officers; and as I was uncovered, my upper works were more conspicuous. They seemed very merry fellows, and each of them had a smile upon his countenance, as he welcomed me to the fraternity. Such a reception was not disagreeable, provided it was sincere. For the first few days this politeness was uniform; but in a in a short time the formal designation of Mr. — was abandoned, and my companions began to indulge in phrases, wherein some remote cause of mirth connected with my appearance seemed to predominate. It was said that a new light began to beam upon the regiment, that it was fortunate the quarters were bomb-proof; and many jokes upon *firelocks* were sported. These circumstances, by degrees, excited my irritability; in vain I argued with myself, that if I began my career by quarrelling with my brother officers, it would inevitably be but a brief one; and that by so doing, I should certainly commit myself for life. The reasoning faculty was never very strongly developed on that head which bore more signs of passion and irritability than the science of craniology has yet discovered.

One evening, therefore, when we had a large party at the mess, and contrary to our wont, had indulged too freely in the tinted juice, our spirits were excited, and we became argumentative, less patient to bear, and more apt to give offence. In such a mood a jest is of serious consequence, and jests were rife. An allusion was made, certainly *intended* for me, but not in the sense in which I accepted it. I replied in angry terms, which provoked still more pointed expressions; we forgot the poet's exclamation,

"*Fino et lucernis Medus acinaus
Immane quantum discrepat!*"

and granted in our cups. I challenged my quondam friend, and demanded immediate satisfaction; he sneeringly refused to go out till the morning, alleging that the advantage would be all on his side, "as it was dark." I boiled with rage, and quitted the room, drunk with choler as well as wine. In the morning we met and exchanged shots; my ball lodged harmless in a tree; but that of my antagonist was directed with

a surer aim; it winged me, and I fell. The result of this affair was gratifying to both of us; he left the regiment, and I remained on the sick list for some months during the pleasantest season of the year, and when I once more appeared in public, I found that I had carried an immunity from further gibes at the expense of good fellowship; nobody laughed or jested with me now; I was considered like Fergus Mac Ivor, "a fiery ettercap, a fractious chield." Though this did not improve my temper, I did not at once become a misanthropist, but I was far from forming any friendships. I did worse—I fell in love! and yet how could I avoid it? for Eliza's beauty was perfect;—still might I not have discovered what fate had in store for me? But who is there who pauses to reflect when the passions are exerted? Eliza was a delightful girl,—accomplished, clever, and witty; she laughed *with* me at many things, but I flattered myself not *at* me. I thought her perfection; and I imagined, without vanity, that she did not consider my acquirements in a despicable point of view. I imagined that I was beloved, though I had never proposed the momentous question. At last the moment arrived for explanation. Our regiment suddenly received an order to embark for America; I hurried to Eliza, and told her the fatal news; our interview was long and interesting; the moment of departure drew near; Eliza looked as if she were about to abandon herself to despair. At once I spoke openly of my passion,—I pictured the desolation of my lot, far, far away from her I loved, and begged to exchange tokens, that I might possess something by which I might recal the happiness of the past. "Give me, Eliza," cried I, "give me a ringlet of these waving tresses; while life is mine I will preserve it!" Eliza raised her tearful eyes, and gazed wistfully upon me: on a sudden her countenance changed; I apprehended an hysterical affection. She strove to repress it, but in vain; her strength was subdued, and she burst into a peal of laughter, loud and long! I gazed in astonishment; yet her mirth—for *mirth* indeed it was, and no hysterical passion—was unheeded. "What mean you," I exclaimed; "is this a moment for merriment?" "Oh, Rufus!" she faintly articulated, while she strove to keep down the convulsion which still influenced her, "Oh, Rufus, only think how ridiculous a lock of *your hair* would look in a locket!" and again her laughter overpowered; "but take mine," she added. "Never, madam!" I vociferated, turning pale with anger—"Never! she who at such a moment could wound my feelings in the tenderest point is unworthy to be held in my remembrance. Madam, I bid you eternally farewell!" and without pausing to cast another glance at the object of my late attachment, I rushed from the house, and strode homewards. "There are many fairer than she, and few can be more unfeeling," thought I, as I paced hurriedly along. "When next I bestow my affections I will do so where every sentiment is reciprocal. I may yet be beloved though my hair is red!" While these thoughts passed through my mind, I passed by a perfumer's shop, and there in a long plate-flap I saw my inflamed visage reflected. My eye was attracted towards an advertisement emblazoned in gaudy capitals. "FOX'S PATENT CREAM for changing red or gray hair to——" I read no more—

"My bane and antidote were both before me."

The name of the patentee recalled unpleasant recollections; but I waived my disgust, and rushed into the shop, and expended half-a-guinea on

the mixture which was to renew "old Æson." I had no opportunity to try the effect of my lotion till after our embarkation, and it was not till we were half-seas-over, and free from the influence of sea-sickness, that I mustered resolution to avail myself of my panacea. It was then, as our vessel bounded across the ocean to its western shore, that I mused upon the new mode of life which would be my lot in a far remote region. Divested of the painful distinction which had marked my early career, I should at length enjoy, and probably ornament society; and as I abandoned myself to the fond anticipations of hope, I revelled in a day-dream of the most delicious nature, and looked forward to the coming morrow with delight. I pictured to myself the surprise of my companions aboard at my transformation, and I rejoiced in the idea of being then more than on a level with themselves. This hope inspired me with cheerfulness, and I spent a happy evening. That night, when the hour of our *coucher* approached, I prepared for the mysterious rite, and with feelings akin to those of Frankenstein when near the completion of his "secret work." I anointed myself, not like the old woman of Berkeley, but with the sacred oil from the Ampulla of Messieurs Fox. Enveloping my head in a thickly quilted nightcap, tightly bound round with a silken kerchief, in order that the charm might be "firm and good," I threw myself on my berth, and resigned my excited mind to the dominion of sleep.

The sun rose brightly above the waves, and the fresh breeze of morning breathed lightly through the cabin window, when I awoke. My first impulse was, to feel if the bandage was secure: it was so, and all seemed to promise a happy result to the experiment. In a court of justice, when the sentence of a martial condemnation is passed, the judge arrays himself in a black cap, to pronounce the doom. Here, thought I, we shall reverse the case. I rose, and approached my dressing-case: the lock yielded to my pressure, and the mirror stood before me. I placed it in a conspicuous light, and with trembling hands I unloosed the mysterious fillet. Pursuant to the *printed instructions*, I instantly plunged my head into a bason of water; and there, like a dripping triton or merman, I confronted the oracle of my destiny. Powers of transformation, what did I behold!—Fiend of darkness, what spell of evil had been at work!—I might have been compared to Priam gazing on the messenger of the fate of Troy; to the usurper of Scotland before the spirit of Banquo; to the affrighted Leporello, on beholding the solemn nod of the commander's statue; to the cat, which regards its prototype in the sublime advertisements of Warren;—in short, there, "mute and motionless" as Zuliekha, I

"Stood like that statue of distress,
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother harden'd into stone."

Before me, in the looking-glass, I beheld a gorgon, and I shuddered: for, instead of a luxuriant head of hair, redundant in curl, redolent of perfume, and in hue "a rich chesnut," or "a golden brown,"—such were the words of promise,—my locks were stiff and wiry; a vile smell of aqua-fortis infected the air; and the colour which blasted my sight—no phantasm,—no capricious fancy,—no distorted vision,—was a *virid green!!!*

" 'Twas green, 'twas green, sir, I assure ye !"

The glass fell from my hand ; it was dashed into a million of shivers :—its fate was unheeded, for I was unconscious of passing events :—the shock was too fresh, and I fainted.

For several weeks my existence was a blank ; for dim visions alone flit across my recollection : they were the dreams of a maniac, and must pass unrecorded. When I returned to consciousness, I found myself an invalid in my barrack-room, in the garrison of ——— in North America. I there discovered that the surgeon, in mercy, or from necessity,—for "they tell me I did wildly rave,"—had caused my locks to be shorn ; that, with their growth, I might arise a second Sampson. I did so, but my hair was redder than before !

When I began to write these pages, it was my intention to have recorded all the sufferings I have undergone ; but I find the task of such minute detail too painful. What boots it to narrate how I was crossed in all my schemes of interest, of ambition, and of love ? how I was thrice rejected for staff situations, to which the letters of my friends in England had recommended me, because the governor's lady objected to a red-headed aid-de-camp ; how, consequently, I sought and obtained the command of a remote detachment, and buried myself amid the woods far up the country ; and how a party of freebooting Indians, from the banks of the *Passamaquoddy*, endeavoured to ensnare me, and secure my scalp to decorate the wigwam of their chieftain. These, and a thousand other events, which now pass unrecorded, combined to drive me from the country, and relinquish the profession of arms. I resolved to retire from the army ; and accordingly making arrangements for the sale of my commission, I returned to England, debating in my own mind whether I should hide my shame—"where, in what desolate place ?"—under the powdered wig of a barrister, or concealed beneath the turban of a Moslem. The former I considered only a partial remedy ; the latter more complete, and quite as respectable ; for I hold the doctrines of the Koran to be fully as orthodox as the precepts of Grotius and Puffendorf. Whilst I hesitated as to which of the two I should adopt,—whether a few months should see me under the guidance of a Moollah, or a student in chambers,—I chanced to take up the work recently written on Spain, by a young American. From this I gathered, that even for me there was "balm in Gilead,"—that, abandoned and proscribed, as I had hitherto found myself, there was yet a quarter of the globe where red heads are at a premium ; that happiness might yet be mine, in the sunny clime of Iberia. Away, then, with wigs and turbans ! To-morrow I start for Paris,—a few days will see me at Bayonne,—and once across the Spanish frontier, on the plains of Castile, or amid the Sierras of Grenada, I shall find myself at length an emancipated being, and exclaim with the poet,

" Oh, life !—at last I feel thee !"

max.

LINES ON A DEAD SEA-FOWL.

How still and how stiff are these wings of thine

That have swept so oft o'er yon ocean blue :

How dim is the light that was wont to shine

In thine eyes, as they looked the waters through ;

And the form that from man would ever fly

Beneath his footsteps, doth fearless lie.

It were vain to follow thy wanderings,

Since first from the top of thy native cliff,

Down, down to the ocean on trembling wings

Thou comest to float like a fairy skiff ;

While fondly thy parent birds circled thee,

And the echoes returned their notes of glee.

Thou hast oft been the herald of many a gale ;

Thine omen has wetted the seaman's eye,

When merrily thou round the sinking sail,

Hast wheeled and exalted thy voice on high ;

Then rested and trimed thy ruffled plume

On the wave that might soon become his tomb.

To have wandered one summer's day with thee,

Thro' the mystic cells of thy caverned home,

Thro' the pastless wastes of the welt'ring sea,

Thro' the lonely isles, where no footsteps come,

That thou wouldst have feared, had more blissful been,

Than ought that can vary this mortal scene.

The tide is now rising and buffets thee,

As if in revenge for the scaly prey.

Which in days past, when thou wast alive and free,

Thou hast snatched from its glittering depth away ;

It denies thee now all it can give a grave,

And spurns thee back with its foaming wave.

Poor innocent stranger I now will lay,

Thy relics beneath where the flowrets weep,

Thou hast, in thy time, been as lovely as they,

In the shade of their beauty then calmly sleep ;

The briar with its rose and the heather bell

Shall mingling their sweetness above thee dwell.

THE BLACK MASK.

A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

As the Danube approaches the ancient city of Buda, it traverses a vast and almost uninhabited plain, surrounded upon every side by rude and barren mountains. This tract, thickly wooded with forest trees of great age and size, has been called the "Black Forest" of Hungary, and has been long celebrated as the resort of the wild boar and the elk, driven by winter to seek a shelter and cover which they would in vain look for upon the rocky and steep mountains around: there, for at least five months of every year, might daily be heard the joyous call of the jager horn, and at night, around the blazing fires of the bivouac, might parties of hunters be seen carousing and relating the dangers of the chase. But when once the hunting season was past, the gloom and desolation of this wild waste was unbroken by any sound save the shrill cry of the vultures, or the scream of the wood squirrel as he sprang from bough to bough, for the footsteps of the traveller never trod this valley, which seemed as if shut out by nature from all intercourse with the remainder of the world. Hunting had been for years the only occupation of the few who inhabited it, and the inaccessible character of the mountains had long contributed to preserve it for them from the intrusion of others; but at length the chase became the favourite pastime of the young noblesse of Austria as well as Hungary: and to encourage a taste for the "*mimic fight*," as it has been not inaptly termed, the example of the reigning monarch greatly contributed. Not a little vain of his skill and proficiency in every bold and warlike exercise, he often took the lead in these exercises himself, and would remain weeks and even months away, joyfully enduring all the dangers and hardships of a hunter's life, and by his own daring, stimulate others to feats of difficult and hardy enterprise. Some there were, however, who thought they saw in this more than a mere fondness for a hunter's life, and looked on it, with reason, perhaps, as a deeply laid political scheme; that, by bringing the nobles of the two nations more closely into contact, nearer intimacy, and eventually, friendships would spring up and eradicate that feeling of jealousy with which as rivals they had not ceased to regard each other.

It was the latter end of December of the year 1754; the sun had gone down and the shadows of night were fast falling upon this dreary valley, whilst upon the cold and piercing blast were borne masses of snow-drift and sleet, and the low wailing of the night wind foreboded the approach of a storm, that a solitary wanderer was vainly endeavouring to disentangle himself from the low brushwood, which heavy and snow-laden, obstructed him at every step. Often he stood, and putting his horn to his lips, blew till the forest rang again with the sound, but nothing responded to his call save the dull and ceaseless roar of the Danube, which poured along its thundering flood, amid huge masses of broken ice or frozen snow, which rent from their attachment to the banks, were carried furiously along by the current of the river.

To the bank of the Danube, the wanderer had long directed his steps guided by the noise of the stream ; and he had determined to follow its guidance to the nearest village where he might rest for the night. After much difficulty, he reached the bank, and the moon which hitherto had not shone, now suddenly broke forth and showed the stranger to be young and athletic ; his figure, which was tall and commanding, was arrayed in the ordinary hunting dress of the period ; he wore a green frock or kurtha, which, trimmed with fur, was fastened at the waist by a broad strap of black leather ; from this was suspended his jagd messer, or *couteau de chasse*, the handle and hilt of which were of silver richly chased and ornamented ; around his neck hung a small bugle, also of silver, and these were the only parts of his equipment which bespoke him to be of rank, save that air of true born nobility which no garb, however homely, can effectually conceal. His broad leaved bonnet with its dark o'erhanging herons feathers, concealed the upper part of his face : but the short and curved moustacho which graced his upper lip, told that he was either by birth Hungarian, or one who from motives of policy had adopted this national peculiarity to court favour in the eyes of Joseph, who avowed his preference for that country on every occasion. The first object that met his eyes as he looked anxiously around for some place of refuge from that storm, which long impending, was already about to break forth with increased violence, was the massive castle of Cfervitzen, whose battlemented towers rose high above the trees on the opposite side of the Danube ; between, however, roared the river, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, amid huge fragments of ice, which were either held by their attachment to rocks in the channel, or borne along till dashed to pieces by those sharp reefs so frequent in this part of the stream ; he shuddered as he watched the fate of many a ledge of ice or snow now smoothly gliding on, and in the next moment shivered into ten thousand pieces, and lost in the foam and surge of "the dark rolling river." He seemed long to weigh within himself the hazard of an attempt to cross the stream upon these floating islands with the danger of a night passed in the forest ; for he now knew too well, no village lay within miles of him. But at last he seemed to have taken his resolution ; for, drawing his belt tightly around him and throwing back his jagd messer, lest it should impede the free play of his left arm, he seemed to prepare himself for the perilous undertaking—this was but the work of one moment—the next saw him advancing upon the broad ledge, which, frozen to the bank, stretched to a considerable distance in the stream. Now arrived at the verge of this came his first difficulty, for the passage was only to be accomplished by springing from island to island over the channels of the river, which ran narrowly though rapidly between ;—the loud crashes which every moment interrupted the silence of the night, as each fragment broke upon the rocks before him, told too plainly what fate awaited him, should he either miss his footing, or the ice break beneath his weight ; in either case death would be inevitable. He once more looked back upon the dark forest he had left, and again seemed to hesitate ; 'twas for an instant—with a bold spring he cleared the channel. No time was, however, given him to look back on the danger he had passed : for scarcely had his feet reached their landing place, than the ice yielding to the impulse of his fall, gave way and separated with a loud crash from its connection with the remaining mass, and in an instant was flying down the stream, carrying him along with it—

unconscious of all around, he was borne onward—the banks on either side seemed to fly past him with the speed of lightning, and the sound of the river now fell upon his ear like the deep rolling of artillery; and from this momentary stupor, he only awoke to look forward to a death as certain as it was awful. The rocks upon which the icebergs were dashed and shivered to atoms as they struck, were already within sight. Another moment and all would be over;—he thought he heard already the rush of the water as the waves closed above his head—in an agony of despair he turned and looked on every side to catch some object of hope or assistance. As he floated on, between him and the rock upon which the castle stood, now coursed a narrow channel, but yet too broad to think of clearing with a single leap. Along this came a field of ice, wheeling in all the eddies of the river; he saw that yet he might be saved—the danger was dreadful, but still no time was now left to think—he dashed his hunting spear towards the floating mass, and with the strength which desperation only can give, threw himself as if on a leaping pole, and cleared both the channels in a spring. As he fell almost lifeless on the bank, he saw the fragment he so lately had trusted to, rent into numberless pieces—his strength failed, and he sank back upon the rock. How long he thus lay he knew not; and when he again looked up, all was wrapt in darkness; the moon had gone down, and nothing recalled him to a sense of his situation save the dull monotonous roaring of the Danube, which poured its flood quite close to where he lay.

Light now gleamed brightly from the windows of the castle above him, and he felt fresh courage as he thought a place of refuge was so near; and although stunned by the violence of the shock with which he fell, and half frozen by the cold ice which had been his bed, he made towards the drawbridge. This, to his surprise, was already lowered—and the wide gates lay open. As he passed along, he met no one—he at length reached a broad stair; ascending this, the loud tones of many voices met his ear—he opened a door which stood before him, and entered the apartment when the family now were assembled at supper.

The possessor of the baronial schloss of Cfervitzen, was one of the last remnants of the feudal system in Hungary; and to whom, neither the attractions of a court, nor yet the high rank and favour so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen—were inducements strong enough to withdraw him from that wild and dreary abode, where he had passed his youth and his manhood, and now adhered to in his old age, with an attachment which length of years had not rendered less binding. The only companion of his solitude was a daughter, upon whom he heaped all that fondness and affection which the heart estranged from all the world can bestow upon one. She was, indeed, all that most sanguine wishes could devise; beautiful as the fairest of a nation celebrated for the loveliness of its women, and endowed with all the warmth of heart and susceptibility of her country. Of the world she was ignorant as a child, and long learned to think that the mountains which girt their broad valley, enclosed all that was worth knowing or loving in it.

Hospitality has not in Hungary attained the rank of a virtue, it is merely the characteristic of a nation. Shelter is so often required and afforded to the desolate wanderer, through vast and almost uninhabited tracts of mountain and forest, that the arrival of a stranger at the evening meal of a family, would create but little surprise among its members,

and in the present instance, the intruder might, had he so wished it, have supped and rested for the night and gone out on his journey on the morrow, without one question as to whence he came or whither he should go.

But such evidently was not his intention, for either not understanding, or, if he understood, not caring to comply with the hints which were given him, to seat himself below the *daés*, he boldly advanced to the upper end of the apartment, where the baron and his daughter were seated upon a platform slightly elevated above the surrounding vassals and bondsmen, who were assembled in considerable numbers. The stranger did not wait until the baron had addressed him, but at once said, "The Graf von Sobenstein claims your hospitality here, baron; hunting with the imperial suite I lost my way in the forest, and unable to regain my companions, I esteem myself fortunate to have reached such an asylum." To this speech, which was made in the Hungarian language, the baron replied by welcoming after the friendly fashion of his country; and then added, in a somewhat severe tone: "A Hungarian, I suppose."—"A Hungarian by birth," answered the count, colouring deeply, "but an Austrian by title." To this there succeeded a short pause, when the baron again said, "You were hunting with the emperor—how crossed you the Danube? no boat could stem the current now." The count, evidently offended at the question of his host replied, coldly, "On the drift ice."—"On the drift!" cried the baron, aloud. "On the drift ice!" echoed his daughter, who had hitherto sat a silent, though attentive listener to the dialogue. The count, who had all along spoken with the air of a superior to one beneath him in rank and station, deigned not to enter into any explanation of a feat, the bold daring of which warranted incredulity. This awkward feeling of some moments duration was dispelled by the entrance of a vassal, who came in haste to inform the baron, that some person who had left the opposite shore of the Danube, had been carried down upon the drift; he had ever since been in search of him along the bank, below the rocks, but in vain. This was enough—the count repressed the rising feeling of anger that his own short and startling assertion should be questioned, and suffered the baron to press him down upon a seat beside him, and soon forgot, amid the kind inquiries of the baron's daughter, his former cold and distant demeanour; he gradually became more and more free and unconstrained in manner; and at last so effectually had the frank and hospitable air of the baron, and the more bewitching naïveté and simplicity of his daughter gained upon the good opinion of their guest, that throwing off his reserve, a feeling evidently more the result of education and habit, than natural, he became lively and animated—delighted his host by hunting adventures, and stories of the mistakes and awkward feats of the Austrian nobles in the field, (a grateful theme to a Hungarian,) and captivated the fair Adela, by telling of fêtes and gay carnivals in Vienna, to all of which, though an utter stranger, she felt a strong and lively interest in, when narrated by one so young and handsome, as he who now sat beside her. He also knew many of the baron's old friends and acquaintances, who had taken up their residence at the Austrian court; and thus conversing happily together, when the hour of separation for the night arrived, they parted pleased with each other, and inwardly rejoicing at the event which had brought about the meeting.

On the following morning the count rose early, and quite refreshed from the toils of the preceding day, descended to the breakfast-room; the family had not as yet assembled, and Adela was sitting alone in the recess of a window which overlooked the Danube; as he approached and saluted her, she seemed scarcely able to rouse herself from some deep reverie in which she appeared to have fallen; and after briefly bidding him "Good morning," laconically asked, "Can it be that you crossed the stream there?" at the same moment pointing to where the river rolled on beneath them, in waves of white and toiling foam. The count sat down beside her, and narrated his entire adventure, from the time he had lost sight of his companions; and so earnestly did she listen and he speak, that they were unaware of the entrance of the baron, who had twice saluted the count, and was now heard for the first time, as he entreated him to defer his departure for that day at least, pleading the impossibility of venturing on leaving the castle in so dreadful a storm of snow and wind. To this request, warmly seconded by Adela, the count gladly acceded: ere long the baron commended his guest to the care of his daughter, and left the room.

To Adela, who was unacquainted with all the forms of "the world," and knew not any impropriety in the advances she made towards intimacy with her new acquaintance—for she felt none—her only aim was to render his imprisonment less miserable, and enable him to while away the hours of a winter day with fewer feelings of ennui and weariness than otherwise. It will not then be wondered at if the day passed rapidly over, her songs and legends of her native land, found in him an impassioned and delighted listener, and, ere he knew it, he was perfectly captivated by one of whose very existence but a few hours before he was perfectly ignorant.

It was evident that he felt as flattery, the frank and intimate tone she assumed towards him, and knew not she would have treated any other similarly situated, with the same unsuspecting and friendly demeanour. It was then with a feeling of sorrow, he watched the coming darkness of evening. "In a few hours more," thought he, "and I shall be far away, and no more spoken of or remembered, than as one of the many who came and went again." The evening passed happily as the day had done, and they separated; the count having promised not to leave the castle the following day until noon, when the baron should accompany him, and see him safely on the road to Vienna.

The hour of leave-taking at length arrived, and amid the bustle and preparation for departure, the count approached a small tower, which opening from one of the angles of the apartments served, in time of warfare, to protect that part of the building, but which had been devoted to the more peaceful office of a lady's boudoir. Here was Adela sitting, her head resting on her hand, and her whole appearance divested of that gay and buoyant character which had been peculiarly her own; she rose as he came forward, and glancing at his cap, which he held on one arm, took hold of his hand, and endeavoured as carelessly as possible to allude to his departure: but her heart failed, and her low trembling voice betrayed her feeling when she asked—"Will you then leave us so suddenly?" The count muttered something, in which the words—"the emperor—long absence—Vienna," were alone audible, and pressing closely that hand, which since he last touched it, had never left his, seated himself beside her. There was a silence for

some moments, they would both willingly have spoken, and felt their minutes were few, but their very endeavours rendered the difficulty greater; at length, drawing her more closely to him, as he placed one arm round her, he asked—"Will you then soon forget me—shall I be no more recollected?"—"No, no;" said she, interrupting him, hurriedly; "But will you return, as you have already promised?"—"I do intend, but then—"—"What then?" cried she, after a pause, expecting he would finish his sentence. He seemed but a moment to struggle with some strong feeling, and at last spoke as if he had made up his mind to a decided and fixed resolve. "It were better you knew all—I cannot—that is—I may not—"—her eyes grew tearful as he spoke—he looked—then added—"I will return—at all hazards—but first promise to wear this for my sake, it was a present from the emperor;" saying which, and unfastening the breast of his kurtka, he took from round his neck a gold chain to which was fastened a seal ring bearing the initial J; "Wear this," said he, "at least till we meet again:" for she hesitated, and needed the qualification he made, of its being one day restored, ere she accepted so valuable a present.

A servant now entered to say that the baron was already mounted and waiting; their adieus were soon spoken, and the next instant the horses were heard galloping over the causeway which led towards the road to Vienna. She gazed after them till the branches of the dark wood closed around them, and then saw them no more. The baron returned not till late in the evening, and spoke only of the day's sport, and merely once alluded to the stranger, and that but passingly; the following day came, and there was nothing to convince her that the two preceding ones had not been as a dream; so rapidly had they passed, and yet so many events seemed crowded into this short space. The chain she wore alone remained, to assure her of the reality of the past.

Days, weeks, and even months, rolled on, and although the count had promised to write, yet no letter ever reached them, and now the winter was long past and it was already midsummer, when the baron and his daughter were strolling one evening along a narrow path which flanked the Danube. It was the hour of sunset, and all was quiet and peaceful as the grave; the very birds were hushed upon the boughs, and no sound was heard save the gentle ripple of that river whose treacherous surface so lately was borne on with the dread roaring of a cataract. As they watched the curling eddies broken upon the rocks, and then floating in bubbles so silently, they stood by the spot where, months before, the stranger had crossed the Danube. "I wonder," said the Baron, "that he never wrote. Did he not promise to do so?" "Yes," replied she, "he did; but at the same time spoke of the possibility of his absence from Vienna, perhaps with his regiment, which was, I believe, in Grätz. And then, too, we know the courier from Buda is not too punctual in his visits to our valley."—"And, in short," said the Baron, "you could find at least a hundred reasons for your friend not keeping his promise, rather than for a moment suspect the real one—that he has forgotten us. Ah, my poor child, I fear you know not how little, such a meeting as ours was, will impress the mind of one who lives in courts and camps, the favoured and honoured of his sovereign. The titled Graf of Austria will think, if he ever even returns to the circumstance in his memory, that he did the poor Hungarian but too

much honour, when he accepted of his hospitality. And—but stop—did you not see a horseman cross the glen there, and then enter yonder coppice? There!—there he is again!—I see him now plainly. It is the Austrian courier, coming, perhaps, to refute all I have been telling you. I am sure he brings tidings from Vienna, by taking that path.”

The rider to whom their attention was now directed, was seen advancing at the full speed of his horse, and but a few seconds elapsed ere he emerged from the trees. Although at first his course had been directed to the castle, it was now evident he made for the place where the father and daughter stood in breathless anxiety for his arrival. As he came nearer, they could see that he wore the deeply-slouched hat and long flowing cloak of a courier. Then was there no doubt of his being one. He drew nearer and nearer, and never slackened his pace, till within a few yards of the place where they awaited him; then throwing off his hat and cloak, he sprang from his horse, and flew into their arms. It was the Count himself. Exclamations of surprise and delight burst from both, and, amid a thousand welcomes, they took the path back to the castle. Questioning and reproaching for forgetfulness, with an interest which too plainly told how dearly the inquirer felt the implied neglect, with many a heartfelt confession of joy at the present meeting, filled up the hours till they retired for the night.

When the Count found himself alone in his chamber, he walked hurriedly to and fro, his hands clasped, and his brow knitted; his whole air bespeaking the feelings of one labouring under some great mental agitation. At length he threw himself upon his bed; but when morning broke, he rose weary and unrefreshed, and had to plead fatigue to the Baron, as an excuse for not accompanying him on an intended excursion for that day. Another reason might also have influenced the Count—Adela was again his companion for the entire day; and amid many a kind inquiry for his health, and hopes but half expressed, that his present stay would recruit his strength and vigour, she plainly shewed, if forgetfulness had existed on either side, it could not have been laid to her charge. It was also plain that his feeling for her, if not already love, was rapidly ripening into it:—and yet there came ever across him some thoughts that at once damped the very praise he spoke to her, and chilled the warm current of affection with which he answered her questions. The day passed, however, but too rapidly, and another followed it, like in all things, save that every hour which brought them together, seemed but to render them dearer to each other. They rode, they walked, they sang, they read together; and it may be conjectured how rapidly the courtly address and polished mind of the Count gained upon one so susceptible, and so unpractised in the world; and in fact, ere the first week of his stay passed over, she loved—and more—confessed to him her love.

Had she been at all skilled in worldly knowledge, she would have seen that her lover did not receive her confession of attachment with all the ardour with which he might have heard such an avowal—and from one so fair, so young, and so innocent. But, even as it was, she thought him more thoughtful than usual at the moment. He had been standing, leaning upon her harp—she had ceased playing—and he now held her hand within his own, as he pressed for some acknowledgment of her feelings for him;—but when she gave it, he scarcely pressed the hand which trembled as she spoke; and letting it drop, he walked

slowly to a window, and beveled his face within his hands for some minutes. When he returned again to her side, he appeared endeavouring to calm his troubled mind, and suppress some sad thoughts which seemed to haunt him like spirits of evil:—he looked kindly on her, and she was happy once more.

Such was the happy term of their lives, that they felt not the time rolling over. A second week was already drawing to a close. As they were one morning preparing for an excursion into the forest, a servant entered, to announce the arrival of a courier from Vienna, with letters for the court. He seemed very much agitated at the intelligence, and apologizing to Adela, and promising to return at once, he ordered that the courier should be shewn into his apartment. As he entered the room a few moments after, the courier was seen to issue from the portals of the castle, and, at the top of his speed, take the road to Vienna. The Count had evidently heard disagreeable tidings, and strove in vain to conceal the agitation he laboured under. "No bad news from Vienna, I hope," said she:—"has any thing occurred to trouble you there?" "I am recalled," said he, hastily; "ordered, I know not where—perhaps to Poland. However, I am expected to join immediately." "But you will not do so?" said the innocent girl, passionately—"you will not go?" "How am I to help it?" answered he. "Have you not told me," said she, "a thousand times, that the Emperor was your friend—that he loved you, and would serve you?—Will he not give you leave of absence?—Oh, if he will not hear you, let me entreat him. I will go myself to Vienna—I will myself tell him all.—I will fall at his feet, and beseech him; and if ever an Hungarian girl met with favour in the eyes of a monarch who loves her nation, he will not refuse me." "Adela," said he, "do not speak thus:—I must go—but I hope to obtain the leave myself. Come, cheer up. You know you may trust me. You believed me once before—did I deceive you?—Pledge me but your word not to forget me—to be my own when I return—" "I swear it," cried she, falling upon his neck, "nothing but death shall change me, if even that—and if I ever cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that. You will come,—is it not so? and we shall again be happy; and you will never leave me then." As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while the tears trickled fast down her cheek, and fell upon his shoulder.

He pressed her hand, and tried to soothe her, but in vain. At last he made one desperate effort, and pressing her to his bosom, kissed her cheek, and, bidding a long and last adieu, he hurried from the apartment:—his horse stood saddled at the door—he sprang to his seat, and was soon far from the Schloss.

With the departure of him she loved, all happiness seemed to have fled. The places she used with him to visit, in their daily excursions, on foot or horseback, served only to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude more lonely than she had ever felt; and after weeks of anxious expectancy, when neither letters nor any other tidings of the Count arrived, her health gradually declined—her cheek grew pale, her eye lustreless, and her step infirm; while her low sad voice told too plainly, the wreck of her worldly happiness had been accomplished; and all the misery of hope deferred burst on her whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart

had never known grief. The summer into the autumn flowed, and the winter came; and another summer was already at hand; and yet he never returned: and already the finger of grief had laid its heavy and unerring touch upon her frame. No longer was she what she had been; and her altered appearance at last attracted the attention of her father, who had continued to think her illness but momentary, but now awoke to the sad feeling, that she was dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and with all the agony of one who felt that he had neglected too long an important duty, he determined no longer to delay, but at once set out for Vienna, where medical aid could be procured; and if the gentle and balmy airs of Italy could avail aught, they could at once travel southward. She was perfectly passive to the proposed excursion; and if she had any objections, the thought that she might hear some intelligence of her lover, would have overcome them all; so that, ere many days elapsed, they had arrived in the Austrian capital. Vienna was at this time the scene of every species of festivity and rejoicing. That court had just returned from an excursion to Carlsbad; and all ranks, from the proud noble to the humble bourgeois, vied in their endeavours to welcome a monarch, who had already given rise to the greatest expectations. Balls, redoutes, and masquerades, with all the other pleasures of a carnival, formed the only occupation, and the only theme of conversation, throughout the city. The Baron and his daughter, however, little sympathizing in a joy so strongly in contrast to the sad occasion which led them thither, sought and found an hotel, outside the barrier, where they might remain unknown and unmolested, as long as they should think proper to remain in the capital.

They had not been many days in their new abode, when tempted one morning by the fineness of the weather; and Adela feeling herself somewhat better, they strolled as far as the Prater; but on reaching it, they were much disappointed in their expectation of quiet and seclusion, for all Vienna seemed assembled there to witness a grand review of the troops, at which the emperor was to be present (they, therefore, at once determined on retracing their steps, and endeavour, if possible, to reach the city before the troops should have left it. With this intention they were hastening onward, and had already reached the open space where the troops usually manœuvred, when they stood for some minutes attracted by the beauty of the scene; for already heavy masses of cavalry and artillery were to be seen as they slowly emerged from the dark woods around, taking up their respective stations upon the field. Half regretting to lose so splendid a spectacle, they were again turning to proceed, when a young officer galloping up to the spot where they now stood, informed the baron, that a traileur regiment was about to take up that position on the field, and requested with great politeness, that he would accept for himself and his daughter, seats upon a platform with some of his friends, from which, without danger or inconvenience they might witness the review: this invitation politely urged, as well as the fact, that they could not now hope to reach the city without encountering the crowds of soldiery and people induced them to accede, and ere many minutes elapsed they were seated on the balcony.

The field now rapidly filled. Column after column of infantry poured in, and the very earth seemed to shake beneath the dense line of cuirassiers, who, with their long drooping cloaks of white looking like the ancient Templars, rode past in a smart trot—their attention now

was, however, suddenly turned from these to another part of the field, where a dense crowd of people were seen to issue from one of the roads which led through the park, and as they broke forth into the plain, the air was rent with a tremendous shout, followed the moment after by the deafening roar of the artillery, and while the loud cry of "*Der Kaiser*," "*Leb der Kaiser*," rose to the skies from thousands of his subjects—the gorgeous housings and golden panoply of the Hungarian hussars, who formed the body guard, were seen caracalling upon their beautiful "*shimmels*," (such is the term given them) and in the midst of them rode the emperor himself, conspicuous even there for the address and elegance of his horsemanship.

The cavalcade had now reached the balcony where the baron and his daughter were sitting; there it halted for several minutes. The emperor seemed to be paying his respects to some ladies of the court who were there, and they were sufficiently near to observe that he was uncovered while he spoke; but yet, could not clearly discern his features. Adda's heart beat high as she thought of one who might at that moment be among the train; for she knew that he was the personal friend of the emperor and his favourite aide-de-camp. The cavalcade now was slowly advancing, and stood within a few paces of where she was; but at the same time being totally concealed from her view by the rising up of those who sat beside her, in their anxiety to behold the emperor. She now, however, rose and leaned forward; but no sooner had she looked than she, with a loud cry, fell fainting back into the arms of her father. The suddenness of the adventure was such, that the baron had not even yet seen the emperor, and could but half catch the meaning of her words as she dropped lifeless upon his neck.—He had been but too often of late a witness to her frequent faintings to be much alarmed now; and he at once attributed her present weakness to the heat and excitement of the moment. Now, however, she showed no sign of recovering sensibility, but lay cold and motionless where she had fallen at first, surrounded by a great number of persons anxiously professing aid and assistance; for it was no sooner perceived that they were strangers, than carriages were offered on all sides to convey them home, and glad to avail himself of such a civility at the moment, the baron disengaged himself from the crowd, and carried the still lifeless girl to a carriage.

During the entire way homeward, she lay in his arms speechless and cold—she answered him not as he called her by the most endearing names; and at last he began to think he never again should hear her voice, when she slowly raised her eyes and gazed on him with a wild and vacant stare—she passed her hands across her forehead several times, as if endeavouring to recollect some horrid and frightful dream; and then muttering some low indistinct sound, sank back into her former insensibility.

When they reached home, medical aid was procured; but 'twas too plain the lovely girl had received some dreadful mental shock, and they knew not how to administer to her. She lay thus for two days, and on the morning of the third, as the heart-broken and wretched father who had never left her bedside, gazed upon the wreck of his once beauteous child—the warm tears falling fast upon her cheek; what was his joy to discover symptoms of returning animation. She moved—her bosom gently heaved and fell; and raising one arm, placed it round her father's

neck, and smiling, drew him gently towards her—with what an ecstasy of joy he watched the signals of recovering life; and as he knelt to kiss her, he poured forth his delight in almost incoherent terms. As consciousness gradually returned, he told her of her long trance, and of his parental fears. He told her of his determination that she should mix in the gaieties of the capital on her recovery, and said, that if she had been strong enough, that very evening she should accompany him to a grand masked ball given by the emperor to his subjects. Her face, which had hitherto been pale as marble, now suddenly became suffused with an unnatural glow—a half suppressed shriek escaped her—the smile faded from her lips—her eyes gradually closed, and the pallid hue of death again resumed its dominion. It was but a transient gleam. The hopes of the fond father were crushed to the earth, and the house became a scene of wailing and lamentation.

Since the review, Vienna continued, the scene of every species of gaiety and dissipation. The Emperor was constantly on foot or horseback throughout the city, and nothing was wanting on his part to court popularity among all classes of his subjects; and with this intention, a masquerade was to be given at the palace, to which all ranks were eligible; and great was the rejoicing in Vienna, as a mark of such royal condescension and favour. The long-wished-for evening at length arrived, and nothing could equal the splendour of the scene. The magnificent saloon of the palace, lighted by its myriads of coloured lamps shone like a fairy palace, while no costume, from the rude garb of the wanderer through the plains of Norway, to the gorgeous display of oriental grandeur, were wanting to so delightful a spectacle. Here stood a proud Hungarian, in all the glitter of his embroidered pelisse and gold-tasseled boots; and here a simply clad hunter from the Tyrol, with his garland of newly-plucked flowers in his bonnet; while, ever and anon, the tall, melancholy, and dark-visaged Pole, strode by with all the proud bearing and lofty port, for which his countrymen are celebrated. There were bands of dancers from Upper Austria, and musicians from that land of song, Bohemia. The court had also, on this occasion, adopted the costume of various foreign nations. All beheld the sovereign, and could address him, as he, in compliance with etiquette, was obliged to remain unmasked.

As the evening advanced, he seized a moment to leave the saals, and habit himself in domino; under which disguise, after many ludicrous rencontres with his friends, he was leaning listlessly against a pillar near where a number of Hungarian peasants were dancing. Their black velvet boddices so tightly laced with bright chains of silver, and blood-red calpacks, reminded him of having seen such before. The train of thoughts thus excited, banished all recollection of the scene around him:—the music and the dance he no longer minded. All passed unheeded before his eyes; and, lost in reverie, he stood in complete abstraction. A vision of his early days came over him; and not last, but mingling with his dream of all beside, the image of one once dearly loved! He heaved a deep-drawn sigh, and was about to leave the spot, and drown all recollection in the dissipation of the moment, when he was accosted by one whom he had not before seen. Considering her, perhaps, as one of the many who were indulging in the badinage and gaiety of the place, he wished to pass on; but then there was that in the low plaintive tone in which she spoke, that chained him

to the spot. The figure was dressed in deep black ; the heavy folds of which concealed the form of the wearer as perfectly as did the black hood and mask her face and features. She stood for a moment silently before him, and then said, " Can the heart of him whom thousands rejoice to call their own, be sad amid a scene like this ? "

" What mean you ? " cried he. " How knew you me ? "

" How knew I thee ? " she repeated in a low melancholy tone. There was something in the way these few words were uttered, which chilled his very life's blood ; and yet he knew not wherefore. Wishing, however, to rally his spirits, he observed, with an assumed carelessness, " My thoughts had rambled far from hence, and I was thinking of— "

" Of those you had long forgotten—is it not ? " said the mask. " How ! " cried he ; " what means this ? You have roused me to a state of frightful uncertainty, and I must know more of you ere we part. "

" That shall you do, " said the mask ; " but my moments are few, and I would speak with you alone. " Saying which she led the way, and he followed to a small cabinet, which leading off one angle of the salon, descended into a secluded court-yard of the palace. A single carriage now stood at the entrance, and as the emperor entered a small remote apartment, the thought of some deception being practised on him, made him resolve not to leave the palace. The Mask was now standing beside a marble table, a small lamp the only light of the apartments. She turned her head slowly round as if to see if any one was a listener to their interview ; on perceiving that they were alone, she laid her hand gently upon his arm :—he shuddered from some indescribable emotion as he felt the touch ; but spoke not. There was a silence of some moments. " I have come to keep my promise, " said the Mask in the same low voice in which she at first addressed him. " What promise have you made ? " said the emperor, agitated ; " I can bear this no longer. " " Stay ! stop ! " cried she gently ; and the voice in which that word was uttered thrilled to his inmost heart : it was a voice well known, but long forgotten.

" To keep a promise am I come—bethink thee, is there no debt of uttered vows unpaid then ? Have you all now you ever wished for, ever hoped ? "

He groaned deeply. " Alas ! " he exclaimed involuntarily, " that I could be spared that thought ! I do remember one—but— "

" Then hear me, false-hearted ! She who once loved thee, loves thee no more : her vows are broken—broken as her heart. She has redeemed her pledge—farewell ! " and the voice with which the word was uttered faltered and died away in almost a whisper.

He stood entranced—he spoke not—moved not : the hand which leaned upon his arm now fell listlessly beside him, and the Mask made a gesture of departure.

" Stay ! " cried he. " Not so—you leave not thus. Let me know who you are, and why you come thus ? " and he lifted his hand to withdraw her mask by force. But she suddenly stepped back, and waving him back with one hand, said in a low and hollow voice, " Twere better you saw me not. Ask it not, I pray you, Sir, for your own sake, ask it not—my last, my only prayer ! " and she again endeavoured to pass him

as he stood between her and the small door which led towards the court-yard.

"You go not hence, till I have seen you unveil," he said in a voice of increased agitation.

The Mask then lifting the lamp which stood by with one hand, with the other threw back the hood which concealed her face. He beheld her—he knew her—she was his own, lost, betrayed Adela—not as he first found her; but pale, pale as the marble by which she stood—her lips colourless; and her eye beamed on him lustreless and cold as the grave, of which she seemed a tenant. The heart which was proof against death in a hundred forms, now failed him. The great king was a miserable heart-stricken man—he trembled—turned—and fell fainting to the ground!

When he recovered he threw his eyes wildly around, as if to see some one whom he could not discover. He listened—all was silent, save the distant sounds of festivity and the hum of gladsome voices. Pale and distracted he rushed from the spot, and summoning to his own apartment a few of his confidentials, he related to them his adventure from its commencement. In an instant a strict search was set on foot. Many had seen the Mask, though none spoke to her; and no one could tell when or how she had disappeared. The emperor at last bethought him of the carriage which stood at the door—it was gone. Some thought it had been a trick played off on one so celebrated for fearlessness as the emperor. Accordingly, many took the streets which led from the court-yard and terminated in the Augustine kirch and monastery. This way only could the carriage have gone; and they had not proceeded far when the rattling of the wheels met their ears—they listened, and as it came nearer, found it was the same carriage which stood at the portal. The driver was interrogated as to where he had been. He told them that a mask, dressed in black, had left the Saal, and bid him drive to the church of the Augustine, and that he had seen her enter an hotel adjacent.

The emperor, accompanied by two friends masked, bent their steps to the hotel. He inquired of the inmates, and then learnt his vicinity to his noble and ill-requited Hungarian host, and his loved and lost Adela. Few, however humble, would at that moment have exchanged state with the monarch of Austria and Hungary, for remorse bound him down like a stricken reed.

"Lead me to the baron," he cried hastily, unable to bear the weight of recollection.

The man shook his head. "Noble sir," said he, "the baron lies on a bed of sickness: since this morning he has uttered no word; I fear he will never rise again."

"His daughter—lead me to her—quick!"

"Alas, sir, she *died* this morning!"

"Liar! slave!" cried the emperor, in a paroxysm of grief and astonishment, "but an hour since I saw her living! Dare not tamper with me!"

The man stared incredulously, and pointed to the staircase, and taking a lamp he beckoned him to follow. He led the way in silence up the broad staircase and through the long corridor, until he stopped at a door which he gently opened, and making the sign of the cross, entered the room—they followed. The apartment was lighted with wax-lights, and

at one extremity, on a large couch, laid two females buried in sleep. At the other end was a bed with the curtains drawn closely around; wax-lights were burning at the head and foot. The emperor with an unsteady step approached the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. There, extended on a coverlid of snowy whiteness, laid the object of his solicitude, and at her feet were the mask and domino! He thought she slept, and in the low tender accent with which he first won her young heart, he breathed her name; but there was no response. He took her hand—it was cold, and fell from his nerveless grasp. He gazed stedfastly on her countenance—it was pale as, when lifting her mask, she met his astonished gaze. But this was no trance—her eyes were now closed for ever—her heart had ceased to beat—she was beautiful, though in death! Her arms were crossed upon her bosom, and on the fingers of her right-hand was entwined a chain of gold with a signet ring! None could see the scalding tears that were shed, or knew the bitter and agonizing remorse that tore the bosom of the emperor as he gazed for the last time on the pallid features of one, perhaps the only one, who had ever loved him for himself alone. Forgetful of his state—forgetful of all but his own heart—he knelt by the side of the dead, and never were accents of contrition more sincerely breathed by human being than by that monarch in his hour of humiliation.

Years rolled on. The old baron and his daughter sleep side by side in the cemetery of St. Augustine's monastery. They left no kindred; he was the last of his race; and the old castle on the Danube soon fell into decay, and became an outlaw's den. The emperor recovered in time his gaiety amidst the blandishments of his court; but as often as the season of the chase returned, his nobles remarked that he was never more the same light-hearted and reckless sportsman. Few knew why; but the associations were too strong—he could never banish from his mind the parting look of her who he had first met in the dark forests of Hungary.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE RHONE.

BRIGHT river! seated on the vine-clad banks,
And looking in the depth of thy clear stream,
Of former happiness we fondly dream;
Giving to God the bosom's silent thanks.
The snow-clad Alps, in graduating ranks,
Rise bold, and pure as heavenly mansions seem,
Beneath, the vales with ripening fruitage teem,
The margin soft thy winding current flanks.
Nor is it idleness to pass the day
'Mid soothing scenes like these, where neither care
Nor pain intrude on the creations gay
Which fancy builds like palaces in air,
In hours which glide without a tear away—
Hours, which pure thought and deep contentment share.

OPPOSITION.

OPPOSITION, is wont to be regarded as an evil of no ordinary magnitude by every will, every power, every authority, and yet it is to the constant operation of this principle, that every will, power, and authority, are indebted for their existence and preservation. Indeed, if ceasing to look at things with a hurried and superficial glance, we extend our sphere of observation, we shall find this great principle most universally predominant throughout the combinations of the natural and moral world, and most strongly identified with the laws which govern their being, and regulate their motions according to that stupendous rule of Providence which delights in drawing harmony and order, out of discord and confusion. By it the celestial bodies are held in their course, and the elements which surround us kept alive and invigorated. Light could not exist without shadow. It is the contrast which gives relief to objects. If fire encounter nothing but such a light material as straw, it is instantly extinguished, the resistance of a hard substance like wood, is necessary to strengthen and preserve it. If we look at the moral world, the recurrence of this principle is still more striking. Man seems born to struggle with difficulties, opposition is essential to the growth and developement of the powers of his body and mind. Every thing that surrounds him is rugged and untractable, and it is only by continual exertion, that he can succeed in overcoming the difficulties which stand between him and the gratification of his desires. His wants are perpetually impelling him to exertion, and by this continual exercise his faculties ripen to perfection, and are by the same means preserved in vigour. On the magnitude of the opposition depends the degree of honour to be awarded to its being surmounted. The joys of the husbandman, the glories of the conqueror, the happiness of the lover, all rise into importance, in proportion to the magnitude of the opposition which has been overcome in the attainment of their several objects. Again, let us consider education, what is its scope and object? Its chief merit seems to consist in the opposition of a strong and wise master, to the unsteadiness, caprice, and idleness of infancy. The man differs but little from the boy, men are but grown up children; the continual urgency of a powerful opposition is necessary to withhold him from blindly abandoning himself to the passions and selfishness of his nature; heedless of consequences, he would rush forward to snatch the pleasure which lies within his reach; and to keep him within bounds, to restrain and regulate his motions, the strong checks of religion and society are called in, and force all private interests to be merged in those of the community at large.

On the other hand, the ministers of that religion, the organs of that law, the instruments of that authority, armed with religious, civil, and military power, would be liable to swerve from their appointed course, would lead the human race after them in their eccentricities, direct it according to their caprices, and thus reduce it to slavery; if the necessary and formidable opposition of virtue, and the cry of public opinion, did not enlighten their reason and regulate them in their course.

In this single principle, is comprehended the whole mystery of society. As long as a society possesses within itself the different con-

tending elements in health and vigour—as long as virtuous government has strength to oppose the delirium of private passion—as long as public spirit, the vigour of institutions, and the courage of citizens, present an inseparable barrier to the passions of the multitude, so long those different societies flourish and increase; but when an alteration takes place in this state of balanced powers, when any one of those salutary checks is moved and its opposite becomes predominant, the government perishes by its own excesses. If the multitude be left without a guide, such anarchy is sure to ensue as caused the bloody troubles of Rome, the disasters of Athens, the sanguinary revolutions of modern times; when power finds no legal and courageous opposition in its way, it degenerates into tyranny, and by its own enormities precipitates its fall. It is then we behold the sight of mad men and weak men mounting the throne in quick succession, and disappearing as rapidly: such as Caligula, Claudius Nero, Heliogabulus, at first the tyrants, and then the victims of the enslaved populace. From these considerations it would appear, that, that opposition which governments are apt to regard as an obstruction, is in reality, essential to the continuance of their power. It forms their great source of light and support; left without its regulating and restraining force, they would diverge and go astray, and ultimately fall. The vast volume of history is overspread with examples of the justice of this doctrine. We meet with confirmation of it in the sacred colleges of Memphis, in the Magi in Persia, the Arcopagus at Athens, and the Ephori at Sparta.

Under a representative government, consisting of machinery complicated yet simple, a system of checks and counter-checks, mutually aiding and counteracting each other, opposition assumes a more than ordinary importance. To such a constitutional form of government, exercise, agitation, the struggle to overcome difficulties, is as necessary to keep alive its energies and invigorate its impulses, as it is to the individual man. In this state of ballanced powers, a suspicious watchfulness, a tendency to probe the legality of all acts of the executive, a legal and vigilant opposition to every thing erroneous, every thing arbitrary, every thing unjust, becomes the surest safeguard of the liberties of the people, and the strongest arm of government. Such an opposition is nothing less than the representative of public opinion, unsuppressed by hatred, undisturbed by misrepresentation, undisguised by flattery, affection, or prejudice.

Even admitting that an opposition is deceived in its views, that it has taken up hasty and inconsiderate opinions of measures, and the conduct of an administration, still it is eminently useful; it instructs in the midst of its errors, it opens new views of subjects, and helps to place them in a proper light. If, for instance, an opposition, even allowing it to make considerable deviations in its course, were to demonstrate to those in power that they had been betrayed into grave faults, that they had swerved from the principles of the constitution and of justice, that those entrusted with the execution of their decrees, had abused the power placed in their hands; would it not be incumbent on those in power, to pause and consider their conduct, to retrieve their errors if possible, to institute an inquiry into the conduct of their subordinates, to restrain and punish them if necessary; would not such an opposition be as useful to a government based on sound and just principles, as to the nation at large, whose rights it watches with jealousy and suspicion;

would it not be regarded in the light of a sage counsellor, instead of a factious adversary.

But if it should come to pass that there should arise an opposition, which carried away by its political biases and passions, engendered through years of successful domination, which listening only to the voice of its own interests, and possessing few sympathies in common with the people, would affect a false zeal for the constitution in order to monopolize the power of government and religion, and force the national majority to yield to the will of a privileged class, what would be the fate of such an opposition? It would become a miserable faction repelled by public opinion; it would stand alone, nerveless and powerless, and would only strengthen in their opinion, the government which it had attacked and attempted to overthrow; each of its efforts to raise itself, would be attended by a fall more ignominious and disastrous than the last. Even in this last melancholy condition, it would still answer the purpose of being a strong confirmation to government of the justice and propriety of the course it had adopted, and thus serve to strengthen and consolidate its power. Opposition, in fine, is a light which guides a government or the cement which binds it together. It has been appropriately compared to the bile in the human body, a moderate quantity is essential for the preservation of health, too much is ruinous and destructive. We have seen the workings, and the consequent discomfiture of an opposition repelled by public opinion. We have beheld a king—listening to the whispers and misrepresentations of such an interested faction, who would deny that light existed, if that light caused them inconvenience—by a single act convert a nation of affection into a nation of remonstrance. Giving ear to their senseless flatteries, he stood like Canute on the shore of public opinion and commanded the angry waters to recede, and like his prototype, he awoke to the mortifying conviction that his power extended not over the element, and that to oppose it, was to be swept away in its onward and undeviating course. Happy was it for him that he too became convinced of the utter vanity and deceitfulness of such flatteries, of the hollowness of such counsel, and had the courage to discard those from whom it had proceeded.

It is to this conviction that we owe the imposing spectacle which we now behold, of the union of all the property of the country in support of the laws, and of all the talent of the country in support of the property, with measures to unite, to redress, to consolidate; we have a government whose primary object is the national prosperity, whose secondary object, the national love—a government looking in its arrangements, to measures for consolidating a lasting power, by a national communication of privileges, and for itself an honest power, by administering the country according to its confidence, in pursuit of its advantages, with a spirit too high for resentment, alike superior to plunder and proscription.

ZETA.

"PUTTING TO RIGHTS."

"Oh! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,—
Fanny dearest, for thee I'd sigh!"—MOORE.

Is any one fond of variety? let him marry—I speak it oracularly, and in full defiance of the generally received opinion of the dull monotony of the marriage life. I affirm it to be neither dull nor monotonous; but on the contrary, a source of infinite variety, and as such I can recommend it—though to say the truth, were I obliged to write my school-copies over again, it would go against my conscience to say, that "Variety is charming!"

The fact is, I am a literary man, and get my living by my pen. I am a household drudge to editors of magazines, booksellers, and gentlemen who wish to have a literary reputation, without the trouble of writing books. You may therefore suppose, that quietude and domestic comfort is essential to my success. Now my wife does not think so, or at least her ideas of domestic comfort differ so materially from mine, as to render it much the same thing. She is never happy but when the house is a perfect chaos with scouring, dusting, and above all "putting to rights." She would be delighted if a troop of soldiers were quartered on her for the pleasure of putting things to "rights" afterwards. If she walked in her sleep, it would be with a duster in her hand. If she were ever tempted to purloin, it would be yellow soap. The very paint on my doors and wainscoat is giving way in picturesque streaks to the original deal by repeated scourings—and there is more bread consumed in rubbing the paper on my parlour walls than would keep my family. Thank God, it will be rubbed off soon. I have not a chair or a table in my house but what is rickety with continued polishing;—that is what my wife calls "*taking care* of the furniture." But oh! that "putting to rights." Paper, paint, chairs and tables, might all go, if I could be spared that horror. If I die, the verdict of the coroner's jury will surely be died of "putting to rights."

I have a good sized table to myself—a writing table—on this is spread my various notes and papers, whether preparing an article for the magazine, correcting a manuscript for a publisher, or writing a book for an author. To an ordinary eye every thing may appear in confusion there, but to me it is in perfect order. I can place my finger upon every thing I want. But no; that will not do for my wife. Things must be "put to rights." The moment my back is turned, therefore, the process commences. The table is rubbed and polished till the joints creak again—the drawers are all turned topsy-turvy, and the papers bundled up and crammed away in places where it will take me a month to find them again. When I return, I'm at my wit's end.—I am like a man going to sleep with flowing curls, waking and finding himself in a trim crop wig!

Never shall I forget the hubbub we were in for a whole week, when the child exhibited symptoms of a flea-bite. The house was scrubbed from garret to cellar, blankets were scoured, carpets beat, windows and doors open day and night, until she caught—a violent cold, and I—the rheumatism. But in order that you may have a more vivid sense of my enjoyments, I will give you my diary for a day.

March 13.—Rose at 8 o'clock—very cold, a little snow upon the ground—my wife rises an hour earlier, she, careful creature, is determined the servant shall have no opportunity for making tea and toast for the policeman—got out of bed on to the cold bare floor—my wife says, that carpets harbour dust, and not healthful in bed rooms—shave with cold water, teeth chattering with cold, and cut myself—can't get hot water, my wife says, cold water's bracing.—Come down at last, stiff as an icicle, and blue as the cholera—find windows and doors all wide open—my wife says, a well ventilated house, makes things sweet and wholesome, and keeps dust from settling!—find a little green smoke instead of fire, struggling through a host of cinders—walk briskly up and down the room blowing my fingers—no signs of breakfast, can't get the kettle to boil—servant employed in the interim whitening the door-steps, street door open, of course, a cutting north-east wind finding its way into one's very marrow.—Enter, at last, a bright tea-kettle, placed at a respectable distance from the green smoke—bit of bread singed here and there, and called toast—tea made with luke warm water, better that tea should be weak, than the bright tea-kettle be blacked, so my wife says—try in vain to get on my boots, find a scrubbing brush in one, and a duster in the other!

About 11 o'clock find my way out, and toil all day among publishers, editors, &c. without success, return hungry and dispirited, hoping though with some misgiving, to find comfort at home—turn the corner of the street where I live, and view with dismay a volume of dust, the downy residue of bed-room sweepings, and tea leaves flying with the velocity of light, through the street door of my domicile—not my house on fire, and a dozen engines playing upon it, could convey to my senses a more appalling image—heard half a dozen miserable children in the street, squalling—"Home sweet home, *theres no place like home,*" joined in the chorus.—My mind made up to the worst, by the sight of the airing process, I rush onwards and knock at the door.—They know my knock inside, and therefore in no hurry to come—cutting north-east wind with sleet—the door opened at last, and back door, being of course wide open, am saluted with a blast of wind, stormy enough to spring the fore topmast of a man of war—my hat flies into the middle of the street—striving to save it, my umbrella goes after it—and I, struggling for my footing, am covered in a twinkling with a cloud of feathers, dust, and tea leaves, the contents of a dust pan at the foot of the stairs!

Regain my equilibrium together with my beaver and umbrella, though with infinite difficulty—not so my temper.—Enter my parlour—good heaven! what am I doomed to behold—Is it an auction room, or a place distressed for rent?—Is it a marine store shop, or a jew's exchange?—Chairs and tables piled up in the centre of the room—carpet turned up all round—the flooring just scoured—windows and doors all open, of course—fire raked out and grate black-leaded—hearth-rug covering the chairs—fender and fire irons upon my writing table, and my papers—where? dusted and "put to rights!"—"put to rights,"—Oh! what retrospective agonies does not that most expressive of horrors conjure up! to those who have suffered under the discipline embraced in that detestable phrase it is needless to expatiate, to those who have not, no words can convey an adequate meaning.—To sum up—nothing in the house to eat, and no fire to cook anything, not a

chair to rest myself upon—not a room fit to go into—hunger and ague staring me in the face.—Receive a note from the tax-gatherer demanding immediate payment—recollected having paid him, and having stuck the mem. behind the chimney glass, look for it, and find it gone! burnt or blown out of the window!—Boy waiting for article for magazine, faithfully promised by the 10th—papers all dusted and carefully “put to rights,” consequently impossible to be found.—Wife scolding—child screaming—servant crying—and I swearing in an agony of rage, and mortification, rush out of the house intending to take a passage for the Swan River, or New Zealand!—Think better of it, rather starve at home than be eaten up by the savages, so return to my yoke!

SHERIDAN'S DEVIL.

BRINSLEY SHERIDAN once, after sleeping all day,
Having squandered the night in carousing and play,
Sallied forth in the evening, that is, 'tween the lights,
And leisurely hasten'd his way towards White's.
He his fast had not broken since rising from bed,
For his stomach was queer, and a pain in his head
Made him feel a distaste for each viand that thought
To his fanciful appetite readily brought.

“The devil take eating!” he cried in a rage,

“For, in eating, a brute is as great as a sage.”

Then pausing, as he a new fancy had caught,

“Why, a devil's the thing, and of that I ne'er thought.”

So he journeyed along, and he met at the door,

The varlet who lorded the eatables o'er.

“Come here, my good fellow, you always are civil,

So cut me a beef bone, and make me a devil.”

“We have not one left, sir, we just cut the last,

For Bedfordshire's Duke, and 'tis devilling fast.

Will a chicken not do, sir?”—“No, no, let it be;

I'll bone the Duke's bone, or the devil's in me.”

So he entered the coffee-room; seated his chair

As close to his Grace as he civilly dare.

“I wonder how people at this house e'er dine;

If it don't turn their stomachs, I'm sure it does mine.”

“What whim has now seized you?” inquired his Grace;

“Methinks I have seen you oft sup at this place.”

“True, you may have oft seen me a devil partaking,

Before I looked on while the devil was making:

But just now, as I pass'd by the area, I saw

The cook's understrapper the nicest bits gnaw

From a lovely beef bone, and then daub with his saw

Foul hands the rest over with pepper and tallow.”

He scarcely had finished, when in came the tray.

'Twas placed 'fore the Duke—“You may take it away!”

He cried, in a manner that plainly bespoke

With choler his Grace was just ready to choke.

The waiter, though thunder-struck, questioned no more,

But, taking the tray, slowly moved to the door;

When Sheridan cried, “Then you hither may bring

The devil, for I can still stomach the thing.”

THE FETE OF ST. LAMBERT, OR THE VALLEY OF MONTMORENCY.

WHEN two shrubs spring up near to each other, they soon mingle, as they grow, their branches and roots together, and thus form but one shade. They are caressed by the same zephyrs, and they are the more easily enabled, by the additional strength which each imparts to the other, to sustain, without injury, those storms which, disunited, neither would have been able to resist.

Thus two children, who exchange together their first smiles, and their first caresses, preserve ever after, for each other, a kind of fraternal instinct, an invincible inclination of nature, which will seldom, while existence remains, resign its rights. The friends of childhood may, indeed, be separated by different social distances, by any one of the various occurrences of life, but they always return to each other with an increase of ardour, and view with astonishment the resemblance of their tastes and their inclinations.

This union of the heart does not take place exclusively between individuals of the same sex; for such was the nature of the remarkable attachment, which existed for nearly eighty years, between St. Lambert and the Countess D—.

They were both born in Lorraine, on the same day, and in nearly the same hour. The families of both were of high respectability, and had for many centuries held various situations of distinction in the community.

The lady was blessed with that softness of disposition, which is so particularly adapted to embellish the morning of life, which tends not only to awaken those germs of affection, which become stronger as life waxes older, but likewise lends, to the latest hour of the evening of existence, a charm which no other feeling can impart.

St. Lambert joined to the talents which distinguish a literary man, those qualities which characterize a sage. He was one of the most favourite pupils of Voltaire; and yet the admiration which he felt for that wonderful genius, could never make him blind to his errors. An enemy to every principle which was likely to cast a shadow over the happiness of his native country, he quitted Paris at the period when political troubles began to darken in the horizon, and retired to a little country seat, which he possessed near to the village of Eaubonne, in the valley of Montmorency.

This retreat had been formed almost entirely by his own hands. There was not a tree which had not been planted by himself: the garden had been laid out under his direction; and the very house itself was a part of his handiwork. Simplicity was the leading feature of the whole; and yet there was a gaiety about it that announced it as the asylum of the muses, the mansion of independence and repose.

At this period, the Countess of D. had been for some considerable time a widow, and had retired to the village of Saunois, which is only a small distance from Eaubonne.

After they regained this opportunity of being again together, scarcely a single day passed without one of these sexagenarians paying a visit to the other, and, seemingly, with as much ardour of affection as if they

had been lovers in their teens. She had, through life, been the admiration of all those who had been happy enough to have an opportunity of mingling in her society, and had more than once been distinguished by the honour of being publicly celebrated by men of the first literary fame, all of whom seemed to gather around her with pleasure and enthusiasm. Even previously to their second meeting, when they were separated from each other by circumstances and distance, they had never, on the day of each other's fête, failed to offer their mutual congratulations. Every year inspired them with some new device. Imagination, when seconded by the feelings of the heart, always found some new means of varying their offerings, and of adding fresh interest to the oft-repeated compliment.

The fête of the Countess, who was named Julia, fell at the end of the month of May, in the most brilliant season of the year. Every thing concurred, on this happy day, to surround her with the budding gifts of the spring; meet emblems of the freshness of her mind, and of the beauties of her person.

The patron of St. Lambert was Charles; and therefore his fête fell in November, when the earth has long since been disrobed of her beauties, and has begun to shed her last honours; yet the approach of winter never threw a shade over the couplets, which the Countess never failed to compose on this occasion. But when her friend had gained his sixtieth year, she no longer dared to recal the pleasures of their youth, fearful that she might, by reviving the most amiable remembrances, only be the cause of awaking useless regret.

At length arrived the day of the seventieth year, on which they both had first seen the light. The date was engraven in the hearts of both. This happy anniversary fell precisely on St. Charles's Day, and the author of the seasons doubted not but that the Countess, at whose house he was invited to dine upon that day, would present him with the customary compliment. Wishing, on his part, to celebrate an attachment so constant and so rare, he resolved to give a little surprise to his friend, when she, as was her custom, brought him, in the evening, home in her carriage. He, in consequence, gave orders to his gardener, and his other domestics, to prepare garlands of leaves and flowers, such as the lateness of the season would allow of, and roof over the whole of the court-yard, from the outer gate up to the vestibule of the house. He then, from his garden and out-houses, had all the plants, which could be moved, brought in and placed on each side of the stairs leading to his study. Therein, over the chimney-piece, he had the portrait of his old friend hung up and adorned with every flower which could be gathered from the season. Underneath were a few verses that breathed, instead of the chill of age, all the glow of the most youthful imagination.

While he was making these preparations, and just as he had finished the arcade of mingling leaves and flowers which lead from the gate to the house, he perceived, in the plain which separates Eaubonne from Saunois, the carriage of the Countess, who was coming to make him a visit.

He immediately ordered the two large folding doors, which opened into the court, to be closed, and commanded the gardener, when the Countess arrived, only to open the little grating, and say that his master had gone out, and would not return before dinner-time.

These orders were faithfully executed, and the Countess good-na-

turedly thought that the poet had gone to walk in his favourite spot, the Wood de Jaques, or to visit some neighbour. She therefore immediately returned, and took back with her the bouquet, which, to prevent him from supposing that she had made any other preparation for the day, she had intended to present to him. But as she turned round the corner of the garden walls, she threw another glance towards the modest habitation where the muses and friendship had passed so many happy moments together, and, to her utter astonishment, perceived, at one of the latticed windows, St. Lambert, half hidden behind the curtains.

She could not for some time believe that she was awake.

"St. Lambert refuse to admit me into his house! For what reason? with what design?"

Her imagination forged a thousand different ideas, all of which were thrown aside as soon as formed.

She arrived at Saunois mournful and sad;—in short, wounded to the very soul, by the idea that the friend of her infancy, after they had thus grown old together, should, without any cause, treat her in such an unmanly, such an ungenerous manner.

It was the first time in her life that she had ever received such an insult, and she resolved to be revenged. St. Lambert, as soon as he had finished every thing necessary for the decoration of his retreat, and imagining that, perchance, his friend might feel a little uneasy, at not having found him at home, at the hour when he had always been accustomed to remain within, resolved to dress himself, and walked as far as the village of Saunois.

He did so, but when he arrived there, instead of finding the large gates thrown open for his reception, he saw a youth put his head through a kind of half-gate, to tell him that the Countess had gone out in the morning, and that she would not return before dinner time.

He felt fatigued, and therefore proposed to go in and await her arrival.

The servant immediately answered, to his great astonishment, that he could not admit him, as the Countess had expressly commanded that no person of any kind, should on any pretence be allowed to enter the house during her absence.

St. Lambert accordingly retired, without knowing to what cause to attribute the unexpected refusal. Nevertheless he resolved to return to Eaubonne on foot, with as much haste as his fatigue and age would allow of.

But after he had walked on for a little time, with his eyes cast to the ground, out of temper with himself and all around him, he suddenly looked back towards the mansion of the Countess, and perceived at one of the balconies, without the least appearance of concealment, his old friend looking towards him, with the utmost satisfaction painted upon her countenance.

"Could she then have seen me," said he to himself, "when she made me a visit this morning, and thus wishes to revenge herself for my not having received her? If that is the case, were she to learn that I refused her admittance only in order to surprise her a little this evening, she would soon repent of the cruel insult which she has put upon me."

On the other side, the Countess, while she followed him with her eye, exclaimed—

"How much it costs me to send him away thus! But I ought to make

him feel that it is not so very easy for him to make a dupe of me ; indeed, if he refuses me admittance into his house, it becomes my sex to refuse him entrance into mine."

At length the hour for dinner arrived. The most intimate friends of St. Lambert had all arrived, according to the invitation of the Countess, in order to give splendour and sociability to the fête of their mutual friend Charles.

Among others, La Harpe, Florian, Marmontel, and a distinguished number of ladies of the first rank, fashion, and beauty, were assembled. The Countess, who, in spite of herself, repented of having thus cruelly refused admittance to her old friend, and above all, of having shown herself upon the balcony, in order to add greater poignancy to his disappointment, when she found that he did not arrive, sent her carriage to fetch him. But he refused to come, saying that he had no desire to dine with any person who shut the door against him when he called. No sooner had the domestics of the Countess returned, and informed her of the resolution of St. Lambert, than she immediately explained to the whole company all that had happened. Her grief was extreme, and she resolved to go herself, and make him a just excuse for the resentment she had caused.

Her friends opposed this resolution, but deputed Florian, La Harpe, and Marmontel to go and endeavour to prevail upon him to return with them.

They went, and represented to him the real truth, and after great persuasion, induced him to change his resolution.

He was met at the door by the Countess, surrounded by her distinguished guests, and no sooner was the dinner announced, than he was conducted to the saloon by various characters representative of the different productions which had signalized his literary career.

One group personated the four portions of the day, morning, noon, evening, and night.

Others represented the four seasons: Florian, as the youngest, and with a smiling countenance and agile form, was crowned with flowers, and formed no bad representative of the spring.

La Harpe, in the maturity of age, and with those brilliant eyes for which he was always remarkable, was enwreathed with a garland composed of ears of corn, and thus imaged summer.

Marmontel, more pampered in his looks, but bearing on his features his love for the good things of the table, designated Autumn. He held in his left-hand a wand encircled with vine-branches, and in the other a tankard, from which he, with but little moderation, recruited his spirits.

To close the scene came the aged Duke of Nivernois, covered with white locks and a flowing mantle, and representing Winter.

These four celebrated literary characters then addressed to St. Lambert verses adapted for the occasion, and composed by themselves. The homage of all this brilliant assemblage was more than St. Lambert could well support. His emotion was visible to all, and was relieved only by the tears of joy which soon came to his assistance.

"Behold," said the Countess to him, "the real cause for the refusal by which I so cruelly wounded your feelings this morning. Allow then that there was some little excuse for my acting as I did, in order to give you this little surprise. But what possible reason could you have for your conduct!"

"I beg a thousand pardons," cried St. Lambert, wishing in his turn to conceal the preparation which he had made, "I was just composing some verses, which would not allow of the slightest distraction. At my age it is no easy matter to tune the lyre; and when it is once in order, if it is not immediately played upon, it becomes silent perhaps for ever."

At length, when genius and friendship had exhausted their resources in celebrating the birthday of the author of the seasons, St. Lambert proposed to all who had contributed to the amusement of the evening to walk as far as his modest retreat.

The evening was calm and serene, one of those beautiful scenes which resemble, or rather recal, the first days of spring.

They all agreed, and commanding the carriages to follow, set out on foot.

As soon as they arrived at the gates of the garden of St. Lambert's dwelling, they were suddenly thrown open, and discovered a roof covered with flowers and verdure, and illuminated with every fancy which art could devise.

"Behold," said he in his turn, "my motive for the refusal for which I have been punished so severely. I thought that two beings, who had loved and cherished each other for seventy years, could have but one feeling, and that the fête of the one ought to be that of the other. I wished with these flowers to make you some little exchange for the bouquet which I expected you to prepare for me. But when I brought you hither, you were, I could see, still unsatisfied and uneasy, and perhaps doubting, for the first time, the sincerity of my affection; but that which afflicts me most, that which I can scarce pardon myself for, is to have wounded your feelings for such a paltry show; yet I must acknowledge, that at the moment I felt a real pleasure in beholding your surprise and disappointment; but now I hope and trust I am forgiven."

Even until this day the inhabitants of the lovely valley of Montmorency recount this anecdote of the Fête of St. Lambert.

NAPLES.

THE ocean-wave's innumerable smile

Glow'd with th' invigorating beams, which fell,

Like golden shafts, from heaven's blue citadel:

The winds were sleeping in their caverns, while

Sky, air, earth, ocean, summer's garment wore,

From the resplendent sands upon the shore,

To distant Caprea's purple blooming isle.

The lagging ships seem'd the voluptuous spoil

Of the soft air, whose radiant censers spill'd

Odours on earth, and earth with incense fill'd.

Naples! my heart shall in its depths retain

The passing splendour of that summer day;

Like light from love's sweet grave it shall remain,

When love has pass'd, with all its dreams, away.

SACCOUNTALA,

AN EPISODE OF MAHABHARATA.

ONE of the most illustrious victims of the cholera in the capital of France, has been M. Antoine Leonard Chezy, of the Academie des Inscriptions. His death cannot fail to be regarded as a very serious loss to the cause of Oriental erudition. He had studied Arabic and Persian under the venerable Silvestre de Sacy, who, after an intimacy of forty years, pronounced an affectionate eulogium over that grave, into which, with so many of his learned and scientific brethren, he has since descended, at the behest of the same inexorable messenger.

M. de Chezy studied Sanscrit without a master, and made such progress in it, that in 1814, a professorship of that language was created for him at the College of France. Ten years afterwards he was appointed to the chair of Persian, in the school for the living oriental languages at the King's Library, which had become vacant by the death of M. Langles. His great ambition was to be appointed Conservator of Oriental manuscripts at the Bibliothèque du Roi, and it is supposed that the shock he experienced when that appointment was given to M. Abel Remusat, contributed in no small degree to the fatal termination of his illness.

The last of his literary labours was the translation of the Sanscrit and Pracrit drama of Calidasa,* called the Recognition of Saccountala, from a manuscript believed to be unique, in the collection of the King's Library. Attached to that manuscript, as an appendix, is the Episode of Mahabharata, which is now for the first time presented to the English reader. This epic poem, so celebrated in Eastern literature, is ascribed to Vyāsa, an inspired writer long anterior to Calidasa, who flourished at the Court of Vicramaditya, one of the greatest sovereigns of India, in the century which preceded the Christian era. Calidasa was thus the contemporary of Virgil, and it was with this episode, as his theme, that he produced his celebrated drama, the Recognition of Saccountala.

At his death, M. de Chezy had just attained his sixtieth year. Besides being of the Academy of Inscriptions, he was one of the editors of the *Journal des Savans*, and it is to him we owe—1st. *Medjnoun and Leila*, a poem translated from the Persian of Djami; 2dly, *The Death of Yadjnadatta*, an episode from the Sanscrit; and 3dly, the Recognition of Saccountala.

The character of M. de Chezy is thus given by one of his surviving friends:—"Il était un honnête homme, un homme d'esprit et un savant aimable;" and the following extract is taken from the funeral oration of the Baron de Sacy, who so speedily followed the most distinguished of his pupils:—

"It is not here the place, or now the moment, to dwell on the labours which, together with the duties of his situation, occupied all the moments of M. de Chezy; or for the last years of his life, at least the intervals of health granted him by a constitution enfeebled by chagrin and severe infirmities. The very nature of these labours, in which elegance and delicacy of style contend with profound science and erudition,

* Calisada is the author of the *Megha Duta*, or *Cloud Messenger*, a poem in Sanscrit, translated by Dr. Wilson, recently appointed Oriental Professor at Oxford.

would form too strong a contrast with the mournful scenes around us ; and the elegant ideas which in other times appeared so full of charm, would now only aggravate our grief. Let us rather call to mind the amiable qualities which so endeared our illustrious colleague to us. The fruits of his talent survive him ; they will not be lost to us or to posterity ; his pupils will in their turn form others, who will preserve and feed the sacred fire which he first kindled ; but the delight which we experienced in his society, in the tenderness of his heart, in the effusions of his friendship, and, if I may be allowed to say so, of his gratitude, can henceforth be but a remembrance ; a remembrance at once sweet and bitter, as is always that of the happiness which we have owed to the most innocent affections, fleeting, alas ! as our existence."

Note.—The reader will observe that M. de Chezy's orthography has been carefully preserved, in order that a comparison with the English orthography of the proper names of India might suggest corrections in pronunciation.

The noblest shoot of the ancient stock of Pourou,* the hero Douchmanta,† reigned in former times over all India. The shores of the sea, and those wild regions, the retreat of the fierce Mletchas,‡ were the sole boundaries of his vast empire. Faithful to the laws, his numerous subjects, each in the caste in which he was born, fulfilled with pleasure the duties which justice alone imposed on them. Protected from all oppression under such a monarch, their days were passed in the bosom of enjoyment, with nothing to disturb their happiness.

Full of confidence in those venerable Brahmans|| who were animated by the fire of the purest piety, the people, directed by their councils, propitiated the favour of the Divinity by the incense of peace and love. Nature herself appeared to take delight in favouring this happy country. Gentle and fructifying showers regularly watered the soil at the most favourable season, and without being torn by the iron of the ploughshare, the land yielded to the husbandman the most nutritious fruits, while the numberless flocks which wandered in the richest pastures, brought him the early tribute of their milk.

Endowed with heroic courage, as skilful in mounting a fiery horse as in moderating the fury of an untamed elephant, victorious always, with arms of every species, the club or the lance, the bow or the scimeter ; majestic as the chief of the immortals, brilliant as the powerful god of light, the young king was at once the love and the admiration of his people.

Attended by an army of followers, consisting of men on foot and on horseback, in chariots and on elephants, he resolved to proceed to a thick and extensive forest, to enjoy the pleasures of the chase.

As he advanced, amidst the acclamations of his warriors, the piercing sounds of the trumpet and the gong, the rattling of chariots, the neighing of horses, and the savage cry of the elephants, a crowd of women,

* *Pourou*—the name of one of the early kings of India, the sixth of the lunar dynasty.

† *Douchmanta*, written also *Douchouanta*, and *Douchyanta*, must have reigned, according to a probable calculation, fifteen centuries before the Christian era.

‡ *Mletchas*—a generic term to signify a barbarian or a stranger, any one who does not speak Sanscrit, or is not subject to the laws and institutions of India.

|| *Brahmans*—the name given, as every one knows, to the sectarian priests of the Veda, who compose the first of the Indian castes.

burning with anxiety to see the young hero in all the splendour of his royal progress, advanced to the terraces which lined his route, to greet him as he passed. "It is the dauntless Vasou* himself," they exclaimed with transports of joy. "Indra,† armed with his thunderbolts, advanced with less magnificence." Flowers were showered in emulation on his head from a thousand hands, while virtuous Brahmans extended their arms towards heaven, to call down the favours of Brahma‡ on the youthful monarch.

A numerous train of citizens of every class followed their sovereign to the forest. Borne on a chariot as rapid as *Souparna*,§ the bearer of Vichnou,|| in its flight, soon carried him into its impenetrable shades, where every thing inspired a religious terror, abandoned by man, and inhabited only by the wild elephant, the lion, the tiger, and other ferocious animals, incessantly rending the air with their frightful howlings. Disturbed in their retreat, they rush with fury on the huntsmen, who close upon them, and who have need of all their skill and courage to make themselves masters of so terrible a prey.

Douchmanta was the first to shew his followers an example of reckless intrepidity, and more than one furious tiger fell under the weight of his club, or pierced by his rapid arrows. Roused on all sides might be seen lions and elephants in troops, covered with sweat and foam, approaching the waters, to quench the fire which devoured them; but the greater part fell exhausted with fatigue on the borders of the pool, and died with cries of agony. Others, urged by despair, turn furiously on their imprudent enemies, and treading them under foot, or grasping them with their enormous trunks, exact a terrible vengeance. Thus the forest presents already the aspect of a field of carnage, devoted to silence, covered with dead bodies, stained with blood, and strewed with the shafts of broken lances, clubs, and bows, and the remains of every sort of weapon employed in the chase.

The huntsmen, whose hunger has been sharpened by their exertions, cut to pieces a certain number of the stags and wild deer which, escaped from the murderous tooth of the beasts of prey, had also fallen under their blows, and having roasted the flesh in slender portions, on a burning brazier, strengthen themselves with their repast, and enjoy a few hours repose.

But Douchmanta soon renews the order to depart, and, pursuing his march, traverses a barren plain, and enters with his train a second forest, of an aspect very different from the first. It is no longer that savage horror which nature, abandoned to herself, imprints on boundless solitudes. Here every thing bespeaks the presence and labours of man. It is no longer the roaring of the lion or the tiger which alarms the traveller, but the distant braying of the stag, the song of birds, and the

* *Vasou*—the name of a very ancient king, who reigned, it is said, in the country called *Tcheidi*. This prince is also sometimes distinguished by the name of *Ouparitchara*, on account of the faculty he possessed of traversing the sky in a celestial chariot received from the gods.

† *Indra*—the Indian Jupiter.

‡ *Brahma*, under his attribute of Creator.

§ *Souparna*, the same with *Garouda*, a fabulous bird, the Pegasus of Vichnou, or rather the eagle of Jupiter in Grecian fable.

|| *Vichnou*—the second person of the Indian Trinity—Brahma considered as Preserver.

buzzing of bees, which fill the mind with sentiments of tranquility and happiness. Trees of every elegant variety of form, intermingling their flexible branches, bending under the weight of fruits and flowers, yield to the breath of the zephyr, which robs them, as they pass, of their richest odours, and shed the delicious fragrance around. On the enamelled sward troops of Gaudharvas* and Apsaras† pursue each other in their youthful gambols, and gliding like shadows from place to place, impart a sense of rapture to the enjoyment of these regions of delight.

Douchmanta wanders in extasy under these verdant bowers, where the broken rays of the sun admit but a softened light, and as much heat only as is necessary to temper the coolness which prevails in the shade.

Plunged in a delightful reverie, his uncertain steps are directed towards a spot which opens to him an enchanting landscape, where all the scattered beauties he had just been enjoying appeared to be united.

On the banks of the Malinî,‡ which the swans in numerous pairs of sparkling whiteness disturb as they play, he observed what he supposed to be a consecrated grave, the retreat of some sacred personage. It contained, in fact, in its bosom, the peaceful hermitage of the illustrious descendant of the great Casyapa,§ the prophet Canoua. From distance to distance along the stream, groupes of Yatis|| and venerable Mounis¶ were occupied with their pious duties, and from various points the brilliant flame of the sacrifice arose majestically towards heaven.

Filled with religious awe, the king, Douchmanta, laid aside the royal insignia, and having ordered his followers to wait for him, he penetrates the thicket, attended only by his minister and his chief priest, and seeks the spot where the air resounds with the melodious song of the Vedas.** At every step he makes in this holy retreat, which resembled the celestial abode of Brahma, he feels growing within him the liveliest enthusiasm. Here the Brahmans are to be found, who expound whatever is obscure in their sacred books; there the venerable Gourous†† initiate their pupils in their sacrificial rites; yonder are those studious Pundits‡‡ who throw light on the obscure mysteries of the subtlest metaphysics; elsewhere are the inspired poets, who sing in sublime verses the exploits of heroes; while innumerable Tapasoms,§§ in order to annihilate all human passion, either inflict on themselves the severest pe-

* *Gaudharvas*—an order of male genii, celestial musicians attached to the court of Indra.

† *Apsaras*—an order of female genii, nymphs destined to embellish with their charms and their voluptuous dances the *souarya*, or paradise of Indra.

‡ *Malinî*—a river which descends, it is said, from the Himalaya mountains, but as to the course of which nothing certain is known.

§ *Casyapa*—a divine personage, as to whose origin and attributes the Indian mythologists are not much agreed. Like the Uranus of the Greeks, he seems to be nothing else than heaven or space personified.

|| *Yatis*—a class of religious functionaries, remarkable for the severity of their observances.

¶ *Mounis*—a name appropriated to certain solitary individuals devoted to divine contemplation, who condemn themselves to voluntary silence.

** *Vedas*—books sacred to the Indians, the most ancient monument of their literature.

†† *Gourous*—spiritual chiefs, under whom the young Indians acquire a knowledge of religious doctrines.

‡‡ *Pundits*—sages and philosophers.

§§ *Tapasoms*—enthusiastic devotees, who make sport of the most cruel sufferings, and inflict on themselves penances which horrify the imagination.

nances, or immoveable, and plunged in the deepest contemplation, are already identified in spirit with the incorruptible essence of *Brahma*. *

Douchmanta finds himself in front of the hermitage of Canoua. Leaving his minister and his chief priest on the outside, he enters alone, and calls with a loud voice. A charming girl, in the first flower of youth, whose dazzling beauty could not be concealed by the austerity of her costume, and who in her demeanour resembled the goddess *Sri* † herself, advanced instantly with the most ravishing grace and modesty towards the young stranger, whom she recognized at once as the king Douchmanta. She bowed before him with respect, presented him with water for his ablutions (the first duty towards a guest), entreated him to take some repose, and, placing milk and fruit before him, inquired the object of his visit.

"My intention," replied the prince, "was to present my homage to the venerable Canoua, that model of all the virtues; but perhaps he is not in his hermitage at present."

"My father," she replied, "has only gone to gather some fruit in the forest; if my lord would wait, he will doubtless soon return."

Struck with the beauty of the youthful recluse, the touching expression of her voice and the nobleness of her features, Douchmanta, in a tone of the deepest agitation, exclaimed,—“And who art thou, adorable girl? Why livest thou in this dreary forest? Whence comest thou? Uniting in thy presence all the charms of a goddess, I burn to know thy origin. Inform me, I conjure thee. In vain should I dissimulate. In looking on thee, I feel that I am no longer master of my heart.”

Thus interrogated by the king, the virtuous Saccountala, for such was her name, thus modestly replied—“My lord, I am the daughter of the respectable Canoua, a Brahmin of the most fervent devotion, and full of magnanimity, whom men venerate as a saint.”

“But,” rejoined Douchmanta, “he to whom you give the name of father has vowed to renounce all human passions, and *Dharma* ‡ himself, the god of justice, would sooner forget his duties than the austere Canoua the sacred vow by which he is bound. Tell me, then, I pray thee, how thou canst be his daughter, and clear away the suspicions which are rising in my mind?”

“I shall relate to you, oh prince!” replied Saccountala, “how this event took place, and inform you of the circumstances of my birth in detail. A Brahmin, who formerly sojourned at an hermitage, addressed the same inquiry to the venerable Canoua, and received from the holy anchorite the following recital. ‘It is not long,’ he said, ‘since *Visonamitra*, § abandoning himself to the most frightful austerities, inspired the

* *Brahma*—By this unutterable word the Indians understood that eternal, incorruptible, self-existent Being, the soul and mover of the universe, which he fills with his immensity. He must not be confounded with *Brachmá*, which last word is but the personification of one of his qualities, that of Creator; while by *Vishnou* and *Siva* are understood his two other great attributes of preserver and destroyer.

† *Sri*—the same as *Laksmi*, the Indian Venus, reminding us of the “*Et vera incessu patuit*” of Virgil.

‡ *Dharma*—the Indian *Rhadamanthus*, often confounded with *Yama*, an inflexible judge whose attributes correspond to those of *Minos* in the Greek mythology.

§ *Visonamitra*—a celebrated *Monni*, who played a principal part in the *Rhamayana*, as preceptor and counsellor of *Rama*. In that poem the story of his most marvellous actions is told.

chief of the Devas † with the law Sacra, § with the liveliest alarm. Afraid of seeing the place he occupied among the immortals become the spoil of the terrible Taposoul, the god caused the nymph Ménacâ || to be brought to his presence, and thus addressed her:

“ ‘Most beautiful of the Apsaras, I expect a favour of thee. Visonamitra, by the violence of the torments he inflicts on himself, has raised the sum of his merits to such a pitch in the eyes of Brahma, that I tremble for my station and authority. Go, then, and try by every means to disturb him in his religious duties. With youth and beauty, such as yours, you cannot fail to succeed. Exhaust every art and accomplishment, the gentle sound of your voice, and that perfidious smile. Go, and bring me repose.’

“ ‘Mighty chief of thunder,’ replied Ménacâ, tremblingly, ‘nothing equals, as thou knowest, the ferocious and vindictive humour of the haughty Monni. If thou thyself canst fear its effects, how should a weak woman think of it but with trembling? Was it not he, a thing unheard of! who, though originally of the Kchatryias, ¶ made himself a Brahman by the force of his own volition? Was it not he who deprived the great Vasichtha ** of his much-loved sons? Was it not he who, to perform his ablutions, caused a river to rise at once rapid and profound? †† And thou, chief of the Devas, wert not thou thyself, reduced to drink the Soma, to escape the fear with which he inspired thee? Tell me, then, how I can avoid being consumed by the fire of his indignation; he who produces an earthquake by the tread of his foot; he who could, in sport, break Mount Meron * to atoms, and disturb the order of the skies? How could I dare to approach or to touch this dreadful being, his face resplendent as the fire of the sacrifice, and formidable as the season of destruction, at the mere aspect of which the greatest saints Soma, † and the inflexible Yama ‡ himself, are filled with terror. Yet when thou ordainest it, oh chief of the Souras! § I am ready to obey. But I beseech thee to provide the means of diminishing the hazards I incur in this daring enterprize. Let Maronta, || the god of the winds, give a graceful direction to the folds of my robe as I draw before the virtuous Monni. Let Maumatha, ¶ with his burning arrows,

† Devas—the gods.

§ Sacra—one of the names of Indra.

|| Menaca—the most celebrated of the assiaras, or nymphs, in the service of Indra.

¶ Kchatryias—the second, or warrior caste, among the Indians.

** Vasichtha—Richo, or deified sage of the first order. He is supposed to preside with six other riches over one of the stars of the great bear, whence comes the name of Suptarchagah given to that constellation.

†† This river is named Para in the text, and there exists in fact a river of that name, which is supposed to lose itself in the mountains of Pariyati, which form the central and western portion of the Vindhya chain.

* Meron—a fabulous mountain all sparkling with gold and precious stones, and of immeasurable height, called by mythologists the North Pole.

† One of the names of the genius who presides over the moon, the good Lunus.

‡ Yama—this divinity shares with Dharma the duty of judging souls after death.

§ Souras—a synonym for Devas, as opposed to Asouras, bad genii or demons. The latter, jealous of the happiness of the Souras, never cease to harrass them in a thousand ways. When we read in the poets the description of the furious combats which take place between the Souras and the Asouras, the struggle between the good and bad angels of Milton become child's play.

|| Maronta—the same with Vayen, the Indian Eolus.

¶ Maumatha—this epithet, which was rendered by the old French poets in their

follow my footsteps, and let the zephyrs shed around me the most inebriating perfumes.

"Somewhat reassured by the promise of Indra, who accedes to her desires, the lovely nymph descends to earth, and stops not far from the wild retreat of Visonamatra; and on a smooth green sward, from whence she may be seen by the holy hermit, she began to play the wanton, measuring her steps in a wild cadenced movement. Maronta breathes an air of perfume over the flowing folds of her robe, which are whiter than the fresh rays of the peaceful star of night, and occasions a voluptuous disorder, which Menaca, as if yielding to a sentiment of modesty, increases by feigning to repair it.

"Unhappily for the holy man, his looks are directed to the nymph at this dangerous moment. A desire which he cannot overcome seizes hold of his senses, and letting fall from his hands the profound Veda, he flies towards the enchantress, who easily induces him to inhabit her hermitage.

"Several months are thus passed in a state of voluptuous delight, and Menaca soon perceives that she bears in her bosom a pledge of their amour. Feeling the moment approach that was to make her a mother, the perfidious fair, directing her burdened steps to a solitary thicket on the banks of the Malini, gave birth to a charming girl, whom she inhumanly abandoned on a bed of moss and flowers, and triumphantly returned to the celestial court of Sacra.

"As I proceeded to the sacred stream,' continued Canoua, 'to make my ablutions, I saw the poor little creature asleep on its flowery couch, as if protected by a crowd of Sacountas,* who, in their circular flight, hovering around the head of a divinity, gently agitated the air for coolness. I took her in my arms, and carried her to my hermitage, where I had her nursed with care, and brought up with the tenderest solicitude, giving her the name of Saccountala, in memory of the charming birds who seemed to act as her protectors.

"Such, venerable Brahman, is the nature of the ties which unite us, and such is the reason why I call Saccountala my daughter, and why she in return gives me the endearing name of father.'

"Thus ended the recital which the virtuous Canoua gave in my presence to his guest," added Saccountala with modesty, "and my lord is in possession of all the details on which he required information."

"Yes, too amiable girl, yes, I have listened with transport to these enchanting details, which prove to me that thou belongest to the heroic caste of Kchatryas, and that it is permitted me to form with thee the happiest ties; refuse me not, nymph divine, and deign to unite thy destinies with mine. Speak, and stuffs of the rarest texture will instantly supply the place of the poor apparel which disguises thy delicate and tender charms. Collars and bracelets sparkling with precious stones will amorously entwine that lovely neck and those arms, which were modelled by Cama himself. The richest earrings shall gracefully accompany each movement of that celestial head. Say but the word, a single word, and my whole kingdom is thine. Come, timid girl, let us

simple language by the literal term *treut le cœur*, is here given to Cama, the Indian cupid.

* *Sacountas*—this word is here used for a bird in general, but it is particularly applied to a species of vulture very common in India.

as be united according to the rite of Gaudharva; * there is none which presages greater happiness."

"I have told my lord," replied Saccountala, with a trembling voice, "that my father, who has but gone to gather fruit in the forest, will shortly return. Wait, I pray you, his return, that my holy protector may himself dispose of my hand."

"But what need is there of his consent?" demanded Douchmanta with animation. "Is it not the soul which gives itself to the soul who loves it, and serves it as a refuge amidst the vicissitudes of life? Besides, the divine Manou,† our great lawgiver, in regulating the different modes of union suited to the various castes, has specified this one for the noble race of the Kchatryas. Fear not then, dear Saccountala, to give me thy hand of thy own free will, or that thou wilt thereby commit an act at which thy virtue need ever blush."

"Well, then," replied the virgin, her cheeks suffused with blushes; "if it be true that in yielding to your wishes, I am not against the holy law of duty; if it be true that I may, as you tell me, (and surely you would not deceive me), dispose of my heart according to its own dictates, listen, oh king, to the conditions which a timid maiden would venture to impose on you. If of the union we should contract, a son should be born, pledge me your royal word to give him the title of Youva-radja,* and to have him recognized by your people as your legitimate successor."

Intoxicated with passion, Douchmanta pronounced the oath without farther reflection.

"Receive, then, your spouse," exclaimed Saccountala, her eyes wet with tears.

And the king taking her two hands in his, they thus contracted the alliance of mutual love.

At the moment of their separation, Saccountala, who could no longer be saluted by the gentle name of virgin, had need of being re-assured in the midst of her astonishment, by the caressing voice of her husband, that he would not leave her long, but that in a very few days he would send a cortege worthy of a queen to conduct her to his palace. He then bade her farewell, rejoined his retinue, and took the road to his capital, thinking of Canoua's astonishment when he learned from Saccountala what had occurred on his return to the hermitage.

Scarcely had Douchmanta retired, when the holy anchorite returned; but Saccountala was in such confusion, that she did not advance, as was her wont, to meet her venerable father. Canoua, however, who by the prophetic spirit with which he was endowed, knew already all that passed in his absence, was not surprised at the confusion in which his cherished pupil was plunged, but casting on her a look which beamed with affection, he hastened to tranquilize her mind with these consoling words:

"Oh, woman! a thousand times blessed! the knot which thou hast

* The rite Gaudharva, that is, according to the manner of the Gaudharvas, who probably required the consent of the nymph without any other ceremony.

† Manou—the first Indian lawgiver whose code we possess: a monument of the highest antiquity, the composition of which was referred by the celebrated Jones to the year 1250 before our era.

§ Youva-radja—literally young king. It is by this title that the presumptive heir to the crown is distinguished.

secretly tied, without consulting me is not inconsistent with our holy laws. The rite Gaudharva, which consists in the secret union of two hearts which burn with mutual love, without the intervention of a Brahman, is recognized by our divine legislator as most suitable to the caste of the Kchatryas; and Douchmanta, whom thou hast chosen for thy lawful spouse, besides that he is placed in the highest station among men, is every where renowned for his magnanimity, his justice, and the faithful performance of all his duties. The son to be born of this union will not be less illustrious than his sire. His conquests will extend the limits of the empire, his enemies shall fly before his victorious standards, and he shall give birth to a race of heroes."

Re-assured by this prediction, which disclosed to her a happy futurity, Saccountala joyfully relieved the holy prophet of the basket of flowers he had gathered, and in a tone of supplication besought him to extend his favours to Douchmanta, her husband, and to herself, his plighted spouse.

"Speak, oh, my daughter!" replied Canoua. "What can I ever refuse to thy desires, to thee who art the charm of my existence?"

"May heaven then yield to thy prayers, that the race of Pourin be for ever distinguished by the rarest virtues, and that their dominion be without bounds!"

Such, in the purity of her love for Douchmanta, was the wish which Saccountala allowed her heart to express.

Yet days and months elapsed without the re-appearance of Douchmanta, and Saccountala gave birth to a son of ravishing beauty, whose features already announced the more perfect resemblance to those of his illustrious father. On the palms of his little hands it was easy to perceive the well-defined lineament of the tchaera,* a sure token of his high destinies. The pious hermit himself hastened to perform the ceremonies customary at his birth; and in this peaceful retreat, where heaven seemed to delight in shedding its most genial influences, this offspring of the gods was developed with miraculous rapidity.

In early youth he evinced an extraordinary degree of strength and intrepidity. When scarcely ten years of age he might be seen pursuing the young elephants and the cubs of the tiger.

He succeeded in taming the young lions, playing with them, and riding on them, to the utter astonishment of the inhabitants of the sacred forest, who, by common consent, gave him the surname of Sarva-Dumana.†

Canoua, the witness of these superhuman actions, which revealed the hero, said one day to Saccountala, that the time was now come when her son should be proclaimed Youva-radja, and he gave orders to his disciples to conduct the young woman and her son to the palace of the king, her husband, Douchmanta. He had scarcely said the word, when the zealous brahmacharis‡ made ready for their journey, and proceeded with their precious charge towards Gadjasahoriaya,§ the capital of the kingdom.

* *Tchaera*—this term is applied in palmistry to an arrangement of the lines of the hand in the form of a sun, a sure presage of sovereign dominion to him who is endowed with it.

† *Sarva Dumana*—he who tames or conquers all.

‡ *Brahmacharis*—young Brahmans studying theology under a gouden.

§ *Gadjasahoriaya*—the same town with Hastimapoma, the name of the ancient

Arrived at the palace, and introduced into the presence of the sovereign—

"Behold," they said to him, "the faithful Saccountala, who has come from the sacred forest with her youthful son, to offer the tribute of her homage to her husband."

Their mission being thus accomplished, they returned immediately to their venerable Gourou.

On a sign of approbation from the prince, Saccountala, holding her son by the hand, advanced with an air of dignity, and making a profound obeisance, spoke as follows:—

"My lord," she said, "the period is accomplished when this youth should be consecrated:—this royal youth, the cherished fruit of our legitimate union. Fulfil this engagement, O chief of men, those sacred engagements contracted in the face of heaven, by which we were joined in indissoluble ties. Forgettest thou the circumstance, magnanimous prince, which occurred in the hermitage of Canoua?"

Douchmanta, although perfectly remembering the whole of the facts, replied—

"What means this story, hypocritical woman, disguised so ill by a dress which belongs to the virtuous of your sex. You are totally unknown to me. Never—no, never did I unite myself to thee by the ties of a pure and legitimate affection. Go, then, from whence thou camest—whither I care not. I leave thee mistress of thy actions."

Confounded by this harsh language, as if struck by a thunderbolt, Saccountala remained for some time incapable of movement or utterance. But indignation soon succeeded to this state of stupor; her eyes shone with anger; her pale lips trembled with a convulsive movement; her heart, in its rapid pulsation, could scarcely contain itself within her agitated breast. It seemed as if she was about to die! Yet this state of violence was gradually tranquillized, and, making an incredible effort, she thus addressed her unjust spouse:—

"Why, O great king, like a despicable creature devoted to effrontery, shouldst thou debase thyself by forging an odious falsehood? Your heart must teach you to distinguish between the false and the true. Consult it—follow only the inspirations of justice, and degrade not your soul—that pure spark which emanates from Brahma. Follow not the steps of the hypocrite, who resists, without fear, the sacred voice of conscience—the hypocrite, that basest of robbers—since he would rob us of our very soul. Perhaps you thought yourself alone when you did the mischief; but within thee a judge sat concealed, in whose inevitable presence thy actions were performed. The sun, the moon, the air and fire, the earth, the firmament, and the vast expanse of waters, the night, the day, the morning and evening, twilight, Dharma and Yama, all are witnesses of man's most secret actions. If he has not acted against the inner voice of conscience, Yama, that incorruptible judge, gives him to enjoy eternal happiness; but if he stifles the voice, and abandons himself to crime, he condemns him to the most cruel torments. Deny not the unspotted wife of thy choice. Why shouldst thou condemn her, who, as heaven is my witness, is worthy of all thy regard; why treat

capital of the kings of the lunar dynasty. It was, according to some, the ancient Delhi, of which some ruins still exist about fifty-seven leagues nearly north-east of the present Delhi.

me, in the midst of this illustrious assembly, as the vilest of beings? But I feel that there is a Being higher than thee, who hears my just complaint. Beware, O Douchmanta! lest he do not inflict on thee a terrible vengeance*. Listen to the voice of our ancient sages; remember that, in their immortal songs, they call the woman the modest companion of man:—It is she who, in giving him a son, prolongs his existence, by making him live again in his second self. It is to his son that he owes the deliverance of the souls of his ancestors. Woman is man's other half, his tenderest friend. With her gentle and caressing voice, she knows how to dissipate the weariness of solitude. She is his consolation in the troubles inseparable from the paths of life; and at his death, with what devotion does she not throw herself on his funeral pile, resolved not to part with him, but to share his future lot, whatever it may be? More religious than he, she often revives in his heart the feeble and expiring spark of virtue; saving him, without his being conscious of it, and drawing down on his head the favour of Brahma. No, there is no sight more affecting than that of a respectable father surrounded by his wife and his numerous children. What transport does he not feel, when he recognizes, in these innocent creatures, his living image? When a child runs to his father, and throws himself into his arms, although covered with the dust he has gathered in his play, what delight can compare with that of this dear embrace?

“How can you turn away then from this tender infant, who is your son, at the moment when his beautiful eyes are directed towards you, all beaming with affection? The ant protects its eggs, and breaks them not; and thou, although endowed with sentiments of virtue and justice, wilt not cherish the feeble being who owes to thee his life! Suffer the child, I pray thee, whose little heart palpitates with an involuntary movement, to kiss you, to touch you with his sweet lips; for there is not in nature a sensation more delicious than the touch of an infant.

“Fathers at a distance from their children, rejoice when restored to them, or, rather, they are never absent in thought. Are you alone insensible to the universal impulse? Can you alone hear, without emotion, the touching words of the Brahman, at the birth of his child? ‘Oh, thou proceedest from every part of my body—thou who art the precious fruit of my inner man—thou who art my very soul—mayest thou live a hundred years! On thee depends the care of my existence; on thee the perpetuity of my race. Live then, and be happy, oh, my son, for the space of a hundred years.’

“Alas! a pitiless huntsman came and seduced me, robbing me of my innocence in my father's peaceful hermitage. My mother, Menaca, after having conceived of the great Visonametra, abandoned me at the moment of my birth, on the banks of the Malini. Of what fault, great gods! have I been guilty, in any of my former states of existence, that I should now be treated so cruelly, first by her who gave me being, and again by thee?

“Yielding to my sad fate, I return to hide my grief in the bosom of that sacred forest which once saw me so happy; but this tender child, who is thy son, heaven forbids thee to abandon him.”

* In the text it stands literally thus:—“Surely I cry not in the desert, and if thou refusest to do me justice, beware lest thy guilty head fall in fragments at thy feet.”

"My son!" replied Douchmanta, with barbarous indifference; "and for what should I recognize him? It is in the nature of woman to deceive; and mad would he be, who believed in their assertions. What was thy mother Menaca, who so inhumanly abandoned thee at the moment of thy birth, but a vile courtesan? And this Visonametra, of whom you boast as your father, as long as he belonged to the caste of the Kchatryas, was nothing but a ferocious warrior; and when he made himself a Brahman, he only dishonoured the holy brotherhood, by his licentious behaviour.

"But suppose that this Menaca was indeed the queen of the Aptaras, and that thy father was the chief of the Maharichis,* it would ill become thee to appear in public, like a woman who has lost every sentiment of modesty. Are you not ashamed to circulate a fable so unworthy of belief, and in my presence too? Yes, I recognize in you the fruit of the amours of the shameless Menaca; but as to the union with me, that you speak of, I have not the slightest remembrance of it; and I have already listened too long to your idle tale. Leave me then, deceitful woman, and seek elsewhere for more credulous auditors."

"Oh, king," once more replied Saccountala, inspired with a noble pride, "with what art dost thou seek to discover the slightest faults of others, were they not equal in magnitude to the smallest of seeds, although thy own, more palpable than the fruit of the bilva,† seems to escape thy view. Know that Menaca inhabits the heavens, and that a thousand devas think it an honour to serve her. My birth, oh, Douchmanta, is more illustrious than thy own. To compare them, would be to compare together Mount Meron and the imperceptible seed of the sarchapa‡. I have but to desire it, and I traverse in my flight all ethereal space, whilst thou art condemned to tread the earth. I visit, when it pleases me, the celestial residence of the powerful India; the brilliant palace of Couvera,§ and the regions subject to the sceptre of Yana and Varouna.|| Judge then, O king, of my power, and consider whether I deserve the injurious apostrophe with which thou hast not feared to address me. But, dazzled by the lustre which surrounds thee, and accustomed to think only of thyself, thou treadest all others under foot in thy pride, and deignest not to examine the merit of those who are willing to submit themselves to thy will. So ill divided are the gifts of nature, that such a man may think himself, for a time, the most beautiful of mortals; but if a faithful mirror be presented to him, to exhibit his features, he recognizes his error, and corrects his foolish pride. Let my words, O Douchmanta, in which there is no lustre but that of truth, convey to thy mind the effect of this beneficent mirror. Blush for thy ingratitude towards me, and for the unjust reproaches thou hast heaped upon me; and, far from imitating the wretch who delights in the mischief he has done, make for thyself a model of the virtuous being who,

* *Maharichis*—that is, great richis. Great richis are holy personages deified; a sort of inspired prophets of the highest order.

† *Bilva* (*Agle Marmelos*).—The fruit of this tree, the vulgar name of which is *Tapier*, consists of a round berry, remarkable for its size, filled with a yellowish pulp; the taste and smell of which are delicious, and much sought after by the Indians.

‡ *Sarchapa*.—A sort of mustard; *Sinapis dichotoma*.)

§ *Couvera*.—The god of riches; the Indian Pluto.

|| *Varouna*.—The god of waters; the Indian Neptune.

having fallen for an instant into error, finds no repose until his fault is expiated.

"Acknowledge then this boy for thy son, and grant him all a father's affection; for the gods will destroy the earthly happiness of the man who refuses to his child to fulfil the duties which the law of nature prescribes, and he will for ever be excluded from the celestial abodes. A son has always been regarded by our ancestors as a shoot which is destined to perpetuate the lustre of their race. Unhappy, then, the father who, in abandoning his son, renounces the most sacred of his duties. Protect thy son, I repeat to thee, O powerful king of men. In making him happy, thou wilt contribute to thy own welfare, and the sacred laws of justice and of truth will not be overthrown by the very man who ought to make them reign upon the earth. Let truth, that sublime virtue, which alone, as our sages declare, prevails over all that is greatest in the world, which alone assimilates our nature to that of the gods, which is the eternal Brahma himself; let this sacred truth at length issue from thy mouth, already too long defiled by an infamous falsehood. Avow, O king, thy engagements solemnly contracted, and prove that thy affection for me was sincere. But if thy heart indeed conceals the blackest perfidy—if thou hast played towards me the guilty part of a vile seducer—if thou deniest, without shame, the faith thou hast sworn to me—I leave thee without regret;—for a being such as thou, would be no longer worthy of my affection. Nevertheless, I declare to thee, Douchmanta, all abandoned by thee as my son now remains, he will yet one day reign over the whole world:—for such are the decrees of fate."

In concluding this address, Saccountala prepared to leave the hall of audience, when a voice from heaven was heard by Douchmanta, as he sat surrounded by his priests, his ministers, and the first personages of the state, pronouncing these solemn words:—

"Protect thy son, O Douchmanta, and honour his mother. Saccountala has spoken truly—thou art the father of the boy; and as it is by our intervention that he is to rise under the shelter of thy throne, thou wilt give to him the name of Bharata."*

"You have heard this miraculous voice," said Douchmanta, turning towards his high priest and his ministers, intoxicated with the purest joy; "as for me, I did not need this confirmation brought by the messenger of the gods. I recognized Saccountala from the first, and did not doubt that this boy was my son. But had I declared it on my own testimony alone, my people might have refused to give credit to the statement, and might have ascribed to my son an illegitimate origin. It was to remove this injurious suspicion, that I waited for this favour from the goodness of the gods."

Giving himself up to the rapturous burst of paternal affection, he opened his arms to his son, who threw himself into them, and covered him with kisses.

"And thou, dear Saccountala, with what pleasure do I not pardon the hard words which, in the bitterness of thy indignation, thou hast not feared to address to me; but do thou also pardon this necessary stratagem, to convince my people of the legitimacy of our union, and that in my son they might joyfully recognize his father."

* *Bharata*.—This word is derived from the Sanscrit root *Bhri*, which signifies, to support, protect, nourish; and which has evidently produced the Greek and Latin verb *φίρω*, *fero*.

Without further delay, he gave orders that Saccountala should be treated as his queen, and gave his son the name of Bharata. Causing all the usual ceremonies to be performed for the consecration, he proclaimed the young prince his legitimate successor, and invested him with the august title of Youva-Râdjâ.

To Douchmanta, heaven still granted a long series of years, which passed away in undisturbed satisfaction. At his death Bharata inherited his sceptre, and shewed himself, in all things, worthy of his illustrious sire. He soon extended, by his conquests, the vast limits of his empire, and, by his constant love of justice, as much as by the renown of his victories, he filled the universe with his name.

The venerable Canoua, whose existence seemed to have been prolonged by heaven, that he might witness the high destinies of his pupil, was established by the young monarch, the supreme chief of the priesthood. Thus, as zealous for the gods, as just towards men, Bharata never ceased to be the idol of his people, who were accustomed to find in him the tender solicitude of a father, rather than the severe authority of a king.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

WITH solemn sound, and gorgeous as the chime

Of mountain rivers, doth thy music rise,

Soul-piercing organ! bearing to the skies

Incense of worship, and of praise sublime.

Ah! prayer is sweet in every age and clime,

Whose faith, transcending all things, never dies

Though the soul sleeps, and flesh in ruin lies

In the grave's darkness, till the death of time.

Then let the organ's pealing voice rebound

Along the vaulted roof and pillar'd aisle,

With its religiously-melodious sound:

Let the rich-dyed windows the dim light beguile,

Where numerous pilgrims kneel devoutly round

Altars, which nothing earthly may defile.

BERNE.

CITY! by whose fair walls proud waters glide,

Winding beneath majestic colonnades,

Give me kind shelter in their pleasant shades,

When summer suns are in meridian pride.

And let me walk the sounding Aar beside,

When day-light o'er the distant Jura fades;

Slow wander down those ever-verdant glades

That drink the dew-drops from the sparkling tide.

Steep rise the banks above the rapid river,

With woods now green, and now with autumn sere;

And they who know not change, the far Alps quiver

Like burning gold in ether's furnace clear;

While dark each valley gradually grows,

In evening's calmly-eloquent repose.

DONVILLE'S FICTITIOUS TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

THE two last numbers of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, a semi-monthly Parisian publication, contain some farther disclosures on the subject of M. Donville's pretended voyage to Congo, one of the grossest literary frauds which has ever been practised on the world. Among his own countrymen M. Donville has met with the greatest success: to the first edition of his travels the Geographical Society of Paris appended a highly flattering report, after electing the author to be their honorary secretary; and the Institute itself received and placed in its museum a collection of specimens of natural history, professedly obtained in the interior of Africa, but which are now proved to be the productions of the South American continent. The articles in the *Revue des deux Mondes* are, we find, by another traveller, M. Theodore Lacordaire, who, unfortunately for M. Donville, had found him keeping a miscellaneous shop, or store, for the sale of all sorts of commodities, first at Buenos Ayres, and afterwards at Rio de Janeiro, at the very period when, according to his published travels, he was pursuing his scientific researches in the interior of Africa. The fraud was first detected in a late number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (No. 19, pp. 163—206); but M. Lacordaire applies himself to the task, *con amore*, and relentlessly strips his victim of the last of his borrowed plumes.

"I was at Buenos Ayres," he says, "in 1826 and 1827, when the roadstead was blockaded by a Brazilian squadron, which prevented all communication with the town by sea. Towards the middle of the month of December, 1826, one of the enemy's ships of war was observed one morning proceeding towards the town with a flag of truce. The rumour instantly spread that this vessel was the bearer of proposals of peace; but it was announced next morning in the newspapers that she had only come to land M. Donville, a naturalist sent by the French government to explore the interior of the South American continent. M. Donville was received by his countrymen with all the consideration which was due to the mission with which they believed him to be charged; and a few days after his arrival, M. Ramen Larrea, one of the principal merchants at Buenos Ayres, for whom he had brought a letter of introduction, gave in his honour a grand dinner of twenty covers, to which I was invited. I was placed next to Donville. During the whole of the entertainment he remained modestly silent, a rare merit for a traveller, and made only polite but evasive answers to the questions addressed to him by the guests.

"Several Frenchmen sought the acquaintance of M. Donville, and received from him some vague particulars of his previous travels. It was quite marvellous the number and the extent of the countries through which the traveller had passed; almost the whole of Europe, the Cape of Good Hope, India, Persia, and South America, had been successively explored by him. He had even penetrated by land from the Amazons to the south of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, where he had lived among the savage Indians who inhabit those regions; but singularly enough, he had never visited Buenos Ayres itself in the course of this great journey, although the distance is so inconsiderable. Nobody

in the country had ever heard him spoken of, although the period referred to was yet recent. While speaking of this journey one evening at the house of M. Koberge, the apothecary, where all the best French society of Buenos Ayres were accustomed to meet, he was requested to set down on a sheet of paper the chief points of the Argentine republic over which he must have passed. He made the attempt, but unfortunately put that west which should have been east, and north what should have been south, and so of the rest. These errors appeared extraordinary in a naturalist and a geographer. Sometime before I had myself received a visit from M. Donville, who was presented to me by M. Dutillant, formerly paymaster in the Spanish army, and then settled at Buenos Ayres. We naturally spoke of his travels, and I learned from him that he had followed the footsteps of Humboldt from the Orinoco to the Amazons. His memory did not serve him well; the names of the Atures, the Maypures, Cassiaquare, &c. so familiar to every one who has read the travels of M. de Humboldt, appeared to be quite unknown to him, and I was repeatedly obliged in the course of the conversation to relieve his hesitation by pronouncing the name myself.

"Several Frenchmen, who arrived by land from Monte-Video, brought us some fresh intelligence respecting M. Donville. He had landed there about the middle of October, from on board the brig *Jules*, Capt. Decambas, which had sailed from Havre on the 7th of August, 1826. His behaviour during the passage was any thing but praiseworthy. He complained incessantly of the *mesquinerie* with which they treated a man like him, who was accustomed to sail in ships of war, and reproached the captain severely for having left in the ship's hold among the goods of the cargo a case containing his instruments, which prevented him, he said, from making his astronomical observations. On their arrival at Monte Video, the effects of the passengers were examined at the custom-house; the precious case was opened, and instead of scientific instruments, presented only a tea-service of china, and several other articles of the same description in the worst possible condition. M. Donville, on landing, went to the hotel of the Four Nations, *Fonda di las Cuatro Maciones*, kept by a Frenchman of the name of Hienmonnet. The latter, although not a bad man at bottom, was somewhat intractable, and thinking one day that his guest was preparing to leave him a little too suddenly, pushed his unpoliteness so far as to detain him against his will. The affair was settled, however, by M. Canaillon, the French Vice-consul at Monte Video; and it was soon after this that our traveller addressed himself, in the name of the sciences, to the Brazilian Admiral, Pinto Guadez, to be carried on board a ship of war to Buenos Ayres.

"It is needless to say what effect this intelligence produced on the minds of the good people of Buenos Ayres. M. Donville made a show at first of applying himself to scientific researches, which he soon abandoned for a more profitable sort of industry. He hired a small shop in the street of the Cathedral, No. 129, which he soon afterwards left to go the street *La Piedad*, No. 91, where, under the commercial firm of Donville and Laboissiere, he began to sell books, paper, perfumery, squibs, crackers, and other articles in great variety. The name Laboissiere was that of a woman of an extraordinary *tournure*, and of an age approaching maturity, who accompanied M. Donville. It was she who usually kept the shop, her partner occupying himself chiefly with

the out-of-door affairs, and with the business of a small lithographic printing press he had established.

"On the 27th of August, 1827, I left Buenos Ayres for the Brazils. A few days after my arrival at Rio de Janeiro, which was on the 20th of September, I set out for the interior, and did not return to Rio till the beginning of March in the following year. There I then found M. Donville engaged in the same sort of industry as at Buenos Ayres, the shop being kept as formerly by Madame Laboissiere, who dressed herself habitually in masculine attire, a circumstance which greatly scandalized the Brazilians, but still attracted people to the shop. From that period I lost sight personally of M. Donville, and not wishing to assert any thing of which I have not myself been a witness, I shall suppress certain details which have lately come to my knowledge.

"Several years had elapsed, and I thought no more of M. Donville, when on my return to Paris in the month of June last, after a long absence in the colonies, the first book which fell into my hands was the voyage to Congo. The name of the author was daily exhibited in the journals with extracts from his book; the Geographical Society, after awarding him a premium and a medal, elected him their secretary; several royal audiences had been granted him; in short, there was a concert of praise, the harmony of which no critic ventured to disturb. The name of Donville struck me. Could it be the man I had known five years before in Buenos Ayres and the Brazils? I communicated my suspicions to several well-known individuals who had seen M. Donville, and described him to them without having yet ascertained his identity. The picture I gave of his person proved to be correct, and I had no longer any doubt on the subject. I still hesitated, however, to follow out the affair, when, on the 16th of September last, the *Constitutionnel* published a biographical article, of which M. Donville was the subject, filled with details so extraordinary, to say nothing more, that to put an end to a mystification which had reached such a degree of audacity on the one outside, and credulity on the other, I resolved to raise my voice. I saw M. Donville, and at the first glance it was impossible to be mistaken. Years have not altered his appearance; an African sun has not added a shade to that pale face. When I informed him that I had been at Rio Janeiro at the same time with himself, his features became disturbed, as if he had seen the sword of public opinion suspended over his head. If my single testimony be not sufficient to verify his identity, there are several individuals now in Paris who knew M. Donville at Buenos Ayres, and I engage to produce them."

M. Lacordaire then examines the work of M. Donville, who professes to be a sort of univereal genius, and proves to demonstration his utter ignorance of every science to which he pretends. In chemistry and geology, zoology and astronomy, he is equally at fault.

"I shall add but a single word," concludes M. Lacordaire, "as to the proposition which M. Donville has made to the government to entrust him with the superintendence of a second voyage to Africa. When a man has made a false step there are two modes of extrication: the more vulgar is to draw back and make your escape, saving appearances as well as you can; the other is to double your assurance, and to brave the rebuffs you may meet with in adversaries. I leave the public to decide whether the latter be the better course, and whether M. Donville has been right in taking it."

OPENING OF THE CHAMBERS.

The *doctrinaires* will, after all, have the majority, owing to the divisions and hatred existing betwixt the three different sections of their political enemies. Although an union between Barrot and Dupin would inevitably effect their overthrow, yet the repugnance of these two statesmen, mutually prevents the coalition. They may unite, indeed, in certain votes; especially in adding a clause to the address reprobatng the *ordonnance*, which abstracts the Duchess of Berri from the regular law courts; but on any vital point they remain, as ever, at variance. The opposition waited to see, if Dupin would make any overtures; they were ready to vote for him as president, but since he has held off, they put forward Laffitte. So that Dupin must either rest content with the presidency, or take the seals in conjunction with the *doctrinaires*.

This is after all the most desirable state of things. A frank separation into two camps of aristocrats and liberals, to the extinction of the nonsensical milieu, well prove the surest and speediest way to a solution. The line of division too has been drawn where it ought to be, for Dupin is in heart a courtier, and his affectation of liberalism could but have injured and betrayed, at least retarded the prevalence of the cause. The two parties of the left will, I should say, have become united (they met on Sunday, the 18th, in the Hotel Richlieu) and the right, I dare say, will form some excuse to do the same.

I commenced this letter on the day of the Chambers' sitting, feeling certain that I should have little cause to contradict my precision. They have, indeed, been fulfilled in a most abrupt manner, and by a circumstance that you will hear of speedily. A pistol has been fired at the King, it is said. Never was accident more opportune. Fouché, himself, could not have invented a device more calculated to rally the timid majority of the chamber to the government, and to offer to the trimming chiefs of the *peureux* party, such as Dupin, a pretext for ratting and falling off from independence. So afraid the ministers were of having a majority against them, is sufficiently evident from their having omitted altogether in the royal speech the mention of how the Duchess of Berry was to be disposed of. Never, indeed, did a royal discourse breathed forth more trembling anxiety in more vague terms. It betrayed the known nervousness of Soult, as to precarious position.

But in the mean time his young and new colleague, M. Thiers, was not idle. This gentleman did not demand to have charge of the secret funds and secret police for nothing. The historian of the French revolution, knew too well revolutionary tactics not to hit upon some expedient to puff his tottering party. The *coup de pistolet* has occurred; and, miraculous to say, the man who fired it between two soldiers, on an open bridge, in broad mid-day, and surrounded, as it is averred by the police, was allowed to escape, and has not since been heard of.

The expected fruits have ensued, M. Dupin, forgetting all his liberalism, has been to the king, and has got and given a complement. After which he instantly joined his old enemies, the *doctrinaires*, and has shaken hands with the men, whom he has been reviling for the last three months. All Paris has flocked to the Thulleries in National Guard uniforms. And for three weeks to come, addresses and congratulations

will become the mode, and every village will have its fit of loyalty. The assassin in the meantime will be forgotten, and the opposition charged, no doubt, with the crime, will demand inquest and trial in vain.

Polignac's was an administration that resolved to hold itself up against the nation by *coups d'état*. M. Thiers and his colleagues form a ministry resolved to gain a point by *coups d'état*, a more cunning, more prudent, and more mean expedient. It is in fact, a clap-trap administration. The arrest of the Duchess of Berry was clap one; expedition against Antwerp clap two; and these not sufficing the pistol shot was imagined to form a line of three times three. Thiers, however, knows his countrymen, and, perhaps, this may be the best mode of managing them. Though it is certainly little flattering, thus to treat a great people, as if they were the audience of a theatre. They expect a tragedy, and are treated to a melodrama. The new farce entitled the "*coup de pistolet*," seems, indeed, to have taken M. Thiers as an able dramatist, as well as historian.

But I said, that all this was put to the test. Certainly; it sets the political field fair; parties on either side drawn out; the tories of France no longer able to affect the position of that of a middle party, whilst the left no longer constrained or worked by the coquetry of the Dupinists, will rest compact and united to defend the interests of true freedom.

The left, indeed, or liberal side, has committed huge blunders, without which it might have long since effected its chief wishes. There is no doubt, that the majority of the country sympathizes fully with the liberal opinions of the left; but then it shrinks from two extreme conclusions, viz., war, and a change of dynasty. Both these necessities, so often and fairly pointed at and approached by the opposition, terrify and alienate its followers. The extreme left, or republican party were, in my opinion wrong, to hoist up the flag of republicanism. It was, indeed, bold and frank so to do. But 'twould have been far better had they followed Lafayette's advice, which was to remain republicans in spirit rather than in form, to insist and carry essential points, and by no means protest against that monarchic form of government, which had been established in July. Lafayette wanted his party to give it a fairer and a longer trial. Some wished to do so, others refused to do so any longer. And hence came the schism. The national boldness argues, that being republican in principle, no man ought to shrink from avowing it.

To this it is replied, that political faith is like religious faith. It hath a sanctuary, and may without dishonour lie hidden, when no advantage, but the contrary is to accrue from its avowal. And nought is attended with so much harm as the preaching of even truth, ere the world or the country is ripe to receive it. Algernon Sidney's friendship tended but to confirm the absolute power of Charles the Second. And Carrel's republicanism serves but to fright the timid electors of Paris from choosing such members as would demand a reform in the electoral law.

If Barrot would give up the feverish longing that he has for power; and if Messrs. Mauguin and his friends would cease to appeal so very often to the necessity of convincing Europe by French bayonets: finally, if M. Carrel would espouse the essential points of internal freedom more, and the name of republic less, then one might hope to see

the revolution of July bear some other than bitter fruit. The evil hitherto has been, that whilst one liberal chief is struggling to trip up a minister, and another endeavouring to overthrow the king, the poor people, in whose name these struggles are going on, profits very little by the whole affair.

THE LAND OF THE EAST.

'Tis the land of the sun where the beauties are glowing,

For he is the monarch of all that is there ;

On the creatures of earth, and of air, still bestowing,

The odours they yield, and the hues which they wear.

'Tis the land where the flowers their wild fragrance throwing,

Shed luxuriant perfume on the bosom of air,

And the breeze as it blows o'er, their beauties still glowing,

Will partake of the odour and sweetness they bear.

Where by day the bright radiance of our sun-beams are playing,

O'er gardens of roses, and fields of perfume,

And by night the mild beams of the moonlight are straying,

To prevent so much loveliness sinking in gloom.

There, the note of the Bulbul soft music awaking ;

In song, sweet and plaintive harmoniously flows,

Like a strain of enchantment melodiously breaking,

The still hour of night in its moonlight repose.

'Tis the region of odour, of flowers, and of light,

Where nature though drest in her loveliest hue,

By the sparkle of heaven, is less sunny and bright

Than the forms of its damsels which sparkle there too.

'Tis the land where for ever fair nature reposes,

In charms full of life, as the hour of her prime,

But the heart which oft visits the valley of roses,

Will soon become soft as the air of its clime.

A PAGE FROM A CANTAB'S NOTE-BOOK.

It was on a raw and gusty evening in October, just as the parched and yellow leaf of autumn was beginning to tell that the three weeks English summer had passed away, that I was travelling far in the north of England, on my way to Cowell Castle, the residence of a college friend. There are few things more delightful to a weary traveller, when the "shades of evening" close thickly around him, than the reflection that each degree of increasing gloom brings him nearer and nearer to the spot of his destination; and on this occasion I felt pre-eminently happy, for having for many weeks been a wanderer among the wild solitudes of nature, with scarcely a civilized being even for the companion of an hour, the prospect of soon reaching the gay and hospitable home of my friend, lent swiftness to my pace and brightness to my anticipations. The distance, however, which I had to traverse, was, considering the lateness of the hour, somewhat considerable; and had it not been for a gala ball to be held that night, in honour of my friend's sister coming of age, I believe I should have yielded to the unpromising aspect of the evening, and the hints of my jaded horse, and have taken up my quarters at the little romantic village which had been my last resting-place. But I was pledged to be present at the festival, and hastened, therefore, at my horse's best speed, through the wild and solitary heath before me. My situation, though somewhat desolate, was not, however, without its charms; for if the bleak and barren common over which I wended my way, presented to my gaze no fair-haired dames, whose

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,"

still there was plenty of food for romantic rumination, in the legend of the wild witch, which had been related to me by the village gossip from whom I had obtained the direction of my path, and the midnight revelings of brownies and bogles, whose grotesque forms seemed identified with every stunted shrub and clump of heather. But when the sun no longer left behind him traces of his reign, and the darkened horizon showed no longer the gilded cloud, smiling, like a courtier, upon the retiring monarch, by whose reflection alone he derived his lustre, the witches, the brownies, and the bogles began to lose alike their terrors and their charms, and I hailed the "stern round towers" of my friend's abode with a satisfaction, unalloyed and unaccompanied with the slightest wish to linger on the scene through which I journeyed. Brilliant and dancing lights were shining from turret and fretted window—

"It was a vast and venerable pile;

So old, it seemed only not to fall:

Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.

Monastic dome!

Where Superstition once had made her den."

The usual congratulations, and expressions of pleasure at my arrival having subsided, I perceived that it was time to prepare the toilet for the coming scene of festivity. I hastened therefore to my chamber, and without giving myself time to ascertain the date of its gothic windows, or to analyse the subjects of the tapestry, I prepared myself with all the

expedition my ill-arranged portmanteau would permit; not, however, without a secret assurance that my *ensemble* might procure for me the smiles of—egad, perhaps of the heiress herself! With this modest anticipation I concluded my personal adorning, and descended to the hall, where, hung with massive armour, spreading antlers, and old pictures, frowned the dark oaken walls of many a century,

“Strong in their age, and sombre in their strength.”

“I must introduce you to my fair sister,” exclaimed my friend, leading me to a handsome fair-haired girl; “I have engaged her hand for you, as my most intimate, for the first quadrille.” I bowed my thanks, and led the fair Cecilia to the set. My partner was every thing that was amiable and beautiful—but oh! how totally was her beauty eclipsed by the pale, wild, and interesting creature who stood before us. There was that in *her* eye which never had I seen in any other—a strong and beaming brightness, which sent through her “long dark lashes, low depending,” an expression almost more than earthly. Her pale, but perfect features, were rendered almost statue-like by the contrast of the dark and glossy ringlets which fell luxuriantly from her beautifully-formed head, while her sylph-like, gliding, but graceful figure of symmetry, realized the idea of a creature belonging to a brighter world than ours. My companion perceived my admiration; nor did she seem astonished or displeased, when, instead of replying to some question about Cambridge, I interrupted her by an observation upon the singular and beautiful being before me. “Ah! poor Constantia!” she sighed. The manner in which these few words were spoken, almost made me love her. I had no opportunity of further inquiry, for the quadrille was ended, and another aspirant for the hand of the fair Cecilia hurried her away to waltz, and left me to ruminate alone upon this “child of mystery,” for such I felt quite convinced she was. Peace was out of the question, until I elicited the facts from my friend himself. He informed me that she was the only child of a wealthy, but penurious Baronet. She had never known the tender cares of a mother’s fostering love, and thus the flowers of her mind were left to wander in wasteful luxuriance, when, had they been better trained, they would have formed a garden of the fairest and the brightest growth. It was impossible that such a being should live and not be loved; far more so, that her own bosom should be dead to the impulse and power of strong affection. She *was* loved, and oh! how fondly and how fatally was that love reciprocated! But the bud of her hopes was never destined to blossom! When her stern and un pitying parent drove the chosen of her heart, proud and penniless, from his doors, he little thought, and perhaps he little heeded, how hard and decisive a blow was struck upon his daughter’s affections. And he, too, the discarded and hopeless, seeking a painful and early death upon the battle plain, little deemed, as the name of Constantia lingered in his dying accents, that she, the adoring being for whom his heart beat high with hope, would, in losing him, lose also the consciousness of her own existence! The news of his death was announced to her without caution. She spoke not—she wept not—she fell suddenly and violently to the earth, and was raised from it—a maniac!

Time, however, that “only healer when the heart has bled,” at length restored the lovely Constantia to the world; but the fair promise of her youth had been sapped, and her health had sunk under the bitter visi-

tation. At first, her recovery was but partial, for the frequent and wild fits under which she laboured, rendered it constantly necessary to watch her every movement, and often to place a restraint upon her actions which threatened to immolate the frail form which her malady had spared. By degrees, however, these fits became more rare, and the poor sufferer was once again permitted to resume her station in society. Her physicians hoped, that by joining in the gaieties and pleasures of the world, the most effectual and speedy remedy for her disease would be attained, and so, in truth, it proved; for Constantia, although she seldom smiled, sometimes joined in the dance, and sat at the festive board, beloved by all, and feared by none. "It is upwards of a year," continued my friend, "since she has been visited by any of the consequences of her fatal malady, and we believe that she is now totally restored. Cecilia and she are inseparable companions; they were reared, as it were, in the same cradle, and, as cousins, have been constantly together: and, indeed, when others have been unable, during the continuance of the fits, to soothe the mind of the interesting sufferer, my sister has seldom failed to succeed. But," he continued, "I must seek my partner."

There was something in this narrative too deeply touching to permit me to join immediately the throng; a string of my heart had been struck, which would only vibrate to the sound of sorrow. I retired, therefore, to a niche at the extremity of the hall, where, unseen, I could meditate on what I had heard, and watch the graceful, but melancholy movements of the young and ill-fated Constantia. It was not very strange that I should have taken so lively an interest in this poor sufferer, and the tale of her woes, for I had lately mourned the death of a beloved relation, who had sunk to an early tomb, though with a mind unshaken, yet with a heart crushed and broken as Constantia's. The guests began to disperse, and the efforts of the musicians to be more irregular and drowsy; and feeling heavy and fatigued with my ride, I stole silently to my chamber.

How long I slept, I know not, but I was awoke by the wildest strain of vocal music I had ever heard; and, as the moon was streaming through the gothic panes with her broad pale light, I leaped from my bed, to ascertain from what fair serenader the sounds proceeded. But the song had ceased, and all was still as the grave. I opened gently the casement of the window, and leaning forward, gazed out upon the beauty of the night. I perceived, on looking around, that the room I occupied formed one of several that led to a broad stone terrace, which overhung what I presumed to be the large court-yard of the castle, and a faint light, rendered hardly discernible by the effulgence of the moon's rays, assured me that I was not the only tenant of the range.

I heard the voice again, but it seemed, if possible, in a sweeter strain. The curtains of the neighbouring window slowly drawn aside, and the casement quietly opened by a female hand. I fancied I could recognize the slim form and dark hair of Constantia L'Estrange. Impelled by I know not what motive, for I did not wait to analyse it, I hastily wrapped myself in my dressing gown, and in a moment was stealing silently in the direction of the open window. Fair reader, do not blame or condemn me, for an indescribable presentiment of impending mischief had seized me, which I could neither shake off, nor exactly account for. Creeping slowly under the shade of the parapet wall of the terrace, I approached as nearly as I could the object of my solicitude, and,

unobserved, stationed myself in such a situation as to command a view of her movements, without the slightest chance of being detected in my purpose. With breathless anxiety I awaited the result of my fears, but the *moon* alone appeared to be the object of her search and contemplation, and she looked upon it with such a fixed, wild, and unnatural gaze, as plainly told me, that those who believed her mind restored and at rest, had sadly overrated the effects of her care, or strangely underrated the extent of her malady. The fire—the vivid and horrible fire of the maniac was in her eye!—the expression of every feature was altered—the lovely being I had contemplated as possessing the beauty of an angel, was suddenly transformed—I dare not say how awfully! The wild and irregular snatches of song came not from the lips of reason.

"Constantia!" exclaimed a voice, apparently of one suddenly roused from slumber, and which I immediately recognized as that of my friend's sister—"Constantia! how is it that you are up?" No answer was returned; indeed, her companion seemed unconscious that she was addressed. "Constantia!" continued her cousin, in the quick tones of alarm, "how often have you been warned never to expose yourself to the night air!" In a moment Cecilia herself had risen, and her hand was laid gently on the shoulder of the poor maniac. "Constantia—my dear, dear Constantia!" she said, in a subdued and soothing voice, "I thought you were still by my side, sleeping as sweetly and as calmly as when I came to bed. Why, dearest, have you risen? You forget that you are an invalid, and that the night air is cold." "Ah!" exclaimed Constantia, suddenly leaping up and seizing her cousin with frantic energy—"Ah! I have you at last!—you have escaped me too long already!—you murdered my poor Frederick, and now"—Here she fastened on the terrified Cecilia by the throat, and throwing her vehemently on the ground, nailed her down with the force and energy of a savage. The sound of the death-gurgle was in my ear—but for the moment I was as one petrified and spell-bound. I had neither power to speak nor to move, till by a violent effort I roused myself from the effects of the sudden blow which had fallen, as it were, with benumbing force upon my senses, and rushed madly to her assistance. But alas! it was all too late—for the last quiver of life had passed away from the limbs of the hapless Cecilia! and Constantia, the *lunatic* Constantia, stood unabashed, alone, unconscious of the world on which she trod! For myself, I lost all recollection; but how long I remained insensible, I know not. I was aroused by some one who grasped me tightly by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Well, my gallant knight, how long is my fair cousin to wait for your hand in the dance?" I started up aghast—my friend and the lovely Constantia stood before me! "Why you rogue," continued he, "you've been sleeping, and have lost my cousin's beautiful song." "No, no," I quickly replied, endeavouring to collect myself, the reality of that portion of my dream flashing across me, "do not think I was so lost to good taste: she sang two—I heard them both;" and, bowing low to my sweet partner, I added, "but the last was exquisitely beautiful." She smiled. Her cousin was less particular—he laughed aloud. "That's good," said he, "it was an *encore*!"

P.

SPAIN AND HER FACTIONS.

ARE the feelings of the Spanish nation, conservatory or revolutionary? This is a question which,—since the days of the Barricades, a favorite topic,—has by the progress of late events become of considerably increased interest. The question is one, not only, well worthy of the consideration of all speculators on the future destinies of European society, but its thorough examination is indispensable, to enable them to arrive at a just conclusion on the general bearings of a subject, which necessitates such deep and multiferious inquiry, of which it forms one of the most prominent and important features.

There is assuredly not in Europe, a travelled country so little explored as Spain, a people so little understood as its inhabitants, or a sovereign so little known, and at the same time so much misrepresented as Ferdinand the 7th. Of the first, our ideas are imaginative;—when our thoughts wander thither, they necessarily become tinged with romance. We dream of orange groves, of vineyards, of nightingales, of cloudless days, and of Hesperian moonlights. We look upon the nation, as a vindictive and an oppressed people, ever watchful for an occasion to throw off their yoke and allegiance, under which they are supposed to groan. The King we preconceive to be a cruel and remorseless tyrant, fond of blood and of human misery. In all this, we completely deceive ourselves.

Our object however at present, is merely to take a cursory view of the political position of the Peninsula, and by an examination of the strength and spirit of the parties, whose mutual animosity have so long undermined the prosperity of the country, to arrive at a nearer approach to the truth, than exists in the general and ordinary impressions of those, who have not formed their opinions from personal observation, but to attempt to give a portrait of a country, in all its details, in the space of a few pages, would be to undertake an impossible task; we therefore propose to ourselves, merely to sketch a slight outline of the predominant features of the subject before us, from which however, the truth of the likeness may stand out as vividly, as from the laboured finishing of a more complete picture.

The despotism of the Crown of Spain, takes its date from the reign of Charles V. and was cemented by that of Philip the II. The Americas at that period, poured into the lap of the monarchy, that enormous wealth, which enabled the crown to buy up the liberties of the nation. The court having such Colonial resources at hand, then ceased to assemble the cortes, and that custom, which since the fall of Granada, had been gradually growing into desuetude, would have become in the future, completely lost sight of, had it not been in usage to convoke them once in every reign, for the purpose of swearing allegiance to the reigning King's eldest son, the Prince of the Asturias. The last ceremony of this description occurred in the year 1788, when the cortes were convened by Charles the IV. to do homage to Ferdinand, the present monarch. The assemblies, we need hardly state, had nothing in common with the original object of their convention, when as the chronicle of Alonzo the VII. tells us in 1135, "*tractaverunt ea guæ pertinent ad salutem regni*

et totius Hispaniae." The nobility, and deputations from the clergy, and from the ayuntamientos, now met only to take their oaths of anticipated fealty to the young heir to the monarchy. The affairs of government were never deemed to be in a state to require the attention of the cortes.

The political wisdom of Charles the III. and the abilities of his ministers, the Condes de Campomanes and Florida Blanca, went forth to consecrate the despotism of the monarchy; but the egregious follies and vices of his successor, proved too strong an antidote to all the clever speciousness of his reign. At the death of Charles the III. in 1788, the treasury of the Spanish government was in the receipt of a larger revenue than that of any other court in Europe; the Colonies were well disposed, the army in good organization, and the navy, besides being the most numerous, was possessed of the finest ships in the world; the nation was contented, and well satisfied with themselves and their rulers. What was the state of the country, twenty years afterwards, in 1808? An army disorganized, and dishonoured. A navy, if so it could yet be called, dismantled and unmanned, with all its appliances utterly ruined. The Colonies dissatisfied and complaining, the government hated, and the nation disgusted. This promising state of things, the work of the Prince of the peace, invited the attention of the French Autocrat. The game of treachery was played more skilfully by the imperial agents, than by the minions of the favorite, and they who stipulated to sell, not only their own country, but that of an ally, into the bargain, found themselves the betrayed, as well as the betrayers. Five years of ruinous convulsion followed the unhallowed compact of Bayonne, till the year 1813, restored Ferdinand to the throne, from which he had formerly ejected his father, and the present era of Spanish history commenced.

Liberal opinions, infanted by the French revolution, had been successfully shut out of Spain, as long as the government held together; but the French invasion sowed the seeds of that harvest of liberalism, which sprung up in every department of society, during the struggle for national existence, and which then took too firm a root in the soil, ever to be extirpated; during that interregnum of regular government, the constitution was engendered. It was adopted by the Junta of the government, and their first official communication with Ferdinand, after the treaty of Valençay had restored him to liberty, was accompanied by a requisition on the part of the nation, that he should swear adherence to its provisions, ere he crossed the frontiers. He took the oaths, and arrived at Valencia, where he was immediately surrounded by the adherents of the old system: the royal conspiracy commenced its operation, and the overthrow of the constitution, and the banishment of the Cortes, was at once resolved on. The cortes bore within itself the germs of corruption, which soon blossomed into treachery; sixty-nine of its members petitioned the King to decree a return to the absolute regime.* General Elio who was commissioned to escort the King to Madrid, offered him his troops for the consummation of the plot. Bribery, and the "*innatus amor habendi*" of all true Spaniards in authority, were effectually brought to serve their legitimate purposes: the abolition of the constitution was effected, and with its downfall, a general restoration of all things to their ancient

* The address became afterwards famous, or rather infamous, under the appellation of the "protest of the Persians."

footing took place, excepting the minds of many more or less influential persons, who however formed but a very fractional part of the nation.

The unfortunate issue of the attempts of Lacy and of Porlier, having baffled the hopes, had considerably damped the ardour, of the friends of the constitution, when the government flushed by their easy successes over what they thought the utmost strength of the liberals; and in the imaginary security of recent triumph, resolved on sending an expedition for the reduction of the Americas, which had then well nigh achieved their independence, and were on the point of driving all that remained of the armies of the mother country into the sea. The expedition was assembled at Cadiz and at the Isla de San Fernando,* awaiting their embarkation, when the liberals determined to seize so favourable an opportunity, of re-establishing the liberties of the nation, by rendering the force that was intended to forge the chains of the colonists, the instrument of their own emancipation. The antipathy of both the officers and the soldiery, to the service on which they were proceeding, gave much facility to the operations of the liberals. Increase of pay, and escape from the dreaded shores to which they were destined, were ready inducements to the latter, while the officers found, in the brilliant hopes of ambition, and in the secret yearnings of opinion, persuasive advocates for leading the forlorn hope of the public freedom.

Quiroga and Riego planted the flag of the constitution in the Isle of Leon, on the first days of January 1820, at the head of 2 or 3,000 men, nearly half of them officers. Notwithstanding the almost unparalleled efforts of Riego, who, with a flying column of about 1500 men, penetrated into Estremadura, through Algesiras, Mulaga, and Cordova, pursued by General Joseph O'Donnell, with an immensely superior force, the insurrection was on the point of being quitted, when a simultaneous movement, in Galicia, caused the government to intrust its defence to the Conde de l'Abisbali, who, on taking the command of the army in La Mancha, instead of marching against the insurgents, proclaimed the constitution. The court submitted without a struggle, and the King consented a second time, to take the constitutional oath, on the 7th, March.

Thus, was achieved a revolution, in the accomplishment of which, the chief, indeed the only actors, were the men in whom the government depended for their defence and strength. It was in the strictest sense, a military revolution, for the people were merely spectators of the event; † they neither aided nor opposed the constitutionalists, but awe-struck by the boldness of the attempt, awaited in silence the result, during the short time that doubt hung over it, and sided, some with characteristic resignation, and others with silent satisfaction, with the stronger party, when the King's proclamation had resolved the problem. The suddenness of this movement, had outstripped the waryness of the most dangerous, and most watchful enemy of the liberals; the clergy were only aware of the revolution, when opposition was paralyzed by the irremedi-

* Also called the "Isla de Leon" and theatre of the late constitutional failure.

† Colonel Evarist San Miguel, afterwards Minister for the Foreign affairs, says in his narrative of Riego's march, published in August 1820, and which he accompanied as chief of the staff. "Throughout the progress of this column, we were received every where with applause, and were furnished with provisions in all directions; but nobody joined us."

able prostration of the polity to which they were linked; the tide set in too strongly and too rapidly, to allow them time for an organization of open resistance. They found themselves unprepared, in the presence of their spoilers: they submitted and conspired.

It is difficult to determine, whether the liberals could have maintained possession of the government, even had the French not entered Spain. There are eminent opinions on both sides of the question; but it must in truth be confessed, that the asserters of the affirmative, have generally national pride, as well as political prejudice, to swerve their judgment from what is possibly the fact. It is certain, that the apostolicals and the terrorists had, at the period of the invasion, reduced the country to a state of anarchy, of which the people were heartily tired; and it is no less true, as was proved in the sequel, that they were already willing to submit to the most absolute form of government, in order to get rid of the petty warfare that was desolating the land.

The great error of the Cortes, was their obstinate refusal to introduce any alteration in the constitution. They had had the experience of its unfitness, even at the time of its promulgation in 1812; and, in spite of that experience, with the daily additional proofs, not simply of its legislative inadequateness, but of its positive inimical tendencies to many interests in the country,—to deny any change, even of the minutest description, on account of one of its provisions declaring that no alteration should be introduced for a certain number of years, which had not yet expired,—was a sad instance of either shallow policy, or factious obstinacy;—it might be both.

This has been the fundamental misfortune of Spain. What were its concomitants?—A legislature and an executive at war with each other; both without experience, and each divided and subdivided into adverse and factious parties. An aristocracy and an hierarchy, smarting under a sense of degradation, from the abolition of all the privileges and distinctions of their order, save those which were merely nominal or ridiculous, *per se*; excluded by the constitution from any share in the legislature, excepting through the ordeal of popular election, in the operation of which their rights were recognized as no more than co-equal with those of the meanest citizen in the state. A numerous and exasperated clergy, in all but open warfare with the authorities, and employing every means, from the declamation of the pulpit, to the exhortation of the confessional, to enlist the fanatic sympathies of the mob, in the cause of a mutilated and suffering church. A people immersed in almost barbarian ignorance, strongly attached to their ancient monarchical and clerical institutions, and, moreover, especially devoted to their national prejudices, which combine a hatred and contempt for all things foreign, for no other reason, than because they are not Spanish. A discontented nation and an exhausted treasury; but what proved, perhaps, more hostile to the repose and prosperity of the country, than any of the calamitous ingredients we have enumerated, were the political clubs, whose restless turbulence and factious intrigues excited the mischievous propensities of the mob, misled or wearied the people, and domineered the government.*

* The excesses of these clubs are almost beyond credence. The principal ones were the Society of the Friends of Order, the patriotic clubs assembling at the Cafés Loranziñi and the Fontana de Oro, the Comunevos, the Landabarun, the Annillo Society, and that of the Order of the Hammer (Martillo). The death of

It would seem that nothing but the obedience to the powers that be, which forms so national a feature in the Spanish character, could have enabled the Cortes to carry on the government, under such opposing circumstances; and if this general feeling requires any further illustration, we need but refer to the nature of the resistance, which the Duke of Angoulême encountered on his march from Irun to Cadiz. Deputations met the invaders at every step; in all directions they were received by the noble and by the peasant as their deliverers; and this, assuredly, cannot be called the effect of fear, when we recollect the bearing of the Spanish nation, when the armies of the same people overspread their fields and occupied their cities and their fortresses but eleven years before. The spirit of the nation could not have changed; it was morally impossible to be so, therefore the contrast can only be accounted for in the distinctive feelings, with which the people of Spain view national independence and political freedom. In almost every town throughout the Peninsula, the stone of the constitution was thrown from its pedestal, long before the king had left Madrid on his flight to Cadiz, and at Seville, the last carriage of the royal cortège, had scarcely left the city on its journey south, when the people rose, and having proclaimed the constitution at an end, elected a provisional junta of government, independent of the self-nominated Constitutional Regency.

The long occupation of the country by the French, has ever been cited as a favourite argument by the assertors of Spanish liberalism; such persons, however, who depend on this, whereon to found their opinions, must either know but very little of the subject on which they reason, or wilfully shut their eyes on a fact, which is apparent to every person, who has not received his information of the country, exclusively from her expatriated partizans. The truth is, that when the French Government had completed the task of restoring Ferdinand and the Apostolics to their full and irresistible sway, they discovered that their utmost vigilance and power were necessary to preserve the country from the exterminating spirit of the re-action, which they had been so instrumental in giving strength to. The cabinet of the Tuileries professed interference with the affairs of Spain, for the sole purpose of rescuing the king from the hands of a faction, and of restoring to him his legitimate and constitutional authority. Their armies crossed the frontier for the avowed salvation of the country from a civil war, and the upshot of the expedition proved, that when they crushed the liberals, they evoked the apostolical faction, a monstrous category, breathing the deadliest asperations for revenge, the sating of which was only to be compassed by an universal massacre of the constitutionalists. To restrain this party from the exercise of the horrible prerogative they assumed to themselves,

Captain Landabaru, by the hands of the royal guard, was the origin of that which bears his name, and the assassination of the Curate Vinuesa, who was beaten to death by hammers, while in prison, charged with conspiring against the constitution, occasioned the order so called. Its members wore a small hammer attached to their button-holes, as a tacit demonstration of approval of this murder, which was committed at two o'clock in the day by about forty persons, who broke into the unhappy man's cell, and after the act paraded the streets, proclaiming the deed, and defying the authorities. The reason given by the assassins, was a report then prevailing, that the government intended to allow Vinuesa to escape the penalty of his crime. A demagogue, named Bertram de Lis, had in his pay an armed body of three to four hundred men, who not unfrequently were employed to awe the Cortes during their sittings. This force was quasi recognized by the government.

until the king's government could exercise its authority, was the object of the French occupation of Spain, and in that measure the preservation of the liberals was, at least, as much affected, as the consolidation of the power of the crown.

Since the departure of the French, the king's government have been enabled to maintain the balance between all parties, but it must be admitted, that the influence of the government was, until the events of July, mainly supported by the vicinage of the armies, to which they already had vowed their political resuscitation. The revolution, however, has again abandoned Spain and her factions, unrestrained and unprotected, to all the

"Domestic fury and fierce civil strife,"

which mutual and uncontrolled detestation can engender. It would be well to review the ingredients, strength, and position of these parties, whose animosity afflict the future expectations of Spain.

The apostolical faction, nicknamed by the liberals "los Serviles," which, though not ostensibly the reigning interest, holds the court in quasi vassalage, and domineers the nation. Its only check to open and entire dominion, is its own division; and were it not for that circumstance, its power and ramifications are such, that not only the ministry, but the king himself would only exist "*durante bene placito*." This party is divided into two interests, the Carlists and the Royalists; but the latter again are subdivided into two sects, the adherents to the person of the king and advocates of his absolutism, and the friends of the principle of royal despotism, unconnected with personal considerations, but opposed to the supremacy of ultramontanism. The Carlists are solely and entirely devoted to, and identified with, the prince, by whose name they are designated, or rather he is the acknowledged leader of the party, whose principles are the ultraism of apostolicism.* The avowed hopes on which this party founded their expectations, ere the late marriage of the king, were Don Carlos' eventual succession to the throne. The Salic law, which the Bourbons introduced into Spain, at the accession of Phillip V. was, shortly after that event, annulled, and the queen proving *enciente*, the Carlists were thus deprived of their last legitimate hope for power. The birth of an Infanta has since then aggravated all the rancour of the Carlists, and has mooted a point which may require a civil war to decide. The question is rather a delicate one for the apostolicals to argue on; for, after preaching and enforcing the doctrine of the king's absolute right, which, as long as their influence tyrannized his councils, was an useful auxiliary, they have found at last, and most inconveniently, that they have thus empowered him to assault their dearest interest; and that any resistance to him would, in its merest demonstration, be a refutation of the principle of their political vitality. The theory, however, to which they appeal, wherewith to escape from the horns of this dilemma, is, that the king's absolution does not extend to the repeal of the fundamental laws of the monarchy; the laws, by the observance of which alone he possesses his crown and uncontrolled authority in every other respect.

* It is said that this party is not so numerous as it was, on account of the long delays and frequent frustration of their hopes. Their leaders have little but promises to bestow, on which they have feasted until they have sickened.

It need hardly be averred, that the directing spirit of the apostolical party are the priesthood; and it is a curious reflection, that the same party, which had exerted their influence so strenuously and so successfully in purging the Peninsula of the legions of Napoleon, and whose war-cry was then liberty, independence, and national honour, should have since so far lost sight of the principles which actuated them in that struggle, as to join their former enemies in a crusade for the extirpation of every scintillation of political freedom, on the very scene from whence they had so lately driven them,—their native country. This, at first sight, seems contradictory, but the fact is, that while the apostolicals in the war of independence used every means of warfare against the French, which the most ruthless hatred could suggest, it was no less as the foes of their supremacy and dominion, than as the invaders of their country that they regarded them; and, indeed, the circumstances which induced them to fraternize with the French in 1823, for the subjugation of their countrymen, not only shows, that whatever patriotism they may have ever possessed, had merged into a selfish prosecution of the interests of a cabal, but likewise infers a doubt, whether any part of their former exertions resulted so much from regard for their country's honour, as from national antipathy and fear of the revolutionary tendencies of a compromise with the invader.

The secular ingredients of this party may not be very inaccurately estimated, as comprising a considerable proportion of the lower orders of the population throughout the country, a portion of the grandera, and a great majority of the government empleados;* these last form a very numerous body, and, as almost every emplea is obtained through intrigue or partizanship, they have naturally, since the apostolical revolution of 1823, been filled by the well-affected to its principles. One of the first measures of the apostolical government, on its resuscitation, was to create a militia for the defence of the re-established order of things: this armed body, called the Royalist Volunteers, consists, in most parts of Spain, of the veriest dregs of society; they are universally looked upon, notwithstanding their designation and the object and intention of their enrolment, as the body-guard of the church, and as the sworn champions of its ultraism, "*per fas et nefas*." This opinion is in the main correct, but there is no doubt, that there are many persons who help to swell their ranks, who have no further reason for so doing, than either the object of pay and equipment, or to obviate suspicion of an inclination to liberalism.

This body, the prætorian bands of Spain, are justly considered as a fit object for apprehension on the part of the king's government. Though their appellation would infer them to be a defence and support to the throne, they are viewed, and with apparent reason, as the physeque and most dangerous instrument of the Carlists. Several conspiracies, in favour of that prince,† have from time to time been divulged, in which

* Official employés. Such situation are the day-dreams of every Spaniard; the pay is generally small, but sufficient for the limited necessities of the crowds of Don Fulanos, whose happiness is centred in a cegaritto, the Café, the Paseo, and the Siesta. The duties usually correspond with the feasibility of their enjoyments.

† In the month of November, 1830, several hundred circulars were found at the post-office at Madrid, directed to every part of the Peninsula, calling upon the Carlists to rise on a fixed day, to massacre the liberals and to overthrow the government. Two days afterwards a printing press was discovered, in an obscure

their leaders have been implicated, of which projects, no less than three were discovered in the autumn of 1830; one of these, it was ascertained, had very extensive ramifications among their ranks, and the 1st of October, the anniversary of the king's liberation from Cadiz, when the Royalist Volunteers mount guard at the palace, by honourable prescription, was fixed on for the development of the plot.*

The two other parties are the moderates and the liberals. From the ban, under which liberalism now labours, it is difficult to obtain any precise information respecting the numerical strength of the affixed to its principles. A partial approach to the truth may, however, be made, by reference to the numbers who entered into the spirit of the revolution of 1820; some of them have been purified,† and now proclaim their loyalty "*aliquid plus quam satis est*;" this is one reason for the general opinion, that the allegiance of the purificados, with its "sound and fury" has "that within which passeth show." The indefinidos, who have passed but a stage of the purifying process, and of whom the bare toleration by the government, does not exempt from the most harassing surveillance, are, whatever may have been the soundness of their former liberalism, forced into it now by persecution and poverty. They are mostly military men, who have distinguished themselves in the constitutional armies. The great body of the merchants and tradesmen may be classed among the liberals; for though the extreme penalties which are attached to any expression of liberal principles,‡ and the extensive

house near the palace, where were found several other documents, throwing light on a very extensive conspiracy on the eve of striking a decisive blow in favour of the infant Don Carlos. It was reported that the prince was, in consequence, placed under arrest; it is, however, certain that the discovery occasioned a personal altercation between him and the king.

* This affair occasioned the following extraordinary emanation from the "Ministerio de Guerra," which we literally translate from the original. "The following royal order, dated the 7th inst. (October), has been circulated by the Minister at War. The king, our master, being well aware of the mischievous system adopted by a small but crafty portion of his ill-disposed subjects, who, under pretence of reforming the public administration, omit no means of disturbing the peace and tranquillity which his majesty's beloved subjects now enjoy, commands me to charge all the authorities of the kingdom to assist, with all their power and zeal, in upholding his sovereign and imprescriptible rights; with the understanding that any reform, which imperious circumstances produced by revolutionary means, may oblige his majesty to adopt, and as a means of preserving the kingdom from greater evils, shall be considered as forced upon him, and as consequently null and void, and is to be looked upon in that light only: and any authority, which shall conform to orders given in that sense under any other impression, will incur his majesty's displeasure." The royal order, issued ostensibly against the Constitutionalists, then on the frontier, was printed, but not published, as the corps diplomatique, on hearing of it, proceeded to the palace, and persuaded M. Salmon, the minister for foreign affairs, of its utter folly and mischievous tendency.

† Purification is a species of political quarantine, through which every person connected with the constitution must pass, ere they can again be freely admitted among the "Amados Vasallos" of his majesty. The original material of a purificado is a "sospechado," or a suspected person. The testimonials of a royalists, stating that his liberalism had been effected by coercion, bodily fear, or some other reason alien to conviction, or may be a little bribery to the alcade or the quaranters, are the processes for obtaining the certificates of purification. The indefinidos are those persons, who, having obtained testimonials, or gone through some other stage, have not succeeded in obtaining the certificate.

‡ In April, 1831, a man, who was known to be half crazy, was hanged at Madrid during the holy week, a thing unprecedented, from calling out in the streets when intoxicated, "Viva la libertad," "muera las realutas," to which he had been in-

system of espionage, have effectually barred up the ordinary avenues to information of the real sentiments of those classes; the liberality of their political opinions may be easily gathered, by observing those they entertain on commercial and such other subjects of policy, on the discussions of which there may be no restrictions. The commercial system of Spain, being an almost universal code of monopoly, the merchantile community not only labour under all its immediate disadvantages, but are likewise borne down by the lamentable sterility of the national resources, resulting from the same cause. This system, they are all aware, is inseparably linked with the existence of the present order of things; they know that its withering influence on their industry is part of the policy of the crown, which thus gains two objects: the profits arising from the government monopolies, and prices paid by contractors for similar restrictive advantages in other branches of commerce; and the preservation of the vital principle on which hinges the duration of its despotism, namely, the depression of the *tiers état*. The merchantile classes are also, by their habits of mind and acquaintance with foreign countries, divested of many of the prejudices, which clog the understandings of most of their fellow countrymen, and, by the same reason, understand the tactics of the government in compressing their activity and enterprize, and, it may be inferred, resent it. This feeling, as far as it is political, as we have before observed, is not openly expressed; but we have had occasions of hearing it privately entertained, by persons who, "*à premier abord*," professed to maintain opposite opinions on those subjects, where they were not altogether mute. The merchantile classes, therefore, with the exception of those few commercial houses which, holding contracts, or possessing monopolies, are linked in with the government and dependent on its stability, are by interest and understanding, anxious for a reform in the state. A small portion of the *grandeza* are looked up to as imbued with liberality of sentiment; their numbers, and the extent of their liberalism, are, we are inclined to think, but very limited; nor are we enabled to point out any *grandees* of the first class, with the exception, perhaps, of the Prince of Anglona and the Marquess de las Amarillas, in whom we can hope to find a bias towards a popular government, however restricted the representation or the constituency, the legislative rights of the one, or the elective franchise of the other.* The experience of even these noblemen, may probably have given a distaste for such things.

There are, doubtless, thousands of persons in low circumstances, and sub-officers in the army, who would be glad, as the history of the late revolution has shewn, to see a political convulsion in the state, that would tend to upset the exclusive system, which now debars all advance in the military service, to those whose blood may not happen to be of the privileged colour;† and would, as a necessary concomitant to

cited by the jeers of some royalists at a *taverna*. Antonio Miyar, a bookseller, was also hanged, for being found in company with Captain Marcuartu, who was in correspondence with Mina, and who, when the *alguazils* entered his house to arrest him, leapt from his window into the street and escaped, leaving the unfortunate Miyar to satiate their baulked vengeance. He was executed on suspicion.

* Both these noblemen were exiled for their services to the nation during the constitutional regime. The Marquess was arrested in July, 1812, on the accession of the San Miguel administration, on account of the revolt of the royal guards.

† The service is not quite so select as it was, when ten cadets were promoted to commissions, to one subaltern from the ranks. To have a portion of *sangre azul*

the fall of one faction, and the ascendancy of another, afford a rich harvest of emblems to the latter. It would indeed be unfair to disguise, that civil dissensions in no country can so well merit the designation of a *guerre d'emplois*, as in Spain. This fact, which, under the actual circumstances, is favourable to the hopes of the liberals, as it gives to their cause the strength of numberless mercenary alliances, augurs, however, sadly for any future pacification of party spirit.

It may naturally be supposed, that in Spain, as in the rest of Europe, the students matriculated at the universities and public colleges, are in the advance of the rest of the nation, in the liberality of their ideas. This is the case with those attending the schools of medicine, anatomy, natural philosophy, and all sciences which superinduce original inquiry, and habits of investigation. These young men ascribe, and with reason, the mediocrity above which science so seldom soars in Spain, to the inveterate adherence to ancient usage, in the regulation of their studies, which is completely incompatible with the spirit of modern improvement, and to the miserable system of court favouritism, in the selection of professors. Conscious that the inferiority to which they are thus confined, results from the universal cause of the national decadence, their youthful enthusiasm "cribbed and cabined" in the trammels which encumber the pursuit of science, finds occupation in political speculations, and a liberal bias from the inimical tendency of the existing institutions towards their own especial interests.* With regard to the schools of law, constituted as they are on the principle of the canonical institutions of the universities, of which they form part, and the semi-clerical nature of their studies, the same causes cannot be referred to, to account for much the same spirit prevailing among the students, though certainly not to the same extent. The other public schools, and those of Madrid without exception, among which the "Seminario de Nobles," the "Colegio Imperial," and the "Colegio de Donna Maria de Aragon," are pre-eminent, are under the direction of the Jesuits. Nobility of extraction, or connection with the ruling party, are the requisite qualifications for admission into these schools. The royal guard is generally recruited from them, from which are, from time to time, selected a certain number of students, to whom commissions are presented. Yet it is whispered that the royal guard is not to be completely confided in; that liberalism has made inroads even among them.†

The next great party in the state are the moderados, or moderates. By the apostolics they are branded and hated as liberals; and the liberals, in their turn, scarcely distinguish them from the apostolics.

(blue blood), or, at all events, to belong to the Hidalguia, used to be the requisite qualifications for a cadet. Political services have, however, introduced candidates from among the plebeian friends of the government, and thus a partial innovation has been forced into the system.

* At the period for opening the colleges, in the spring of 1831, M. Calomarde, the late Minister of Grace and Justice, sent for the Principal of the surgical school of San Carlos, at Madrid, and asked him if he could be responsible for the political conduct of the students. The Professor declined, and the schools were not opened. This was about the time of Torrijos' and Maaranares' attempts in the south.

† From what experience has shewn of the Spanish soldiers, Sir Robert Walpole's aphorism may be safely consulted by the liberals. If they would commence the revolution, they must buy the army. There will be no difficulty beyond procuring the money.

The ostensible head of this party is the king, whose indolence is well pleased, to find in this policy the authority of the crown unquestioned, and its power maintained, without recurring to the continual activity of persecution, which the apostolicals advocate.* This party support the principle of the government, which we will here endeavour to explain.

The capitulation of Cadiz transferred the king's person and his government from one faction to another; and the king was not slow in finding that, from Scylla, he had escaped into Charybdis. This was by no means the intention of the French government, and their armed occupation gave time and opportunity for the formation of an intermediate party, which should enable a government of moderate principles to maintain itself, by holding the balance between the two hostile factions.

The nation having undergone a bitter experience of the miseries inherent to rule by faction, saw with pleasure men of moderate principles adopted into the government; and it was not long before their salutary influence was beneficially and successfully manifested, by their neutralization of much of the tyrannical and vindictive spirit of their apostolical colleagues. But the task was not an easy one, as their power was exposed to the assaults of both the contending parties, ere any consolidation of the national peace gave confidence and strength to that portion of the community, who, as the friends of order, and of the public weal, looked to the government for protection in the exercise of their peaceable avocations. The last few years have, however, tended to give comparative stability to the moderados, and thereby to the government. Their system of administration, approaching to common sense, if not to wisdom, and pursued almost with firmness, though certainly not with energy, has found supporters in the hopes they give of better days. It has drawn recruits both from the apostolicals and the liberals, in the persons of those who merely sought refuge under the wing of either party, at a time when every Spaniard was forced, in self-defence, to be a partisan. These desertions, however, render the ministry an object of unquenchable odium to those who still steadfastly identify themselves with the ultra tenets by which they have thriven or have suffered.

This is likewise a reason why the moderate party necessarily bears the imprints of all shades and colours; and as a body on which the ministry might, in case of need, rely for active support, they have not yet acquired either adequate consistency, a knowledge of their strength, or confidence among themselves. Indeed, the multifarious and discordant ingredients of their composition, militate against their organization to such an end, as well as the motives by which they lean to the government, which are quiet and protection at any time, even to the abandon-

* The king's connection with this party, and the actuating principles of his conduct, may perhaps be understood by a perusal of the following extract of a letter, dated Madrid, 7th October, 1830. It is from a close observer of the court proceedings.—“The Philippines are the avowed destination of the conspirators mentioned in my last. But the king has again given a proof of his vacillating character, and the dread he entertains of the apostolicals, by listening to the petition these persons have addressed to him, for a commutation of the sentence. Rofino Gonzales has persuaded him to allow him to remain in La Mancha; and the Padre Ceril has obtained permission to reside at Seville. This last person, who is a monk, and the general of his order, is one of the most indefatigable enemies of the liberals, and, possessing some talent and much influence, is justly looked upon as a leading and a dangerous character. The secret of the favour extended to Gonzales, is his marriage with the sister of the king's mistress.

ment of the last vestige of their ancient liberties. The government have accordingly been obliged to resort to auxiliary means of controuling the angry and conflicting interests which alternately and simultaneously menace their existence. This has hitherto been accomplished, by nourishing a mutual dread, and an increasing hatred between the parties; and by assuming, at the same time, by the aid of France, until the late revolution in that country, a strong intervening position, from which they were enabled to keep either in awe, by assuming to themselves the only means of keeping the others in check. The French Revolution was almost a death-blow to this system. It paralyzed the ministry, encouraged the liberals, and infuriated the apostolicals. The government, however, still totters on, repelling the secret and overt attacks of both parties, under the cover of its expiring prestige. This state of things may linger on for a longer or a shorter duration of time, according to the progress of European events; but it cannot last; and the only speculation is, when and how the revolution will be effected.

The actual position of parties does not lead to the conclusion that the ignition of the train will proceed from the liberals; notwithstanding the restless and indomitable character of their several leaders, so dreadful are the penalties to which an unsuccessful attempt would expose them, not to mention the inevitable ordeal of horrors they would have to endure, ere they could arrive at the termination of a fortunate struggle, however short; but unbearable must be the persecution, or great the opportunity, that would induce them to incur the brunt of the hostility of the government, and the alarmed vengeance of the apostolicals. So extensive, likewise, is the system of police espionage, and so frequently has treachery marred the secret machinations of the liberals, that suspicion has intercepted their mutual communications, and their strong holds are blockaded by terror. Experience of the cabals which desolated the prospects of the late revolution, also render many, who are more or less theorists in liberalism, apprehensive, or at least lukewarm, as to a return to a regime which may be accompanied by, perhaps, as much evil as good. A larger proportion are spirit-broken, by the accumulated calamities incident to their position, and feel more of the depression of despair, than of its desperation; they are sick at heart, and are no longer to be aroused by Hope, with Danger at her side.

It is apparently from the Carlists that we are to expect the opening of the drama; and the succession to the throne seems the question which will probably set the nation by the ears. The very precarious state of the king's health, renders it very probable, that though the queen should, in the course of time, present the nation with a prince of the

"The truth of all this is, that the king is frightened at the act of his government; and to conciliate this party, he thus embarrasses his ministers, to whose position, to save himself, he gratuitously adds new danger. The king's conduct in this, as in every thing else, is selfish, cowardly, and wretchedly impolitic. He adopts a ministry, to preserve himself from the dictation of the apostolicals; and when that thwarted dictation assumes treason against his person and his government, he shelters himself behind his ministry, and finds safety in their decision and determination. Saved from immediate peril, he tampers with the faction he has disappointed and enraged; and for personal reconciliation, exposes his supporters to their vindictiveness, by actually regenerating their means and their strength. The service of such a prince, a service based on despotism and violence, is thus retributively paid by ingratitude, surrounded by danger, and weakened by contempt and disunion."

Asturias, a long minority will offer too favourable and too frequent opportunities, to the disturbers, for the pursuance of their plans. Should the king die without male issue, a revolution will no longer be a matter of conjecture, but a moral certainty; for it requires, even now, the utmost vigilance on the part of the government, and the strongest exercise of the little energy they possess, to restrain the Carlists; and secret means, it is said, have been more than once detected, which aimed at the king's life. Whether this be true or not, it is manifestly the interest of the Carlists, that the royal demise should take place, when the abrogation of the Salic law should be the only obstacle to the accession of Don Carlos. Thus, the only circumstance by which the peace of the kingdom has the slightest chance of being preserved, that of the king's existence lingering until a son of his, yet unborn, arrive at the age of puberty, is one connected with such contingencies, as to render its occurrence of the remotest probability. The resources of the apostolicals are, at present, the only means the government can avail themselves of, to meet any extraordinary emergency, and may at any time be as dangerous, as they have lately been found useful. The progress of the constitutionalists, in the course of last year (1831), was mainly arrested by this assistance, and the exertions of the royalist volunteers: for so dilapidated were the revenues of the monarchy, that the regular service was found both insufficient and unworthy of reliance. The result of this was felt immediately: military commissions, and prevotal courts were instituted, and arbitrary arrests took place in every part of the Peninsula; and several atrocious executions served to shew that the ministry were for the conjuncture, acting under the dictation of the apostolicals. These events have practically illustrated, beyond question, the impossibility of continued tranquillity to the nation, in obedience to the actual government. The late occurrences in Europe, and those which, in the course of things, must inevitably take place, have and will strengthen and encourage the liberals, without infusing any mediatory relaxation into the policy of the apostolicals. The government, which now is endeavouring to improve the natural resources of the country, by making and maintaining roads, contracting for the projection and completion of canals, instituting *diligence* companies, fostering infant manufactories, and, by various other beneficial innovations, have shewn a spirit, which, though slow in action, is worthy of commendation, will inevitably find themselves, ere long, between a choice of concessions to liberals, or fraternization with the apostolicals. Half measures will no longer be tenable: at such a period, they will have more than the disadvantages of ultraism, with no prospect of a beneficial issue.

It would seem an impossibility that the king or his government can ever again connect themselves with the liberals—with the men, whom, under the denomination of revolutionists, they have held up to the execration of the nation; whom they have aggrieved by every variety of insult and calamitous visitation; and most of whose leaders, to whom the king and the country are under obligations for life and freedom, are now wandering abroad under the humble stigma of outlawry, and recommended, with diplomatic iteration, to the especial persecution of those foreign governments to whose protection, under whose aegis of international hospitality and neutrality, they may have consigned themselves. Such an amalgamation would give the lie to eight years of government, during which the right divine has been vindicated by

bloodshed and persecution, and liberalism exorcised with something more than the ceremonies of "bell, book, and candle." Then what are to become of the recollections of former days, of broken faith, traitorous promises, holy perjuries, and of no less holy vengeance. Can there be faith and charity in such an unnatural alliance? We should say—No.

Let us see how an alliance may be effected between the government and the apostolicals. It requires little desertion of principle, or rather of opinion, on the one part; moderation, so called, to persecution; the creed is essentially the same—the distinction is in the practice. The wealth of the clergy, though much deteriorated of late years, would be liberally supplied to a government undertaking the re-establishment of the Inquisition and the abolished immunities of the church. It was put forth at the hour of common danger, the late irruption of the constitutionalists, but the peril being past, was again withheld; thus serving both as a temptation and a warning to the ministry. The obstinate policy and pride of the Court, which has been so disastrously shewn two centuries ago in its operation in the Low Countries, and more lately to the present time, in all the details of his colonial dismemberments, is another obstacle to the free marching of the government. An immense number of empleas, connected with the home colonial administration, which are now sinecures in the strictest sense of the term, are, notwithstanding the wretched state of the finance, still kept up, partly because the crazy vanity of the Court cannot allow such an admission of the independence of the states in question, which these unfilled appointments would warrant; and partly because the lopping off of these salaries would convert thousands of time-serving intriguers into secret and dangerous enemies.

A word or two on the nobility. We have as yet said little or nothing on this branch of the subject, and for a very good reason; that it is immeasurably that part of it which is of the least consequence. The *grandees* have neither influence, character, talents, nor power. The body-servants of the king, they have no voice in his councils, and are regarded by the government as the mere puppets of the Court, "*thickly scattered to make up a show.*" Their influence, as a body, is a cipher: few of them, around the royal family, undoubtedly exercise the occult genius of their order, in their privileged science of intrigue; but this is seldom called into action for any higher purpose than the displacing of a chamberlain, or the installation of a chief cook. The ambition of the proud oligarchy of Spain seldom commits itself beyond the precincts of the palace. The policy of Richelieu never degraded the French aristocracy to the level of that, which is now the object of contemptuous indifference to all Spaniards. It is true that they were worthy and useful instruments, though unconsciously so, to the priesthood and apostolicals, who made good use of the slight cast on them by the constitution, which did not accord them an hereditary voice in the legislature. It was a thriving argument at a distance from the capital, where the venerable institutions of the monarchy are considered as an affair of divine arrangement; but it is too well known that, notwithstanding all the wrongs emanating from the constitutional regime, it accorded to the *grandees*, when they chose to exercise the universal privilege, more in the legislature than they have enjoyed either immediately before or since. But they did not exercise it, as, in a plain phrase, it was not in their line. Their wealth, though great, is mostly so mortgaged and otherwise tied up, that from its unavailability, it forms no item in any

influence they may be imagined to controul. Their politics, if the term can be so misused, are attached to the present state of things, which gives them a master to flatter, a court to revel in, a nation to feed on, and the privilege of wearing a hat in the royal presence.

Such are the anarchial and worthless materials of the body politic of Spain, which render her an anomaly among nations, a political enigma to be solved only by a close and attentive observer of her nationalism; by one well disposed to follow up the infinite details of her manifold contradictions; by one willing, on entering upon his task, to throw overboard all his preconceived and European ideas of political effects and causes, and to adopt an entirely distinct mode of judging facts and events, a mode current only in Spain, and untranslatable beyond the Pyrenees, and through the medium of which alone every thing that is Spanish, from polemics to bull-fighting, must be considered.

From these causes, whatever may be the fate of Spain, it can as yet only be a matter of speculative uncertainty. It is fortunate for this poor, proud, and patient people, that the influence of the clergy, though still great, is considerably on the wane. When the struggle shall arrive, this will be beneficially felt. The religious part of apostolicism exists with the people—its political portion with their leaders; the first is perceptibly dying away, and as it cannot be replaced, the other, of which it is the spirit and vitality, must with it gradually decline into innocuous exhaustion: we may thus hope eventually for better times.

But whatever may be the solution of the problem, the immediate prospect certainly looks gloomy in the extreme. The misfortunes of the nation, and the mismanagement of its government, have sapped and ruined the natural and commercial resources of this unhappy country; these a few years of peaceful industry might re-establish; but ages, we fear, will scarcely suffice to bring the mind of the nation to the healthy state requisite for their cultivating them with advantage, and for the understanding their true interests, unless a total overthrow of the present system of monopoly in commerce, bigotry in religion, and absolutism in politics, do shortly occur, to pave the way for the Spanish people to resume their rank among European nations. Ere this can take place, or even the preceding struggle, there will be much aggravating oppression on one side, and an accumulation of wrongs on the other, which, when the time arrives, will present a frightful picture of hatred and retaliation.

Notwithstanding the favourable aspect assumed by the late change in affairs, Ferdinand, should he recover, will not regard the liberals more favourably than he has ever done. He will look on both parties with equal suspicion. The change was occasioned from merely personal feeling, in which principle had no share; it is therefore impossible to say what effect an abject concession on the other part might effect. This good, however, is manifest, that a number of liberal men will be restored to their country, which cannot fail to infuse an additional spirit of liberality into public opinion. It will so far accelerate the progress of freedom, that when the struggle does arrive it will be of shorter continuance. The change in Spain will ultimately be violent. The apostolics must oppose it, and perhaps at first with success; but the liberals will ultimately most fearfully avenge their long sufferings. *Tempus monstrabit.*

LORD MAHON'S WAR IN SPAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR—I have many acknowledgments to return for your attention in forwarding the letter from my Lord Mahon, which I have great pleasure in copying in your pages. May I respectfully beg his Lordship to allow me thus to thank him for his very courteous communication. He will remember, that in the article introducing Madame de Muci to the public, as connected with General Stanhope, it was freely stated that the general authority of the class of writings to which these Memoirs belong is *as low as well can be*. But many very close coincidences between two narratives of the same events, raised, in this case, a strong suspicion that the writer had actually been at Madrid during the scenes described; whence the question, “Was there any mistress accompanying Stanhope in this retreat, or no?” Being at present in the country, where I have no reference to the article my Lord Mahon mentions as in the *Biographie Universelle*, where “the fable of Madame de Muci” is quoted as “a vague rumour,” I cannot discover whether this rumour is referred there to these Memoirs, or other general sources. It is undeniably true, in my Lord Mahon’s words, that “persons of good judgment and historical knowledge” would not give the slightest credit to such Memoirs as these, wholly unsupported by external or internal evidence or coincidences; but from the period of the arrival of Madame de Muci at Madrid, the account wears an accuracy of feature, compared with Lord Mahon’s History, which almost warrants the positive conclusion that the writer must have been then upon the spot. The question then arises, Who is the writer, and what portion of the narrative is true? The unfortunate delay at Brihueja, with a General like Vendome at his heels, and the prolonging this delay a day longer than the time fixed, as well as the completeness of his surprize—all are so unlike the general military talents and conduct of General Stanhope, as to make us look around for some reason for a thing so unaccountable at a first sight. The silence of all the English enemies of General Stanhope, and the disproof of the account of the journey from Lima to Pampeluna, go strongly, *pro tanto*, against these Memoirs. Still General Stanhope may have had a mistress, and this mistress may have delayed him at Brihueja, and this delay may have lost the army, even though Mademoiselle D.’s “*Memoires*” be a mere romance. It was Buonaparte who, speaking of an assault he had ordered to please a mistress, which lost many lives, said that instances of this kind were more numerous than ever would be credited. Peradventure some light may hereafter be thrown upon the origin and authority of this rumour, by those diligent pioneers of historical discoveries who ferret out private memoirs and letters. Lord Mahon will not understand these remarks as attempting to *prove a direct charge* against his illustrious ancestor, but as soliciting information about a story which possesses some curious coincidences with reality.

Copy of a Letter received by the Author of this article from Lord Mahon.

“My attention has been directed to an article headed ‘General Stan-
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hope and Madame de Muci," in the *Monthly Magazine* of last month. In that article I see it stated that the writer has no other motive for referring to these memoirs, than the desire to ascertain the facts with respect to the unfortunate surrender of an English army, and that he would be glad to be shewn reasons to change his belief, and as I think these professions of candour fully borne out by the tone and temper of your other remarks, I do not hesitate to address you upon the subject. I may observe, in the first place, that I was not, as you suppose, unacquainted with the fable of Madame de Muci. It is quoted as a vague rumour, in the *Biographie Universelle*, article *Philippe V.* But I really did not think it possible, until I read your article, that any person of good judgment or historical knowledge, could have given the slightest credit to so extravagant a fiction; and I, therefore, in writing my history, treated it wholly as undeserving of notice. It admits, however, of a very short and easy refutation. I need say nothing of the gross improbability of every part of the story, nor of the silence of all the English writers, who have examined the capitulation of Brihueje, some of whom, as political enemies of General Stanhope, would have been well pleased to find any ground of accusation against him. It is enough to be able to establish a most complete *alibi*. At the very time when, according to Madame Muci, General Stanhope was travelling with her in disguise through France to Pamplona, we can trace her progress, step by step, from England through Germany to Genoa, where he transacted some important public business, and where, as I have mentioned in my history, he embarked on the 16th of May; landing at Barcelona, he joined the army at Agramont on the 26th of the same month, and from that period continued during the campaign, to direct the operations as commander-in-chief of the British troops. All these movements rest on public and incontrovertible documents. I need not trouble you any farther; but I beg in conclusion, to return you my acknowledgments of the very flattering manner in which you are pleased to speak of my historical productions. You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter.

November 2, 1832.

GOD'S WITH US AND VICTORY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

What is nobler 'neath the heaven,
Than when battle's signal's given,
When the martial trumpet's sound,
When the stormy drum is pealing,
When the chargers round are wheeling,
And brave blood bedews the ground!
What is nobler than the bearing—
Firm and calm and manly daring—
That the veteran warrior shows;
When like heaven's own lightning flashing,
Thundering guns around are crashing—
Hailing death among our foes!
Oh, 'tis noble, when dread traces
Pale hues on our foemen's faces,
And to save base life they flee;
Then the battlements of heaven,
By ten thousand tongues are riven,
God's with us and victory!

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

MAGISTERIAL MUMMERIES.—Amongst the many minor subjects for reform, which must shortly extend to the law, as well as to the church and state, none would more beneficially feel its influence, than the present magistracy of the police. The unhappy effects of Tory rule is nowhere more glaringly apparent, than in the appointment of superior officers in this important department. Competition amongst men qualified by nature and education for this department of our social system, there is none. Borough patronage has extended itself through the court, camp, and church, down to the very tread-mill. The protégé of a borough lord *must* be appointed to every vacancy in every department. The very sweeper of the House of Correction is recommended by the Duke of Newcastle.

Qualification in a police magistrate, there is none. We beg pardon—we believe it is limited in one sense. The candidate must have dined so many times, during so many terms, in one of the halls of one of the courts of law. The very atmosphere of such a place, it is said, bears so miraculous a quality, to say nothing of the exciting steam of its qualifying legs of mutton and baked potatoes, that men have been known to enter the wondrous portals—fools, and *exeunt* Solons!

This may account for the astounding oracles uttered daily by the high-priests or law-givers of this temple of thieves, or court of police;—for mind, they give no laws but their own:—a shrewd device,—by which the busy Harmers, Edmundses, Woollers, and Humphries, who are so continually meddling with these sages, are sometimes utterly confounded. But the chief evil consists in the complete discretionary power possessed by this worshipful bench, over the liberties of their fellow men, by the various *amendments* of the Vagrant Laws. This has been a fruitful source of misery to the unfortunate.

A scene occurred at Bow-Street, a short time since, which brought tears into the eyes of many of the spectators. A wretched man, his wife, and three children, were brought to the office, charged with the crime of having no bread to eat, and no home to shelter them! The case was quickly dispatched;—but a short shrift remains for the miserable:—the parents were consigned, for one month, to the tender mercies of the tread-mill, and the children were to be otherwise disposed of. The separation of the children from their parents was appalling; the poor innocents clung around their natural protectors, and the heart-broken mother, by screams and tears, by turns beseeching and threatening, vainly endeavoured to excite the compassion of their merciless superiors! Thief-takers and gaolers were indeed moved; but the heart of a magistrate is made of sterner stuff. The chief magistrate remarked, that prison-keepers had found the presence of children with their parents *inconvenient*. Again, a poor mechanic from Manchester, wandered, with his daughter, a girl about 16 years of age, to London, in search of employment. He had heard of adventurers, equally friendless as himself, having been thrice lord mayor, and visions of the gilded coach might have flitted before his eyes. A short sojourn in our hospitable metropolis, convinced him of the futility of his hopes, whatever they might have been; and being detected in the glaring criminality of begging a

morsel of bread for his starving child, he was brought up for punishment. A month at the tread-mill was instantly awarded to him, as a matter of course, and his child was dismissed from the office. In vain did the poor destitute girl inquire whither she was to go. She was told to go home!—and this unhappy young creature was actually taken from her father—he guilty of no crime but poverty—and thrust, a friendless outcast and a beggar, into the streets of London!

Gracious God! do we live in a christian land, or in a den of thieves? Ought we to credit our senses, when we are told that men, who are placed and paid to protect innocence, and prevent crime, should be the oppressors of the one, and the chief supporters of the other? Where are the members of the various christian communities, who yearly expend thousands for some imaginary good? Where are the Pharisees, that wander up and down our great city, smiting their breasts, and calling on the Lord to witness their devotion to His cause? Where are they, we would ask, to suffer such scenes to pass under their very eyes, without rebuke—that can allow destitution to sit at their very threshold, and not extend the hand of charity? We could point out a shorter way to the object these philanthropists profess to have in view. Let them be on the watch for such objects as we have pointed out. A word of comfort to the heart-broken—a loaf of bread to the starving—will open the hearts to impressions which they might vainly endeavour to make, by all the Pharisaical and affected displays of oratory, that ever congregated idlers and pickpockets at Cold-Bath-Fields or Charing-Cross.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST!—It appears that a certain squad of worthies have congregated themselves together in the City, to devise the best means, at this critical time, of embarrassing his Majesty's Ministers. The occupation is worthy of the men; and a notable expedient have they hit upon—nothing less than petitioning the King to stay the war! It reminds us of a sick lady screaming out to a captain to stop the ship! Really these lost, unhappy Tories, will shortly excite the compassion, even of their opponents.

Who began the war? Was it not the chiefs of a party, which has now dwindled down into this poor specimen of a lost, broken-down, despised, and beggarly faction? What is the history of the war? Every one knows in what manner we were pledged by our Tory masters, in concert with the despots of Europe, to oblige the Dutch and the Belgians to certain conditions; and every one is likewise aware, that the King of Holland pledged himself to abide by them. And what is the result? Why, that the Dutch King had been playing with us the whole time. He never intended to give up Antwerp, nor Belgium neither; and only awaits the death of the Prussian King, which is daily expected to set us all at defiance! What then remains for us to do, but to finish, as well and as speedily as possible, what has been badly begun? Were the measures of the party to which these men belong, in vogue in our day, every man of them would be hung in chains, or transported. Were the bloody days of Castlereagh, Sidmouth, and others, to be revived, this very night, instead of hatching plots by their own fire-sides, would they be in Newgate! and with much more justice than were poor Holcroft, Hardy, and their companions, dragged from their homes to prison, and made to undergo that terrible ordeal, which,—

so glaring was the injustice,—ended in the eternal shame and disgrace of their savage persecutors.

But what makes all this City job the more scandalous, is, that it is enacted under the specious and hypocritical mask of a *patriotic desire for peace*. Now, if we had space, we would expose the charlatanism of these pretended patriots. Almost all these humble petitioners are more or less, directly or indirectly, connected with the Dutch trade, and are, therefore, fearful of being injured in their commercial relations. Then why not boldly say so? Why not petition on that score at once? No, that would not answer the purpose; their malignant Tory spleen would not be gratified. It would be a course too manly and straightforward for a faction who delight in nothing so much as juggling the multitude, and are now mystifying the deluded remnant of their own poor, despised party, while William of Nassau gives the word for the onslaught, and will witness, without a pang, the immolation of thousands of his brave subjects in a hopeless contest. How like another Nero he looks, glutting himself in his country's blood! It is horrible to think how many brave and devoted hearts may be doomed to bleed at the bidding of such a miscreant master! And this is the "enlightened monarch," the idol of the Tories—of this very knot of traitors who have been getting up this petition—traitors in every sense of the word—bandying dispatches with the Dutch renegadoes at Amsterdam,—in actual and confidential treaty with the declared enemies of their country. Fortunately for these men, bigoted times are past; the spirit of persecution is over, and therefore they will escape the punishment they merit.

Of course a few country noodles are taken in—a bumpkin squire or two—and endeavour to imitate, so far as they can, their London masters. No workman can present a clever specimen of his craft without his tools—and here they are ready to hand. The people of Rochdale were utterly confounded, by learning, through the medium of the newspapers, that a petition, similar to that of London, had been forwarded, purporting to be from them. It appeared that a few ragamuffin Tories had been playing them this trick. It is a pity the pillory is done away with. This is one of the offences just within its scope. At Chelmsford the same game was played. Some few score distinguished themselves, as booby grandees of the first class, out of a population of 6,000! At Norwich, too, an effort was made—an abortive one. It is needless to remark on that. The prime mover was an alderman; and, from authorities unquestioned, an alderman and an ass are synonymous. After all, it only shews the extremely wretched condition to which the faction is reduced, when such miserable pranks are resorted to—when such painful efforts are made to prolong the last glimmer of their expiring light.

As for the Dutch war, we look on it as a matter of necessity, not of choice. It has been forced on us by the recklessness of Tories on the one hand, and the obstinacy and falsehood of Dutchmen on the other. We heartily wish that nature would resume her right—that old Ocean would take his own again, and indemnify himself on the contumacious Dutchman, for years of unlawful aggression. We should not grieve if, of Dutch land or Dutch men, not a single trace remained—not even a tile;—then would old Andrew Marvel sing truly.

THE FISHMONGERS AT FAULT!—Among the many calamities about to be entailed on our nation by our unhappy schism with the Dutch, is

one, the melancholy effects of which have been so pathetically expatiated on in the city, as to produce an extraordinary gloom throughout the Fish-street Hill, Thames-street, and Billingsgate-market. It is neither more nor less than the inconvenience the dinner-loving public are likely to sustain by the embargo on the Dutch fishing-boats, and the consequent stoppage of further abundant supplies of a most wholesome item of our daily consumption. Alderman ———, who has just commenced a series of public dinners, has taken the affair so much to heart, that, it is supposed, his political conduct will be materially influenced thereby. A meeting of the principal dealers in fish will, of course, be held to petition his Majesty on the present awful crisis of affairs at Billingsgate, and to beg him to dismiss his ministers. Alderman *Scales*, who has warmly espoused the matter, will take the chair. The fishermen *must* be supported.—What is to become of our turbot and lobster sauce?

NETHERLANDS NEGOTIANT.—The conduct of the Dutch King which has been so repeatedly stigmatized as obstinate and self-willed, has more reason in it than meets the apprehension of an ordinary observer. The apparently simple fact of evacuating the fortress of Antwerp, involves consequences, which the shrewd tradesmanlike eye of his majesty has instantly foreseen. There is not a smarter tradesman in Europe, if we except Mr. T. Baring, than the King of Holland, and not a more successful speculator. He clings to Antwerp with the tenacity of an alarmed vender, grasping his till from the professional clutch of a dextrous conveyancer.

When the Duke of Parma reduced Antwerp, after a most obstinate defence, he closed the Scheldt. Up to this period Antwerp might be considered the richest city in Europe. Ships of every nation crowded to her harbour; she was an *entrepôt* for the wealth of the world. When the source of their prosperity, the Scheldt, was closed, the wealthy and industrious classes sought other fields for their enterprize, and thus rose Amsterdam and the towns of Holland. Were the river free, the produce of the Dutch Indies would all find its way to Antwerp, and Amsterdam would gradually succumb to the superior advantages of the situation of her rival. The prosperity of the Dutch cities has been created and maintained by this unjust monopoly; and so perfectly well aware are the Dutchmen of this fact, that when the Emperor of Austria contemplated the freedom of the river for the benefit of his Brabant subjects, the Dutch averted their own ruin by an enormous bribe. The rogues knew well the arguments most in vogue with the "father of his people."

"Ecelente Caballero
Es Don Dinero!"

is the Dutchman's motto. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the Royal Mynheer "should contemplate with feelings of the deepest alarm the present unnatural coalition," so the Tories term it, to make him render to others their own. Whenever the balance of trade is argued, the Dutch generally contrive to get the scales in their hands; like the gourmand in the play "they are not particular, the best in the dish will do for them." Where *£. s. d.* are concerned, who ever got to windward of Nick Frog, but Old Nick himself.

"Give him abuse, disgrace, and he may mock it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches pocket."

PULL DEVIL—PULL BAKER!—There is no nation that holds out such premium for the knavish dishonest dealer, as England;—no other country possesses equal facility for the wholesale destruction of the human race. Laws are passed in abundance:—we have as many laws against every crime in the catalogue, as would take each a man's lifetime to expound and reconcile; but no means are ever taken to render them available. Magistrates are paid high wages to keep a vigilant watch over crime; yet they are contented to sit easily in their arm-chairs, and exhaust their wisdom upon an awe-stricken and admiring audience. Prevention never enters their heads—detection they leave to providence and the new police. Fortunately, some of these latter are shrewder fellows than their masters; and sometimes an unusually glaring piece of roguery, such as could not escape the most obtuse vision, is, by their agency, brought to light. A glaring case was examined the other day, which is only a small part of an extensive system of the worst species of villainy,—that of substituting a poisonous compound for human food.

Messrs. Mines and Russell, flour-dealers, of Broad-Street, in the City, were charged at Union Hall, with having in their possession a deleterious mixture of whiting and flour, intended for bread. One of the partners said he could very satisfactorily account for it. He admitted the mixture was whiting and pollard; but that it was intended for image sellers, and for decorators of ceilings! A coarse brown mixture for images and casts, made of plaister of Paris, and as white as snow!—A satisfactory explanation, truly. How fortunate for these men, that they live in a free country! Now, in Constantinople, would these same Messrs. Mines and Russell have been nailed by their ears to their own door-posts, if found guilty of such a delinquency, from the rising to the setting of the sun!—a warning to evil doers. And a punishment not a whit too much for those who would sacrifice the greatest blessing of life, health, to their vile and sordid purposes. And this, forsooth, is a sample of your honest, upright, loudly-vaunted British tradesmen, that pays his way—who, if a poor man gets in his debt £20, and cannot pay when demanded, puts him in jail, and calls him a swindler!

Talk of the predatory classes of society, who live by the superior cunning of their wits—talk of lawyers, and the swell mob—they are sucking babes to such fellows—innocents, such as Herod would have exterminated at one fell swoop; and with good reason.

“One hundred millers, and one hundred lawyers, make just two hundred rogues,” says an Italian preacher of antiquity. And, verily, the rogues are not unworthy of their ancient reputation. We never pass a lawyer's office, or a baker's shop, without the instinctive horror of an ox for the shambles. Even the sight of saw-dust in a carpenter's shop, makes us shudder—knowing, ere long it will meet our eyes, as—

“Real Farm-house BROWN BREAD, as sworn before the Lord Mayor.”

Fortunately, ground bones are scarce:—we no longer, while eating bread (!) risk being choked by a bone. Pretty pickings had the flour-dealers out of them, while they lasted. The farmers have spoilt their feasting, by giving the best price for them for manure! But the profession of baking, or rather flour-dealing,—it ought no longer to be considered a trade—is fast arriving at its climax. Chemistry, and the higher grades of study, contribute to its triumph. Malthus, M'Culloch,

and the anti-population men, will be put to their last shift, by the increasing intelligence of this new class of political economists. Messrs. Mines and Russell will enter the field against Dr. Chalmers, and upset his theory, by engaging to find bread for any number of human beings, without straining the agricultural capabilities of the kingdom. On the contrary, they will allow two-thirds of the arable land now in cultivation, to be laid down to grass. They will only covenant that the chalk-pits shall be kept open—that they shall have free access to the lime-pits—that no tax shall be imposed on the manufacture of whiting and plaister of Paris—that bones and oyster-shells shall not be at a premium—that gypsum, potash, jalap, and saw-dust, be in no scarcity,—and they will then guarantee to furnish any quantity of bread, from “genuine home-baked brown,” to the most delicate “cottage crump-ling,” at a given price, let the value of flour be what it may!

Insinuating assassins! benevolent cut-throats! that would lure a man to his destruction by a buttered roll—that would beat their victims to death with the very staff of life!

While talking of bread, we may as well say that one honest little man, who answers to the name of Mollet, and sojourns at 16, Picket Street, Strand, is our purveyor—and very nice bread he makes.

QUEEN-SQUARE QUORUM.—These boys will certainly be the death of us.—Were it not that the misery of our fellow-creatures is always, with right minded people, a sufficient check on merriment, these mountebanks, with their quips and quirks, and wise saws, would make us die of laughing.

It appears that a respectable old lady, Mr. White, as she so pleases to be designated, of Queen-square has just been delivered of another oracle, a wise axiom to add to all magisterial note-books, a by-law to increase their already incomprehensible code. Now, we have all along felt convinced that some day or other will be revealed to us a mighty secret, that a second Pope Joan has been smuggled into the majesterial chair in the person of Mrs. White of Queen-square, and daily experience furnishes additional proof for such conviction.

A poor half starved boy, the picture of misery, was brought to the Queen's-Square, police-office, charged with sleeping on a hurdle! somewhere in Tothill-fields, where he was found half dead with hunger and cold. The *worthy* magistrate, our friend above mentioned, struck with the atrocious nature of the above case, aggravated by the delinquent lamenting, with tears, the impossibility of finding work, immediately committed him for one month to the treadmill!

Now, this is a positive scandal to the sex, proverbial as it is for kindness;—to say nothing of the injustice of the thing,—for there MAY be a doubt as to the criminality of sleeping on a hurdle,—it is positively inhuman. Has the old lady no compassion for her fellow-creatures. Had she been young, doubtless, the poor boy, a comely boy in spite of his wretchedness, might have found favour;—but age is obdurate: she may, too, have met with her disappointments—her maternal feelings checked—we must not be harsh. But, in a politic point of view, does not Mrs. White see well,—we forget, old ladies do *not* see well—does she not, then, comprehend, that by her committing an innocent boy for a month to an abode of vice, another time she may have to commit him for actual crime. Has conscience nothing to whisper on that head?

But the axiom we alluded to in the commencement was this, the old gentlewoman remarked on the above case, "that every one who quitted his native place in search of employment, ought one and all to be sent to the treadmill." Egad, it puts one into as great a consternation as ever were the Tories at the sight of Schedule A. By that rule we shall find ourselves, ere long, grinding hob and nob with Mrs. W. herself, who, if we mistake not, is a native of another district than Queens-square. What an activity would suddenly prevail in the treadmill department:—what a rush of the aristocracy to Brixton! All the Lord Mayors and Aldermen, at present existing, would be there. Fancy King Leopold and King Otho cheek-by-jowl with ourselves and Mrs. White! the Duke of Wellington and Michael Scales! Lord Eldon and Orator Hunt! all working one way, and, for once in their lives, putting their shoulders to the wheel! What a confusion of caps and coronets, of bag wigs and big wigs, of long spurs and lawn sleeves; what a goodly assembly of rogues and royalty, statesmen and swindlers, peers and paupers, and all to please poor dear good old Mrs. White, who would be excused taking her stand on the wheel from her age and imbecility. Dear old creature, how she would chuckle over her own device. It is really a pity she cannot be humoured.

CROP OF CANDIDATES.—Of candidates and pledges we have spoken elsewhere:—they are subjects of too much importance to be discussed in a note. Another Cadmus has been in the field; for at every step up starts a candidate, and all breathing the most sincere love for the people, and the most exalted, disinterested, patriotism. Now, if anything can prove the contrary, it is the fact of their being there; for if they had possessed a spark of feeling for the people or love for their country, it would be best shown by remaining at their own fire-sides. What can induce obscure gentlemen to step forth into the political arena, with no visible chance of success, must be a matter of marvel, unless it be the pleasure of having their names plastered about in conjunction with "Hunt's matchless" and "Try Turner;" to be sure, it is sometimes pleasing to hear it said, after an election,—*"There goes the candidate!"*

It is gratifying to observe that the *cause* is triumphant. The Tories are every where in the minority. County candidates must take the hint from Essex, and should be very perspicuous in their language to electors, lest their opinions should be misunderstood; for Mr. Western, the other day at Saffron Waldon, having used the term "agriculture," was interrupted by a man of corn,—but not of straw,—roaring out "Agerculter!—what the devil's that got to do with farming?"

RETREAT FOR ROYALTY.—King Charles of England saved himself amongst the spreading foliage of the oak; whereas the Duchess de Berri vainly sought the sooty precincts of a chimney. While the oak has gained for itself immortal veneration, chimneys will be held by loyal souls in universal execration. Events of importance will, however, be developed, by the royal capture. In the first place, a convocation of artists belonging to the useful order of the soot-bag and shovel, will be held, touching the honour done to their fraternity; and it has afforded choice matter for speculation with the *quidnuncs*, regarding the motives and views of the reigning family of France. Every thing is with them mys-

terious. Our friends, the *quidnuncs*, will, however, see that Louis-Philippe has been transacting business on his own account, and not on that of the little Duke of Bourdeaux. He has been strengthening his foreign alliances; and if his career has not been quite so splendid as many have desired, at all events—barring an occasional shot—it has been tolerably secure. The papers found with the Duchess de Berri, are, some of them, pleasant specimens of the Holy Alliance school. One from the Prince Royal of Prussia, affords us a clear idea of what may be expected in future from that promising scion of legitimacy. Nothing, at this moment, would be greater source of delight to him, than the death of his father. "Give me joy," said the Frenchman, whose woe-begone countenance appeared suddenly lighted up with smiles—" *ma femme est morte*." Then would he be able to gratify his senseless and criminal ambition, by having a tilt at the French. The heart of this hero, that is to be, is captivated by the shaggy cossacks of the Don. He cannot picture to himself any thing more noble, unless it be his own pigeon-breasted, be-stuffed and be-whiskered monsters. He will never be happy till he has seen a French soldier, and heard a shot fired—at a distance—and seen service, by riding about on a long-tailed horse. As to the other correspondent of the Duchess, the heroic Don, his prowess has been manifested before Oporto; but his letter gives promise of ability in other departments besides that of war. It contains a feasible plan for swindling the public out of a loan, in conjunction with the exiled family of France; but, fortunately, they quarrelled about the lion's share, and so the favour was not pressed. Poor Chateaubriand has gone stark mad, that he cannot have an opportunity of making himself popular about the affairs of the Duchess. No man deserves to be talked of more than he—no opportunity does he ever omit to gain a little addition to his notoriety. Nothing would delight him more than his being arraigned for high treason, simply from the fame likely to accrue from the splendid oration he might have occasion to make—the verses he would compose—or the romance for which it might furnish a subject. Notwithstanding such knight-errants, France is still safe; it stands where it did, and is likely there to remain. Instead of combating giants, these gentry will find their antagonists, on which they built their fame, to be nothing but windmills. They will be sorely buffeted in the encounter, and be laughed at for their pains!

BRIGHTON BUFFOONERIES.—A short time since, a spiritual farce was enacted at Brighton, worthy of the best days of Roman Catholic jugglery. The inhabitants were ordered by their clerical masters, to shut up shop, and forthwith rush to thanksgiving—for what? That the town of Brighton had had the good fortune to escape the cholera! which they were pleased to interpret as a special act of Providence in their behalf! We have seldom heard of a pleasanter specimen of presumption. In the name of Heaven, wherein does the exclusive claim of the Brighton people exist to such an interposition? Is it that "all her sons are brave, and her daughters virtuous?" That we will take our oath they are not. Is it in the superior sanctity of her clergy? Like Lord Eldon, we doubt. Perhaps it is in the superiority of her potted shrimps? Enough of this; it is time to have done with such solemn waggery. The church does not seem to be in the best odour; and such displays as these are not likely to raise its reputation. True piety needs

not such adventitious display, to beguile us of our respect. When we see a man "righteous over much," we incontinently button up our pockets.

SUNDAY TRADING.—Sunday trading has become one of the crying evils of this metropolis. It is the most fruitful source of debauchery, drunkenness, and all sorts of abomination. Every body has been aware of its evil influence on society, yet none have had sufficient philanthropy to urge its abolition. Complaints have been loud and long, yet none have endeavoured to effect a remedy. It is, therefore, with no slight feeling of satisfaction we have seen, that a numerous and most respectable meeting has been held at the London Coffee-House, to take measures for the formation of a society, to take these matters under their consideration. If it is considered necessary that the sabbath should be observed; if laws are made for its observance; then ought they, in common justice, to be enforced. If the conscientious trader, in obedience to such regulation, closes his store, why should he, who sets every thing at defiance for the love of mammon, be allowed a premium on his misdoings? We should be the last to advocate any infringement on the rights of the community, of which we form a part; yet, Sunday trading carries with it such an indecent disregard of the very best feelings of human nature, that common feeling would suggest the propriety, of at least an outward compliance with the wishes of the majority.

The seventh day, independently of religious consideration, has been always considered necessary as a day of rest; and the general morality of a country is always best ascertained by its observance. Our northern neighbours have been long celebrated for the decency and order with which the sabbath is observed; and no where within his Majesty's dominions, can be found a more industrious, better regulated, or better informed people. One great cause, however, of the almost total disregard of this particular feeling, as regards the population of London and its vicinity, is the present time for paying workmen. At the latest hour on Saturday night they receive their wages. The first thing they think of, is the public-house and a pipe; the next is their wives and families. The consequence is, their Sunday's meal must needs be purchased on a Sunday morning. This might certainly be altered, and with incalculable benefit to the individuals themselves, as well as to the rising generation, on whom example, be it good or evil, is never lost. To enforce religion, would be to violate the principles of religious toleration; to enforce decency, is a duty we owe society.

We have been led to these remarks, by the perusal of a very respectable and intelligent weekly print (*The Patriot*), which we cannot, however, leave without our joke. Amongst its notices to correspondents, some benevolent individual is informed, that his donation has not been accepted by a certain individual, on the plea, that he declines assistance "from persons in his immediate neighbourhood." It is well for Mr. S. that bounty is so promptly and liberally administered, that he can pick and choose his customers. It reminds us of a certain farmer in Vermont,—where losses by fire are generally made up by contributions from neighbours,—who, when a friend had been at the pains of bringing him twenty bags of rye from some distance, as his share towards the alleviation of the misfortune, shook his head, and told him, "he was equally obliged, but that he had done taking in rye for some time past!"

THE DEVIL AMONGST THE TAILORS.—Tailors are tailors all the world over; dignify them by the style and title of merchant, or by any other you please; they are still tailors, and consequently rogues.

If ever the argument against the monstrous accumulation of funds in corporate bodies, and indeed the utter uselessness, not to say scandal, of minor corporate bodies themselves, was fully brought to bear, it might be instanced in the scene which was exhibited at the tailors' headquarters in the city. It appears their wealth has so increased by the increased value of property, that though crammed to the utmost, their stomachs are not sufficiently capacious to gorge the half of it. What to do with their surplus funds, without actual and unlawful appropriation, they did not know, till at last some luminous snip hit on an expedient to satisfy their consciences (!) and gratify the ruling passion. He discovered that although they could not actually divide the booty, they had the power of voting rewards to distinguished merit, as the immortal Nelson and others had experienced. Instantly on this discovery, pieces of plate were voted all round, generally for "able and impartial conduct in the chair," which being translated means, being able to maintain his equilibrium there longer than his less endowed competitors, and distributing the unctuous contents of the tureens without retaining all the best for himself. But when was genius left unassailed by envy; men, that is to say, tailors of equal merit and capability finding their talent unrewarded, though they had almost burst themselves to prove it, noised the thing abroad amongst the craft, and caused a general burst of indignation at their respective shopboards. At a grand dinner the explosion took place, and such a scene of abuse, blackguardism, and personal violence never was before witnessed in any civilized community. The confusion was crowned by some wag of a visitor slyly ordering the band to strike up "the devil amongst the tailors!"

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE publishing campaign has commenced with great spirit, notwithstanding the Tory predictions of general war, the stoppage of Dutch fishing boats, and other events equally to be deplored, and equally calamitous. Effingham Wilson, and Smith, and Elder, are taking the lead in new publications in the city, and Edward Bull at the west end. Whittakers are conducting "Constable's Miscellany" with great spirit. This is the best and cheapest family library that has yet appeared. The plan of this species of periodical literature commenced with the original proprietor of this publication, and it has outlived most of its imitators.

Effingham Wilson is about to publish Campbell's life of Mrs. SID-
DONS, which will be a *bonne bouche* for literary epicures.

A translation by Mrs. Austin of a posthumous work concerning the great GOETHE, drawn from the most interesting and authentic sources.

NORTH AMERICA, by the son of the late King of Naples.

A life of MILTON, by Joseph Tierney.

COUNT PECCHIO'S remarks on England.

A new novel called ARTHUR CONINGSLEY.

Another, called WHYCHOTE OF ST. JOHN'S.

A work by JUNIUS REDIVIVUS, entitled the PRODUCING MAN'S COMPANION.

The *MAP OF LONDON* is, without exception, one of the most splendid works of the kind we have ever seen. How the proprietors of the *United Kingdom* can possibly afford to present it to their subscribers gratis, is one of those mysteries which we cannot possibly understand. A subscription of three months can scarcely pay for the Map alone.

A most interesting work, *ROSCOE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY*, illustrated by *GEORGE CRUICKSHANKS*, and with imaginary portraits by *MEADOWS*, will be continued next month. No library can be complete without the novels of the old masters, and this edition it is impossible to surpass. *DON QUIXOTE* and *GIL BLAS* are the first for publication.

A new edition of a very useful work is forthcoming—*VEGETABLE COOKERY*.

A French work by Professor *MERLET* of the London University is in progress. It is called *TABLEAU DE LA FRANCE LITTERAIRE*, a book much wanted in our literary circles.

To the serious and reflecting we can recommend a work published by *Smith and Elder*, called *MORTAL LIFE*, and the state of the soul after death. It is just published.

We understand that *Mr. Keightley* is about to bring out a work entitled "*Tales and popular Fictions, their resemblance and transmission from country to country.*" It will be printed uniform with his *Fairy Mythology*, a new edition of which is on the eve of publication.

A memoir of *SIR THOMAS GRESHAM*, by the *Rev. W. M. BLENCOE*.

TAYLOR'S life of the poet *COWPER* will appear in the course of the month.

The *TROPICAL AGRICULTURALIST*, and an interesting work concerning *VAN DIEMEN'S LAND*, are forthcoming.

The citizens are about to be astonished by a history of themselves, entitled "*THE CHARTERED HISTORY OF THE TWELVE GREAT LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON.*" The title-page will be as long as the Lord Mayor's show. The last work published under the express patronage of the city was my Lord Venables' celebrated excursion to Oxford, rendered immortal by the pen of the Chaplain.

"*MY VILLAGE,*" versus "*OUR VILLAGE,*" by *CROFTON CROKER*, is now in the market.

Biographical sketches of the *REFORM MINISTERS*, by *WILLIAM JONES, M. A.*

The *MAXIMA CHARTA* of 1832; also the life and times of *ENGLAND'S PATRIOT KING*. These works should go together.

Mr. Bull, of *Holles-street*, has now ready a most beautiful and interesting work called *THE PORTRAIT GALLERY*; being a collection of portraits of the beauties of the court of *George the Fourth* and *William the Fourth*, comprising most of the distinguished families of England as well as the royal families of England and France.

In a few days we are to see the *INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN*, by the author of "*Chartley the Fatalist.*"

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GERMAN LIFE, are on the eve of publication.

RIDGWAY'S (late *Stockdale's*) *PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE* is the most comprehensive work of its kind.

The same publisher has likewise introduced a romance into his list called *THE SIEGE OF MAYNOOTH*.

The *COMPLETE ELECTION GUIDE*, by *George Price*, the Barrister, is a piquant morsel for politicians, and interesting to all.

SKETCHES IN GREECE AND CONSTANTINOPLE, will be shortly published.

LORD MILTON'S work on the **CORN LAWS**, has [gone into a Fifth Edition,

A Second Edition of **WHIG GOVERNMENT** is nearly disposed of.

LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, addressed to the Rev. Richard Polwhele, Davies Gilbert, Esq., Francis Douce, Esq., and others. Accompanied by an original Autobiography of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart., K.C.B., will shortly appear.

Another account of the **BRISTOL RIOTS** will shortly appear, by a Citizen.

J. D. Parry, M.A., is preparing an account of the **COAST OF SUSSEX**.

The **CABINET ANNUAL REGISTER**, for 1832, will appear in February.

An Introduction to the Study of **ENGLISH BOTANY**, by George Bancks, F.L.S., has arrived at a Second Edition.

The **LIFE AND TIMES OF WM. PENN, KNIGHT**, Admiral and General of the Fleet during the Interregnum, illustrating a very interesting period of English history, is in preparation.

On the 1st of January will appear the first vol. of a monthly series of original novels and romances, edited by Leitch Ritchie. This is a path in periodical literature hitherto untrodden, and will, doubtless, abundantly repay the adventurers. What has been sold for 30s. will now be purchased for 5s. The first vol. will be **THE GHOST HUNTER, AND HIS FAMILY**, by the O'Hara Family.

Many splendid novelties are preparing in the **FINE ARTS**.

Messrs. W. and E. Finden are about to introduce a periodical called **FINDEN'S GALLERY OF THE GRACES**, with poetical illustrations by T. K. Hervey, Esq.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

NEW MUSIC.

The Art of Singing. Composed by J. P. LE CAMAS. Published in London and Paris.

THE following extract from the preface, wherein the author speaks with no unqualified terms of approbation of his own performance, will give the reader the best insight into the object of the present publication.

"This method is divided into three parts; the first treats of the different kinds of male and female voices, with some exercises for obtaining a steady intonation; of the intervals of the score, with accompaniments; of taking breath, of the manner of beginning, swelling, and diminishing sounds; of the simple and double appogatura; of the use of small notes, both ascending and descending; of groups, trills, cadences, broken notes, running passages, in battery and arpeggio, tied, marked, dotted, and divided notes, phrases of two and four bars; of the change or breaking of the voice and its preservation. Six lessons follow these precepts, and demonstrate their practical utility.

"The second part is composed of twelve vocalisations, which will serve as exercises on all the rules contained in the first.

"The third part contains four duets, four trios, and four quartets, and terminates in an air with variations, comprising all the difficulties of singing."

From the above it will be evident, that the plan of the present work is on a most extensive scale; indeed, far more so than any one, with the exception of Lanza's, which has ever appeared in this country, or perhaps in any other, being equal to the work on the same subject published by the Conservatoire at Paris.

The manner of expression which the author has adopted is entirely after the French school, wherein egotism is often taken for talent, and modesty is by no means a quality either sought after or desired. The translator has adhered to the

The writer of the words, whoever he may be, has concealed his name. The following is a fair specimen of the poetry.

Sweetest of waters

Round which my childhood strayed,

Deeming life's freshness,

Like thine, would never fade.

But manhood spreads before me,

Life romance closes o'er me,

And hope's bright sunny light

Is sinking from my sight.

Sweetest of echos

My childhood loved to wake,

Dreaming that thou wert

The maid of the lake.

No more when evening closes,

Heaven's western bow'rs of roses,

Shall I, on thy sweet shore,

Awake thine echoes more.

Rondino for the Piano Forte, from the Cavatina in Zelmira Cara, deh attendimi, by Czerny.

Rondoletto agevole e brillante, for the Piano Forte, by Ch. Chaulieu, London. Published by T. Welch, at the Royal Harmonic Institution, 246, Regent Street.

The names of Chaulieu and particularly of Czerny, are so well known to almost all piano forte players, that it would be nearly needless in us to say much in praise of either of the above pieces. They are by no means difficult for the generality of performers of the present day, and yet they possess all the characteristic merits for which either of the above composers have become celebrated. We can safely recommend them.

The Lost Cavalier. Composed by CHARLES HODGSON.

Lilian May; the Words and Melody by W. BALL; the Symphonies and Accompaniments by J. MOSCHELES. London. Published by J. Duff and Co., Oxford Street.

"*The Lost Cavalier*," is an effective melody, well adapted to the words, and correctly accentuated. We think it both deserving and likely to become a favourite with the public.

"*Lilian May*," is an exceedingly pleasing air, and is set off by the symphonies and accompaniments of Mr. Moscheles, in the most attractive manner. The poetry, though it does not possess the deep interest of "*Allan Water*," reminds us thereof, in the pleasing simplicity of the story which it contains. We shall therefore, give it to our readers.

Oh, where is Lilian May,

With her eye of bonny blue,

And her lip like op'ning rose,

Giving odours to the dew.

Why comes she not to greet me,

Upon my homeward way.

Oh, where is Lilian May.

I see the well-known spire,

That crowns her peaceful bower;

Why hear I not the swelling peals,

The writer of the words, whoever he may be, has concealed his name. The following is a fair specimen of the poetry.

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Upon my homeward way.

Oh, where is Lilian May.

I see the well-known spire,

That crowns her peaceful bower;

Why hear I not the swelling peals,

That tells of happy hours?

The path is here—the path of all

Who meet on Holy-day—

But where is Lilian May?

Her step was like the fawn's,
 And as she tripp'd along,
 The very birds would welcome her,
 So thrilling was her song.
 That fairy foot is laggart now,
 And silent is the lay—
 Oh, where is Lilian May?
 And tell me oh, ye sad ones,
 Who point amid the gloom,
 To where those offered flowrests lie,
 And where this grassy tomb;
 Be still my heart, poor Allan sighed—
 Thy rest is here for aye—
 For here lies Lilian May.

Der Alpen Sanger, a March as performed by the Guards and other Military Bands, arranged for the Harp by W. H. SHIEL. London. Published by Duff and Co., 65, Oxford Street.

This is a most spirited march, and well adapted for the instrument for which it is arranged. Indeed we know no one except Boscha, who seems to understand the peculiar capabilities of the harp better than Shiel.

LITERATURE.

THE COMIC OFFERING. BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN. LONDON: 1832.

THERE is a moral propriety in bringing out works of this nature at the present moment, and we have to take Mr. Hood to task for delaying his "Comic Annual" till almost the termination of the year. We have, all of us, friends more or less afflicted by nervous depressions, and an awkward habit of lowering the under jaw—with occasional examination of pistol manufacture, washing lines and the Serpentine; in a word, every man has a friend upon whom he can call, in the certainty of finding him with his feet on the fender, his chin on his hands,—his nose on his chin, and the candle-wick of enormous length and dimness.

To such a person present suddenly Miss Sheridan's "Comic Offering," and examine at a distance the metamorphoses about to be undergone. An aperture, hitherto compressed into invisibility discovers, itself in his jaws—a sound proceeds therefrom, gradually enlarging from a minute wheeze to a terrific cackination; till at length you are called into requisition as a lever to upraise your exhausted friend from the rug, and compelled to sew up his sides with the thread of philosophic discourse.

THE COMIC MAGAZINE. LONDON: 1832.

THIS little Magazine is edited by the Editor of "The Figaro in London," of itself a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Everything that has been said of Miss Sheridan's Annual applies with equal truth to the "Comic Magazine." Truly, our friend Hood must excel himself if he means to eclipse these laughter-moving competitors.

THE LANDSCAPE ALBUM. LONDON: 1832.

We think it our duty to inform our readers that "The Landscape Album" has been previously published in another form, under the title of "Great Britain Illustrated," which name, in addition to the title at the head of our Review, it still retains.

We see no objection to its publication under the more attractive aspect of an Album,—and we can only say that if our readers, having money to spare, do not buy the Landscape Album, they have less taste than we have given them credit for.

This work consists of sixty views in various parts of England and Scotland, and is accompanied by very ample and well-written descriptions. When we state that the views are by Mr. Westall, and that they are engraved in the first style of the art, we have said enough.

THE ELGIN ANNUAL, FOR 1833. ELGIN: 1832.

This work makes no pretensions to the beauty of its London sisters, and is certainly not got up in a way that could, by any possibility, be mistaken for elegance or taste.

We cannot say that we think the Elgin Annual, in spite of its ugliness, is much above annual par, although we are free to confess, that it will be considered attractive and agreeable by the many readers to whom it is more especially directed. We, in London, are so surfeited with raw literature, that, perhaps, our taste has become vitiated; provincial palates may, however, find The Elgin Annual more easily digested.

MEMOIRS OF LOUIS XVIII. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, LONDON: 1832.

A significant saying, usually delivered by an incipient murderer in a melodrama, with a knowing wink, is "dead men tell no tales,"—a remark equally sagacious and true. Still less (for vocal expression from a dead man is less incredible than calligraphic skill,) still less do they write their own memoirs.

It is perfectly well known that, for many years past, a vast number of the ingenious youth occupied in authorship, have achieved existence by the composition of memoirs. By a somewhat fanciful extension of the imaginative faculty, a half-starved skeleton converts himself into a full-grown monarch, and, occupying the centre of his miserable apartment, is fain to transfer himself, in idea, to the palace of Versailles. But this system should be rather treated under the head "Manufactures," than in a notice of literature.

What shall we say of the present work? The author has made himself acquainted with the principal facts in the life of Louis XVII. and has gathered together a vast quantity of scandal and gossip. Stir these well up and your book is made.

We do not, however, mean to say that there is not a great deal of entertainment to be found in the work before us, and that the author, whoever he may be, has not attempted to present us with something as like a "true thing as possible," but we do mean to express our strong doubts of its authenticity. The translation appears to be very well done.

CHRISTMAS TALES. BY W. H. HARRISON. LONDON: 1832.

A VERY pretty little Volume consisting of four interesting Tales, embellished with six exquisite Engravings. The book is got up beautifully, and forms an elegant present for young persons.

THE EXCITEMENT, FOR 1833. EDINBURGH: 1832.

THIS is a miscellaneous collection of Anecdotes, Adventures, Travels, Local Descriptions, &c., compiled expressly for the perusal of children. The object of the Editor in the compilation of this work, has been to supply and to combine information with amusement, and we really do not know that it could be better done than we find it here. The "Excitement" is an excellent work.

THE INFANT ANNUAL, FOR 1833. EDINBURGH: 1832.

WE confess our incompetance to decide upon the merits of this little book. It is so many years since we entered upon the perusal of similar productions,

that we have, we are ashamed to say, forgotten them, and cannot, therefore, ascertain by comparison the degree of praise to which the "Infant Annual" is entitled. We have, however, handed it over to our youngest child, who has not yet sent in his report. Judging from the intense solemnity of his small visage, we should infer that much interest has been excited in his mind by its perusal.

THE POETIC NEGLIGENCE. BY CALEB. LONDON: 1832.

ROSE coloured paper—elegant print—beautiful silk blinding—"I'll have it,"—says the respectable powder-haired father of a family, intending to surprize his daughters by an annual present. Fling it in the fire, my old friend—or send it, with an apology for the insult, to the common hangman.

We like to be plain in these matters; the fellow who could put together this bundle of filth must be utterly destitute even of the remote remembrance of common decency.

Whenever we see an anxious exhibition of ultra-amativeness studiously conveyed in a shape most likely to meet the eyes of women, we divine the cause of such an exposure instantly. The author, without doubt, wishes to obtain credit for that, of which suspicion has already denied him the possession. But his literary endeavours must be rendered impotent and ineffective.

The Author has neither shame nor honesty. The vilest publications are not palmed off upon us by a trick.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY. BARON HUMBOLDT'S TRAVELS, &c.

THE name of Humboldt, so justly celebrated no less in other countries than in his own, is always sure to excite the curiosity and reward the attention of the public. One of the most serious obstacles to a general acquaintance with his works, in point of number and extent, is here attempted to be removed by the universal rule already indiscriminately applied to all classes and branches of literature. Cheapness and abridgement, now the reigning order of the day, are made to embrace the details of science as well as the lighter topics of the age; and once admitted, we do not see how they can be more pleasingly, if not judiciously, employed than in disseminating some knowledge of the writings of so enlightened and intrepid a traveller as Baron Humboldt. The selector and translator, Mr. Macgillivray, has performed this task in a manner that reflects credit both upon his talent and his judgment; while giving us a satisfactory sketch of the scientific portion of the Baron's labours, he does not forget the more popular tracts of his original in the easy unaffected style, the amusing incident, interesting observation, and well placed reflections. In little more than the space of 400 pages, Mr. M. comprehends a condensed account of the Baron's travels and researches, following him in his journeys through the equinoctial regions of America and in Asiatic Russia, accompanied also with brief analyses of his more important investigation. The chief material have been derived from the various works already given to the world; and what adds to the value of such an abridgment, we are informed "that when additional particulars were wanted, application was made to M. de Humboldt himself, who kindly pointed out the sources whence the desired information might be obtained." The life of a man of letters, he justly observed, should be sought for in his books; and for this reason little has been said respecting his occupations during the intervals of repose which have succeeded his perilous journeys." Some idea may be formed of the character of this most adventurous of travellers, when it is mentioned that having crossed the Atlantic, he traversed the ridges and plains of Venezuela, ascended the Orinoco to its junction with the Amazon; sailed down the former river to the capital of Guiana, and, after examining the island of Cuba mounted by the valley of the Magdalena to the elevated platforms of the Andes, explored the majestic solitudes of the great Cordellera's of Quito; investigated the margin of the Pacific ocean, and wandered over the extensive and interesting provinces of New Spain, whence he made his way back, by the United States to Europe.

The publication, we are told of the important results of this journey was not completed, when he undertook another to Asiatic Russia and the confines of China, from which he has but lately returned. After having performed undertakings so arduous, it may perhaps not be uninteresting to our readers to learn that M. de Humboldt is at present engaged in preparing an account of his Asiatic Tour, the full details of which will appear under the title of a journey to the Arabian Range, the mountains of Kolgoan, the frontiers of Chinese Zanjaria and the Caspian Sea; the whole consist of three distinct works by himself and his coadjutors, G. Rose and G. Ehrenberg.

It is only proper to add that the pleasant narrative now before us, is ornamented with a portrait of the great traveller by Horsburg, a map of the Oronoco, and five engravings by Jackson.

THE LIVES AND EXPLOITS OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS, IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. BY C. MAC FARLANE, ESQ. EDWARD BULL. 1832.

UNDER this somewhat astounding and formidable title;—the Robbers in all parts of the world being now before us;—the ingenious author of “Constantinople in 1829,” and the “Romance of Italian History,” has here contrived to give us what is far more romantic and terrible; if we except perhaps the exploits, on a larger scale, of their more illustrious contemporaries—the robber-kings and conquerors in all parts of the world. Viewing them with an impartial eye, we see between them too little distance, whether in act or spirit;—to shew any cause why these brave though less legitimate claimants to renown, should not aspire to the honors of historical commemoration and a place upon the same shelves with pontiffs, kings, and tyrants of every age or nation. They have, indeed, the advantage over the latter in more respects than one;—they are drawn in their natural colours,—with more truth and justice;—their historian bestowing no undue flattery, nor holding them up, as is done too often in the case of their royal contemporaries—as objects of regard and admiration, with half their crimes and enormities lost in the blaze of national rivalry or applause. On this ground, therefore, no argument obtains against the exploits of Banditti of any rank being duly celebrated; so much the less, in fact, that taken as a whole, they are far more stirring, varied, and full of hair breddth perils, than those of commanders acting on a wider sphere. Considering, indeed, its superior advantages, we cannot think Mr. M. has done the best he could with his subject; he has hardly treated it with the importance it deserves;—not vindicated their right to sit with knights commanders;—in other words, fought shy with the Robbers, as if he scarcely liked to look them in the face, during execution.

He has withal made his narrative one of the most entertaining, if we except the first, and half of the second volumes, relating chiefly to Italy and Sicily, and more enlivened by personal anecdote and adventure. There are many touching incidents, and on part of these minor Italian tyrants some redeeming traits of character—as among the former the young Contadina rescuing his bride, in the latter the meeting between Marco Sciarra and the great Tasso. The Italian portion is in every point of view better treated and illustrated; the descriptions and characters are more vivid and in bolder relief. Take it for all in all, Mr. M. has made a pleasant enough work out of different, and not unauthenticated materials; and if he have coloured a little too highly on such a ground, the amiable error may well be forgiven him in the words of the Italian proverb itself: “se non é vero, è ben trovalo.” The captivity of the Italian surgeon, and the death of his companion the factor, are extremely well told; and spite of the general seriousness and revolting nature of the events, there are traits of humour, of honor, and even of playfulness of disposition—like that of the tiger, according to Humboldt, that was seen playing with some children on a Savannah,—which forms part and parcel of the mind of a Bandit.

The work is pleasingly relieved with small plates, both landscape and historical, in good keeping with the character and incidents they serve to embody.

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. BIOGRAPHY. EMINENT BRITISH MILITARY COMMANDERS. VOL. III. LONGMAN AND CO.

IN regard to character and interest, the present volume yields in no way to the most attractive or the best executed of its predecessors. The names of Clive, Cornwallis, of Abercrombie and most of all of Moore, present to the mind of every Englishman a constellation of high talent, tried courage and devotion to the honor and service of their country which must always command admiration and respect.

Nor have they here found a biographer uncongenial to his task, or unworthy of the honor of doing justice to their deserts, and spreading their hard-earned renown still wider. We say hard-earned, for if we but consider, besides the laborious duties of the active soldier, often rising step by step from his ensigncy on his own merit,—the immense study, reflection and observation, which combine to make the finished commander, prepared to wield the separate power of an entire power, no one will deny that both contemporaries and posterity should do him full justice. It is the crown in short of all their toil and ambition; as in the words—the last impressive words of General Moore, “who hoped that his country would do him justice.” The life of this great man was indeed the model for a fine soldier; with the strictest discipline he carried with him an air of almost chivalrous honor and high soul into the then dull uninformed details of an English army. The country, indeed has done justice to his genius and merits: ample justice in the admiration of his character, and a knowledge of the insurmountable difficulties with which a false system and a weak neglectful government every where beset his path. The bare incontrovertable facts that he had a mere handful of men to oppose to the gigantic force of Napoleon in person; that he was crippled for money and all kind of resources from England, with only a rabble of discomfited Spaniards to impede his motions; and that he yet brought his little army clear through the heart of Spain—pursued and beset by numerous French armies; that he won a great battle, and restored that army to England, is an endearing monument of his greatness, and founds the best title of his country's gratitude and respect.

On this head, we regret to see that the author has not rightly appreciated his character and deserts, erroneously following the views of his affected censurers, which, had they been adopted, as recommended by Lord Castlereagh's envoy, Frere, must have involved the entire destruction of his little army, and the high military character of its commanders. Nor is it only with regard to his life of John Moore that the author too often ventures to criticise or misinterpret the movements and actions of, which it is clear he has not the means of forming a correct judgment; he commits the same fault in treating of Lord Clive, offering new comments and rules of proceeding which only ample experience, and high command in the same field can authorize a writer in hazarding.

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. HISTORY. SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

IN the present state of political affairs, a condensed review of these two kingdoms cannot be otherwise than acceptable. It will be found to give satisfactory information as relates to the great questions of foreign and internal policy; and is more especially interesting at the periods when they stood foremost among the European nations in power and conquest, enjoying at the same time a far larger share of freedom than they can boast of having since done. Without reference, therefore, to their actual position, the narrative of their elder and more famed achievements, whether in arts or arms, as it here thrown out, does no discredit to the taste or ability of the writer; he has well availed himself of the authorities and more voluminous materials he had before him, and has adopted a popular style which confers interest on the narrative.

SUNSHINE; OR LAYS FOR LADIES. WILLOUGHBY, 1832.

Our notice of this little volume was accidentally shut out last month. Its title, which so completely explains the book, recommends it at this season most especially. It comes like a glimpse of May-day merriment in December,—like a summer-fête celebrated over a Christmas-fire. The style and spirit of the “Lays” will be altogether misunderstood, if it be not remembered that they are “Lays for Ladies.” The writer, (who should not have hesitated to give his name,) affects not to plunge into the world of passion, and grapple with the deep resolves and stubborn purposes of the heart; but simply to sport with its fancies and playful waywardnesses, its light and airy varieties, its graceful and gentle emotions. His region is the drawing-room, not the shore and the wilderness; he feasts only on the sweet-meats of Apollo’s banquet; he flies for ever about the brilliant surface of society, and turns

“The sunny side of things to human eyes,”

But he writes with grace and a good-natured purpose; and his lays must ensure him a warm and pleasant welcome in all circles where warmth and pleasantry prevail. Extract is impossible, or we should set the claims of these Lays in a more unquestionable light before the reader.

THE BUCCANEER, A NOVEL. IN 3 VOLS. BY MRS S. C. HALL.
BENTLEY, 1832,

This department of our work has, this month, been made up earlier than usual. The *Buccaneer*, therefore, arrives in time for a mere announcement of its appearance, and its high claims to success. We cannot attempt to shew this month on what those claims rest. We cannot enter into the diversities of character and situation that are here set before us, by a writer who, though she had not previously given us a proof of her capacity to work out a great theme upon a great scale, had given repeated proofs of a deep and peculiar insight into character, of a happy power of seizing upon points of humour and individuality of impression, of a quick and ready aptitude in the delineation of national manners, and of a mature understanding of the great moral purposes which fiction may and ought to be the instrument of working out. In the *Buccaneer*, Mrs. Hall has exerted her powers of construction, and her skill in the developement of character, in a wider field than she has heretofore ventured upon. Her attempt will more than realize whatever anticipations her sketches of Irish character may have excited. It equally demonstrates her qualifications in a dramatic as in a moral scale. This will be recognised by all who may refer to her bold, striking, and original delineation of the mental features of the immortal Usurper, or to the numerous graphic scenes and incidents which diversify this novel.

What we have here said is merely by way of apology for not saying more this month. We are restricted by space only; the plot and characters of these three volumes would furnish matter for three pages at least.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Few people, we apprehend, have been longer or more diligent in the vain attempt to render themselves weather-wise than we have—but with all our experience, we do not recollect an instance of such a long continuance of easterly and northerly winds as the late and present: more especially on the commencement of autumn, when we generally look for south-western gales and moist weather. To repeat what we before noted of the mildness of these unseasonable easterly winds, which has certainly been most favourable to the lands, and, in a considerable degree, operative towards the declared extinction of the *cholera*—and to con-

tinue the repetition, wind and weather having persevered for a considerable length of time in one particular course, seldom, perhaps never, fail to adopt the opposite for an equal, a longer or shorter period, such a one as the immediate state of the aerial regions may require. On this hypothesis, sound or cracked, we have to expect, anon, a long course of S.W. winds, as a balance to that which we have experienced of the north-eastern, which consequence really taking place, will no doubt produce a mild and moist winter, not precisely the kind of winter mantling for which our soil is hungering.

In our last, we took it for granted that wheat sowing would receive its finishing hand during the present month. That process, however, as well as the harvest, was lengthened and rendered additionally expensive by frequent interruptions from either drought or moisture, and also by the late clearing of turnip and potatoe lands, which is now proceeding so speedily that, it is probable, no breadth of land worth a mention will remain unsown beyond the first week of December. The remaining turnips, in various parts, are fed off by sheep, taken in at twopence and threepence a-head, and when the stock of roots is considerable enough to last over the year, an additional price is paid. The fallows are said to be generally, indeed we may say as usual, in good condition, and had the weather been more settled, the present seed season would have been earlier; as it is, the wheat seems of various growths, on some lands particularly irregular. The lands sown after the moderate rains we had in October, afford, by far, the most luxuriant crops of wheat of the present season; in fact they cannot even be desired to look better; they are not too rank and forward, nor do we hear of any complaints from the slug. It seems likewise the order of the day, or rather of the year, to make an annual addition, throughout Britain, to the quantity of land sown with wheat; in Scotland, we believe, particularly, wheat seed, much of which has cost 70s. per quarter, has said to have proved universally good. The farmers are generally dissatisfied with the present price of wheat, from a somewhat late conviction that the crop has by no means realized their early calculations as to quantity, and from the considerable reduction of price, which must be submitted to, on that too extensive part of the crop which has received damage. In those parts of the great and productive County of Norfolk, which border on the ocean, both wheat and barley received very heavy and extensive damages from the storms immediately preceding harvest; and the difference of price in consequence, between the samples of corn thus exposed and those harvested under a more auspicious planet, is most discouraging. Thus the expectations, it seems, is in favour of a rise in the markets, whence all who are able, hold their wheats particularly, until the new year. In the north, where they say the wheat does not yield well, the finest samples were lately worth 60s. per quarter. In looking over market prices, our attention and surprise never fail to dwell a while upon that of Ware Malt, 62s. per quarter! We have formerly bought the finest at 32s.

There has been a fine time for harvesting the second crop of clover-seed, which, however, could not be expected to equal the maiden or first crop in any respect. The winter tares do not look discouraging, and may improve in the spring, but the easterly winds and harsh dry weather have damped any great luxuriance in them. In the country throughout, turnips cannot be much above half a crop, and the leaves of those which are mildewed, are neither now rishing nor wholesome for cattle. As to mangel-wurtzel, in some parts yet a favourite, whilst in others the *fancy* is rather in the wane, they quote the opinion of three-parts an average crop. On hops, the duty still estimated at £130,000, will be ascertained by our next Report. Business has been rather brisk in this market of late, which though late, together with the considerable prices, indicates a reduced crop; yet, as is usual in our markets, even in the case of a short crop, the finest samples are bought up eagerly, and the inferior and low-priced neglected in the same degree. Kentish bags sell freely at from 8*l.* to 9*l.* per cwt. At Worcester pockets of good quality are worth 8*l.*

It was speculated that the unexpected improvement of the turnip crop, joined with the plenty of straw from all the crops, would have considerably quickened

the sale and raised the prices of cattle. Such has been, in some degree, the effect; and in our best fairs of the south, and in the fertile countries extending to Lincolnshire, feeders have bought with spirit and some advance of price. The market accounts, however, from most parts of the north, from Scotland and from Wales, are of a very inferior description, the stocks of cattle offered for sale being large, the buyers neither numerous nor eager to purchase, and the prices considerably lower than they have been. In Wales, that centre of public complaint, with too just reason we well know, cattle are said to be extremely heavy of sale, at a price ten shillings a-head below that of last year; and even sheep and pigs are reduced in price and slow of sale. This depression and ruin of the Welsh markets is attributed to the constant extensive importations of neat cattle, sheep, pigs, and corn, from their Hibernian neighbours, for which there appears no remedy short of growing all those articles upon as cheap terms as in Ireland, an advantage, if at all, which can only be looked for in a thorough *reform*, which shall give relief from all unnecessary charges and imposts. We repeat, with pleasure, that drainage is still going on with spirit in the north, and in those other districts which we lately named. This indeed indispensable operation, confers at once a most important double benefit on the country; the lands are improved beyond the reach of any other means, and the labourers simultaneously employed at good wages. Bone manure for turnips has come much into practice in the north, and probably, for a first crop, excels every other; nevertheless, with regard to the lands, it has not that permanent effect, according to old experience, for which rich farm-yard dung exceeds all other. There is somewhat of a blank in farming without an ample live stock. Such is our old-fashioned opinion.

Herts still keeps up her wonted dignity of prosperity, and we have just now read in one of the public prints, that her farmers declared *THEIR SITUATIONS TO BE MOST SATISFACTORY!* They have our hearty congratulations, with the request, that they would impart their secret to the farmers of too many districts which we well know to be so much in need of it. Sussex seems, of late, almost ready to join Herts, in her high-sounding declarations. We have seen several letters from Sussex and other parts, wherein great praise is bestowed on the present system of corn laws, and equal dread expressed of *free trade*. Now, if we recollect aright, some years since, when the present laws were first proposed, it was the fashion to decry them in favour of those already in force, with a warmth and apprehension similar to the manner of decrying free trade at present. But it ought to be taken into consideration that the system of free trade can never be established in this country until a reduction of taxes and the expenses of production have been effected to the extent of enabling ours to compete with the foreign grower. We have endured, for years, a monthly annoyance on account of the pretended degeneration of the breed of English horses. We have just now been running over a few staves of the usual fair and market ditty—a great number of ordinary horses, very few of any worth, those few obtained extraordinary prices.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. to 3s. 2d.—Mutton, 2s. 2d. to 3s. 10d.—Lamb, ———— Veal, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Pork, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 10d.; Small Dairy.

Game at Leadenhall.—Pheasants, good demand, 7s. to 8s. a brace.—Birds, (Partridges,) very scarce, 5s. a brace.—Hares, plenty, 3s. 6d.—Wild Fowl of all the usual kinds, plentiful.—Ducks, 5s.—Widgeons, 3s. 6d. Teal, 2s. a couple.—Snipes, plenty, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a couple.—Woodcocks, scarce, 7s. a couple.—Grouse, uncommonly scarce, 7s. a brace.—Ptarmigan, also scarce, 6s.—Black game, in sufficient plenty, at 8s.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 41s. to 63s.—Barley, 26s. to 39s.—Oats, 14s. to 24s.—London Loaf, 4lb. 8½d.—Hay, 52s. to 80s.—Clover, ditto, 63s. to 105s.—Straw, 25s. to 32s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool 14s. to 22s. per ton.

Middlesex, Nov. 26.

I N D E X,

TO

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